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New American Style



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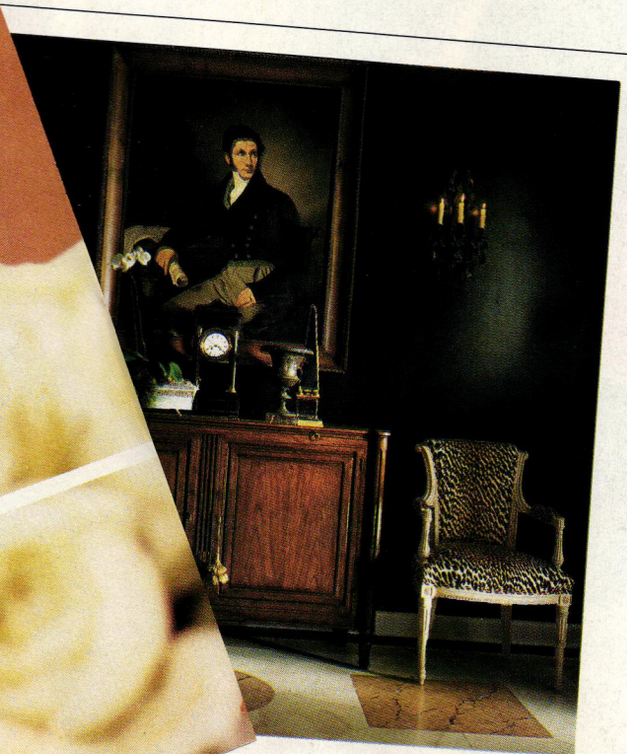
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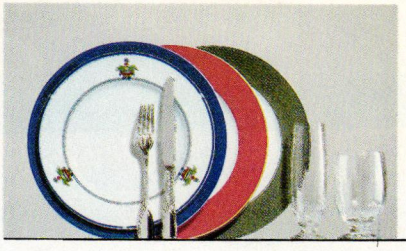
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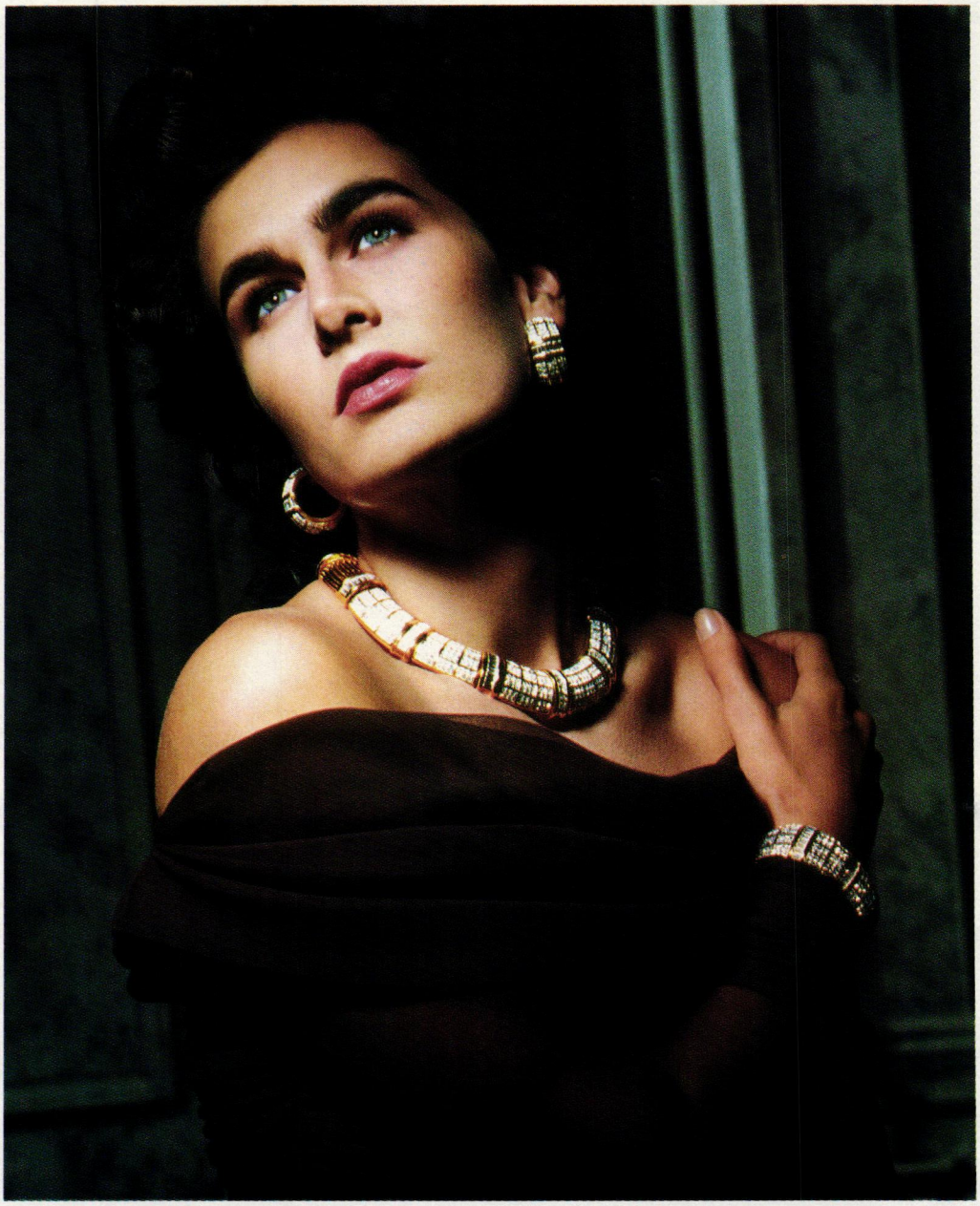
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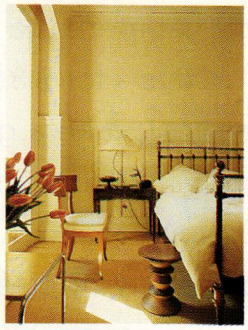
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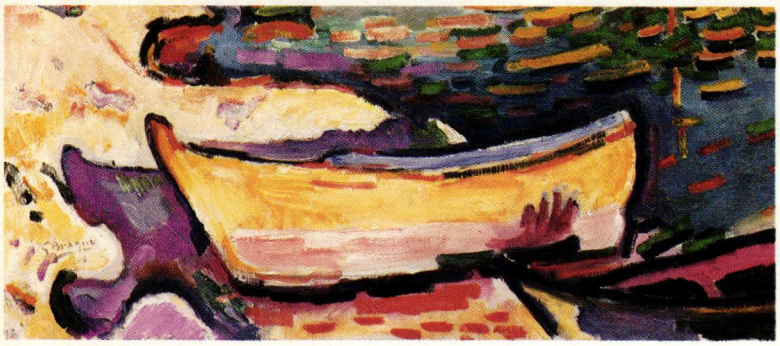
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COVER *Bedroom in a New York apartment designed by Joe D'Urso. Page 144. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*



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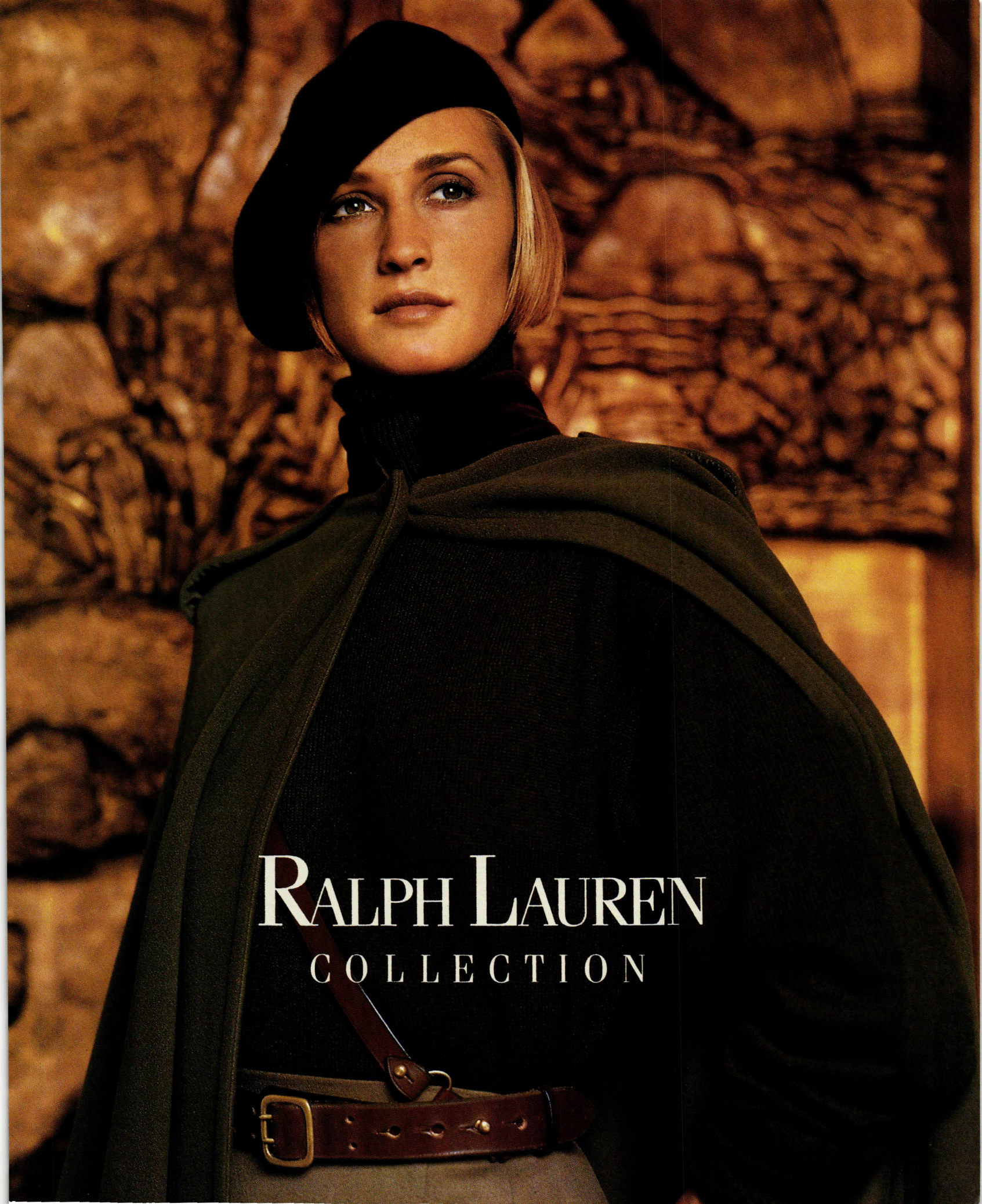
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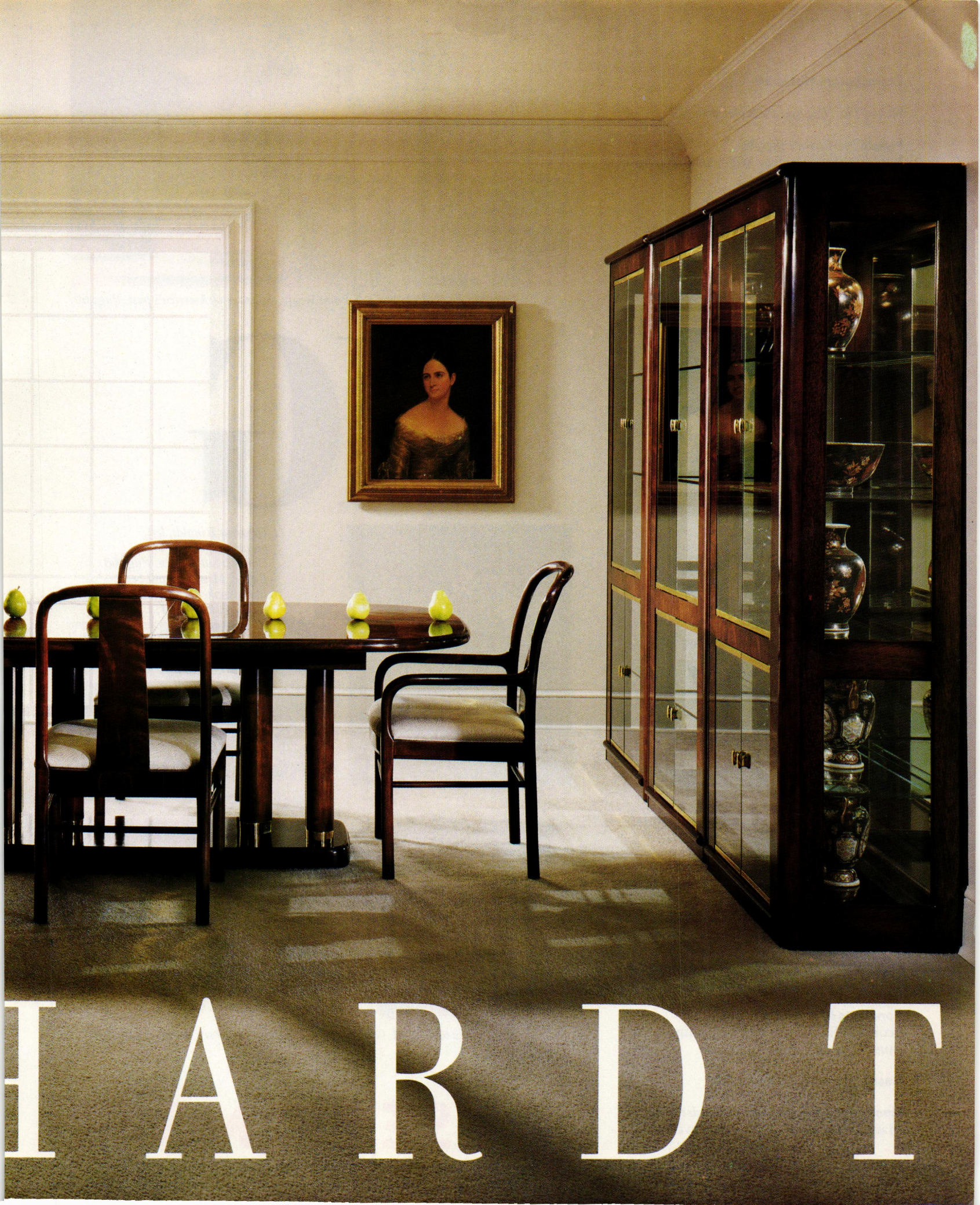
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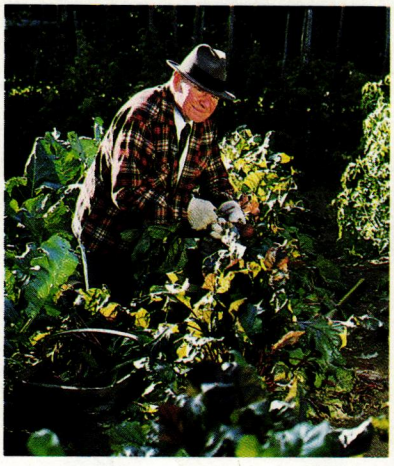
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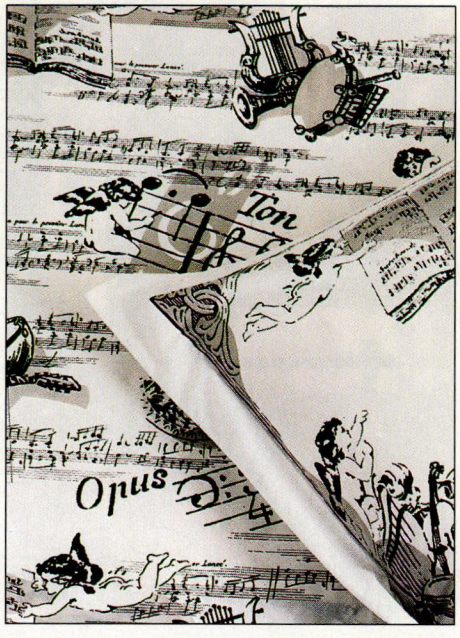


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Domenic Rinaldi, left, gathers vegetables in a Connecticut garden. Page 68. Below: Musical-motif bed linens make for sound sleeping. Page 204.



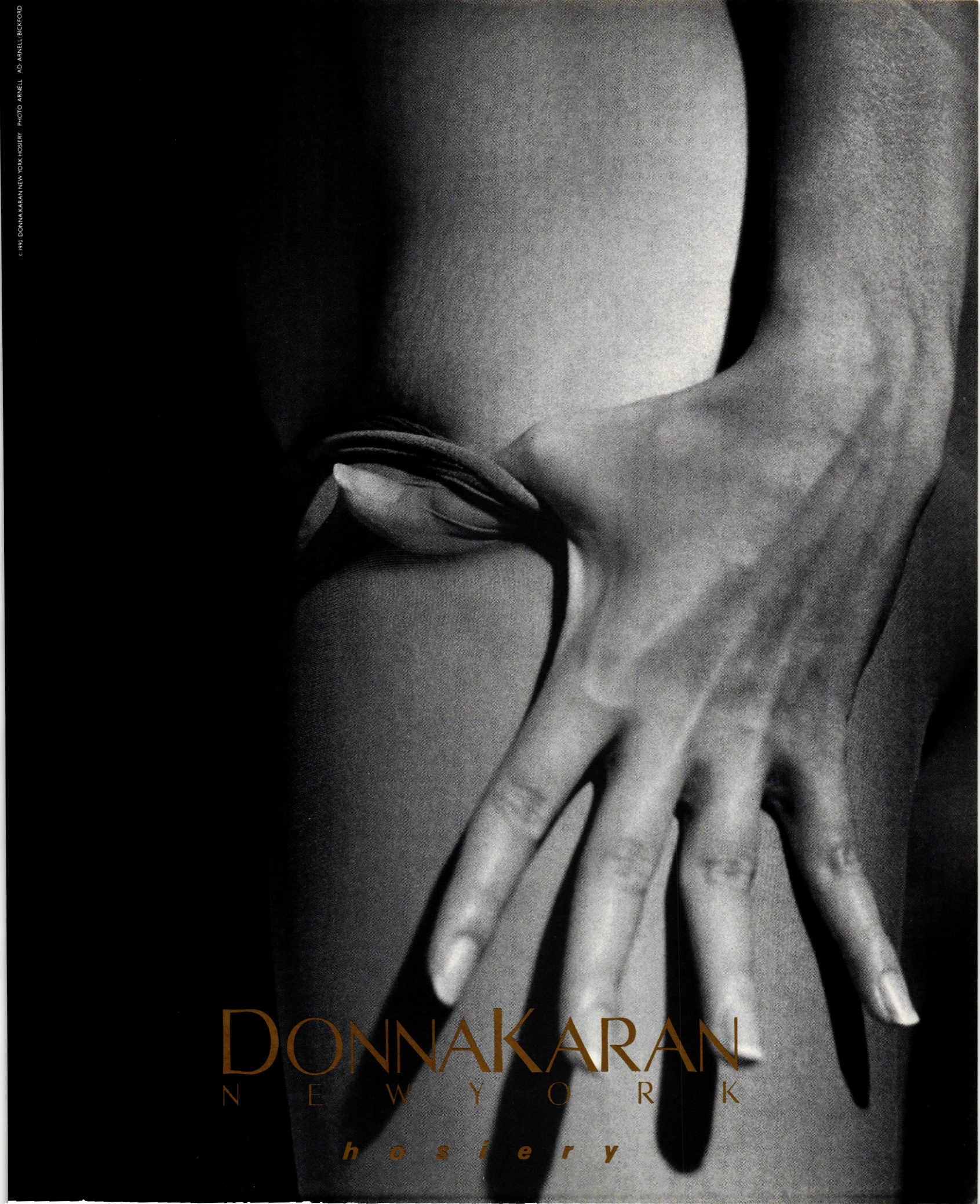


Side table by M. Craig at the High Point furniture market. Page 199.

TOP: PRIVATE COLLECTION/COURTESY NEW BEDFORD WHALING MUSEUM, MASS. BOTTOM LEFT: COURTESY M. CRAIG & CO.

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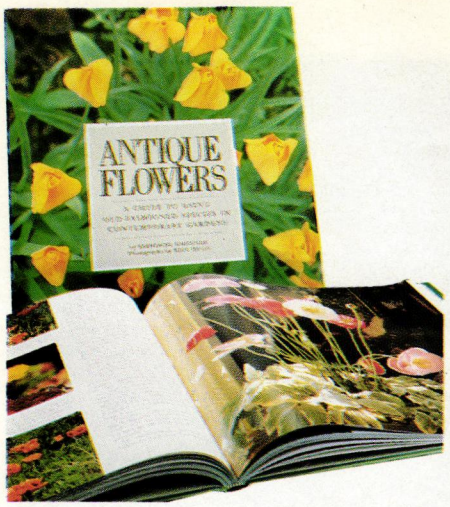


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CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Natasha Spender reports on former United States ambassador Anne Cox Chambers's transformation of a wooded flatland area on her estate in Provence into a remarkable garden. Lady Spender, who is currently at work on a book about her own Provençal garden, praises her neighbor's accomplishment: "She had a great hand in creating her garden, but it's very difficult to get her to acknowledge it. She gets these people to help her and ends up giving them all the credit."



BRENDA BLACK

Lynda Barry looks back to her childhood as this month's writer in residence. A cartoonist and author whose work frequently focuses on the "sweet pains of adolescence," Barry goes to great lengths to dig up her material. "In writing about teenagers it's important to stay current, so I actually go into dumpsters at high schools and fish out students' notebooks. I see how they use English, what they say in notes to each other, and what they draw in the margins." Her second novel, *1619 E. Crowley,* is due out next spring from Harper Collins.

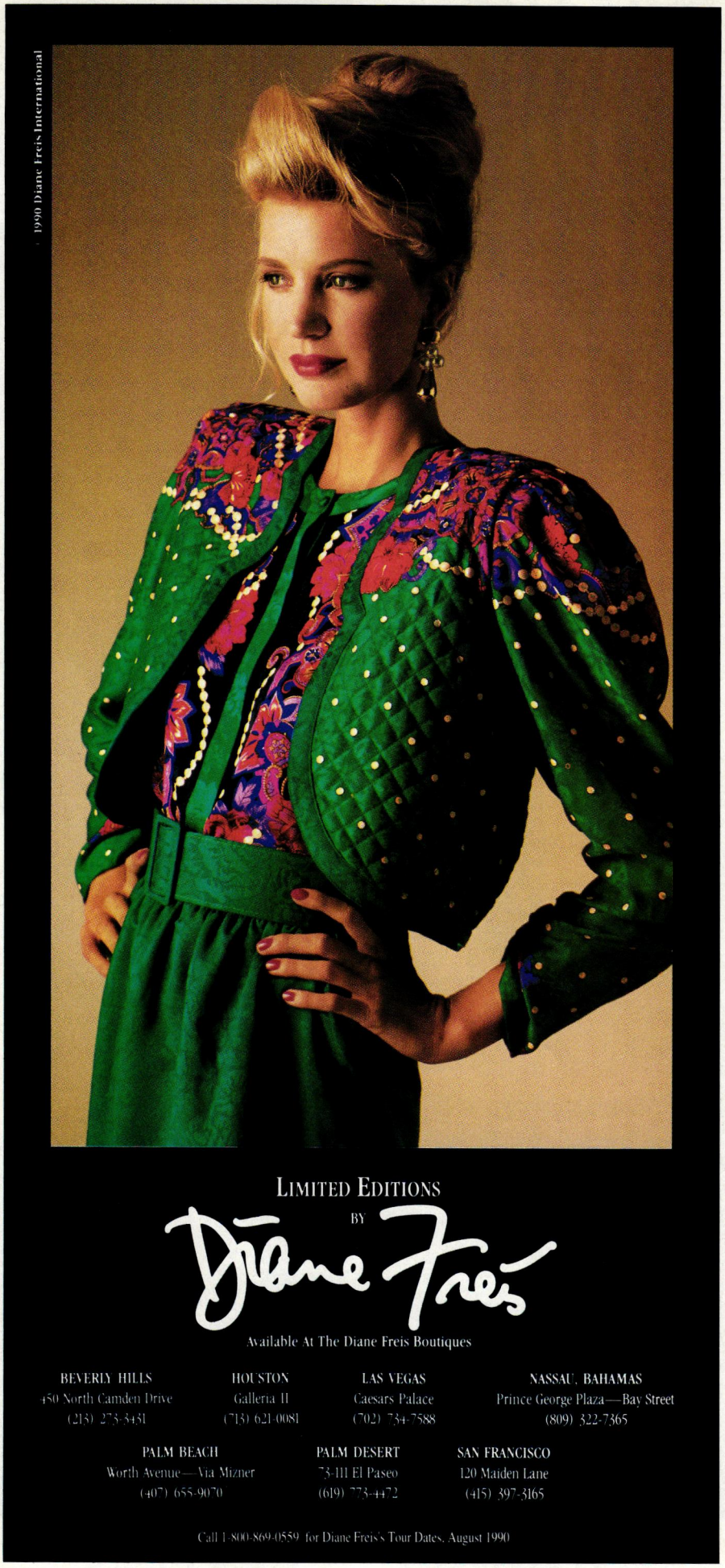
Catherine Barnett reviews *Art Across America,* a new book on regional art by William H. Gerdts. An editor at large for *Art & Antiques,* Barnett spends many months a year filing reports on the cultural scene from around the world, though her travels in America are less extensive: "I grew up in California and live in New York, so I don't know what's in between as well as I'd like. This book is so far-ranging, it's like a stagecoach ride through America's past."



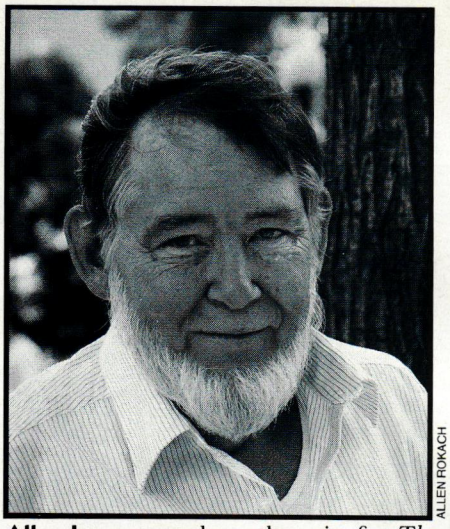
JANET BELLER



PARISIAN THALHIMERS L·S·AYRES



Contributors Notes



ALLEN ROKACH

Allen Lacy, a garden columnist for *The New York Times* and professor of philosophy at Stockton State College, discovered the rewards of gardening as a child and has been at it ever since. "It puts you in touch with the rhythms of the seasons and takes your mind off the daily routine." Lacy recently completed his eighth book, *The Garden in Autumn,* which is excerpted in this month's HG.



MICHAEL MUNDY

Anne Foxley, an associate editor of HG, contributes to the visuals of the magazine, from overseeing photo shoots to tracking down innovative interiors—"I'm open to everything from a shack on the beach to a slick city dwelling." For this issue she pinpointed a noteworthy trend for the "Forecasts" page, selected standout furniture designs in High Point, North Carolina, and helped capture one of Joe D'Urso's latest commissions.



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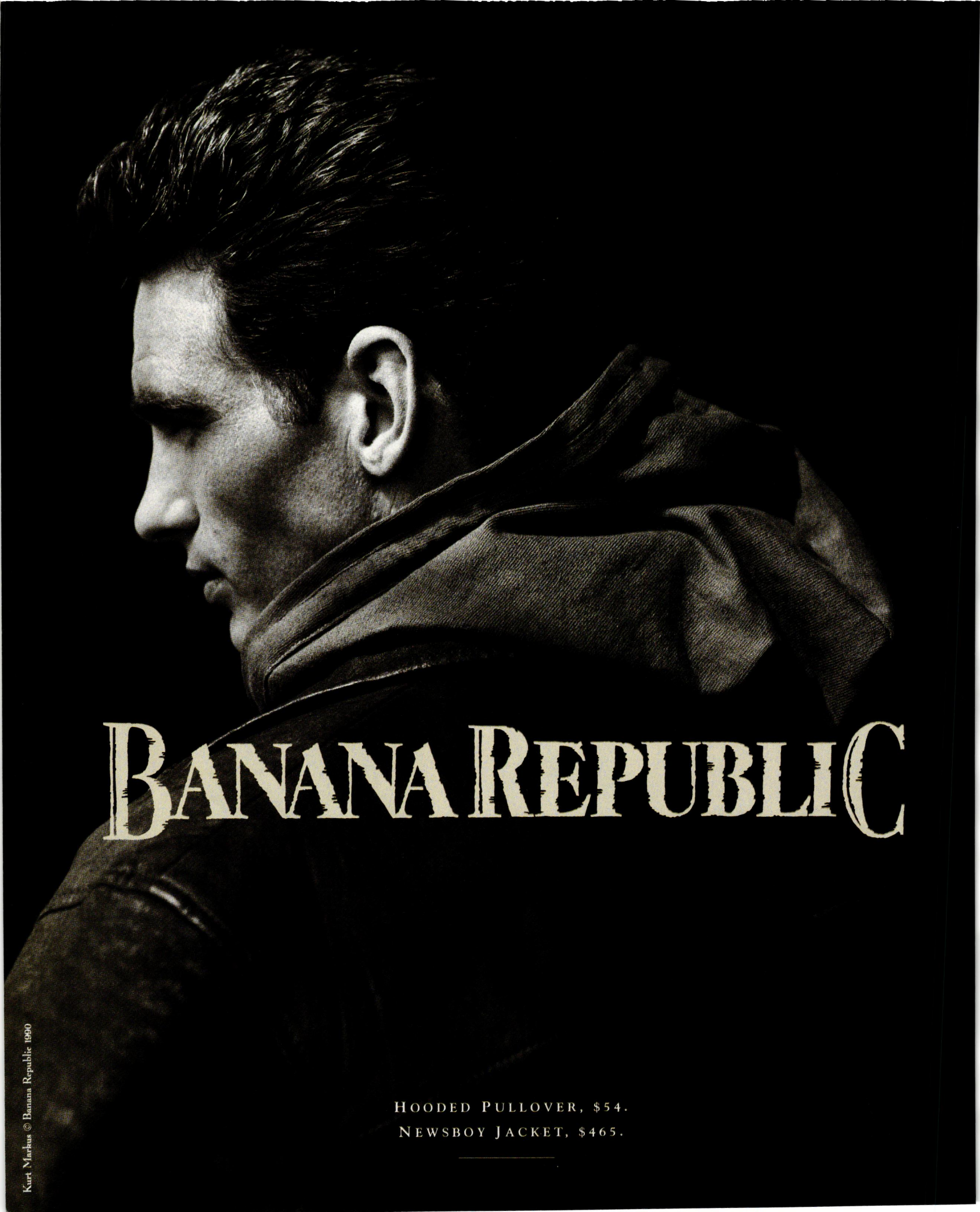
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Kurt Markus © Banana Republic 1990

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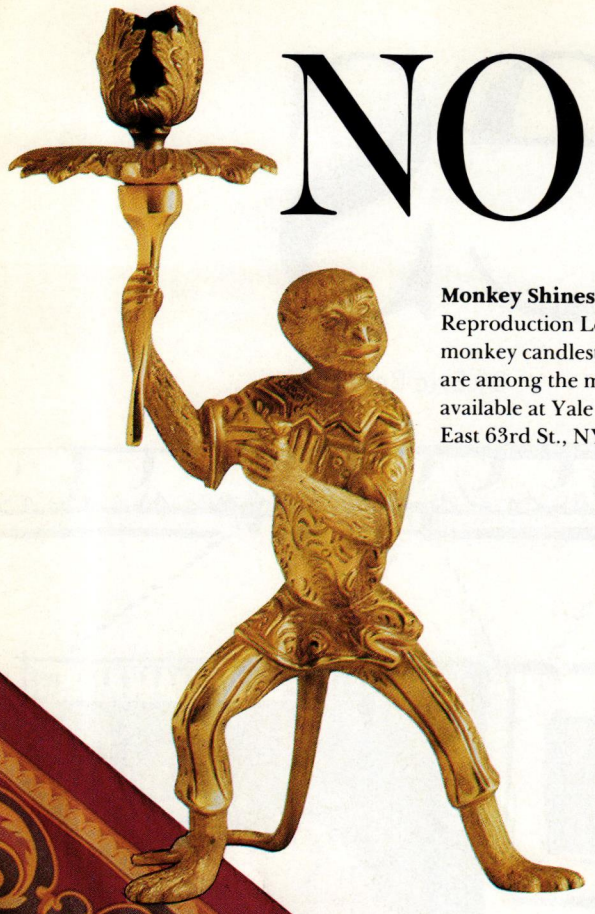
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



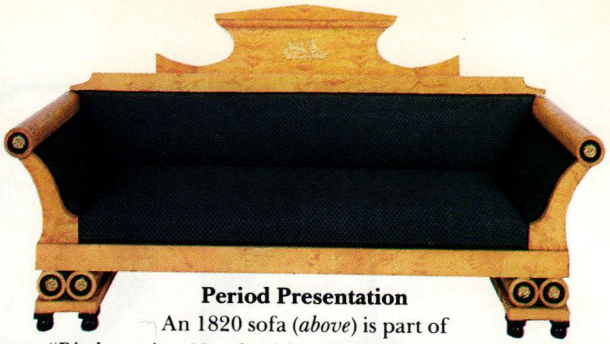
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL HOPPEN; THIERRY PONCELET; YURI MARDER; HENRY KOEHLER; DAVE KING. ILLUSTRATION: MONICA RANGNE.

For generations cuddlesome canines have captured the imagination of English portraitists, and they continue to be a favored study for artists on both sides of the Atlantic. Englishman Dan Dunton, represented by the Stephanie Hoppen Gallery, NYC (212) 753-0175, depicts a King Charles spaniel (*above left*) frolicking before a country manor, while Belgian painter Thierry Poncelet of Akko Van Acker Antiquités, Paris (1) 42-60-22-03, dresses a similarly well-bred hound (*above*) in black tie for a series he calls Aristochiens. A black-eyed ancestral bulldog (*above right*) by Mid Gordon, also of the Hoppen Gallery, strikes a powerful pose, and two precious pugs (*above far right*) by Henry Koehler of Arthur Ackermann & Son, NYC (212) 753-5290, snuggle up. *American Bred* (*right*), by Baltimore artist Christine Herman Merrill, who shows at William Secord, NYC (212) 249-0075, portrays in oil on mahogany the enduring charms of that pedigreeless pooch, the mixed breed.

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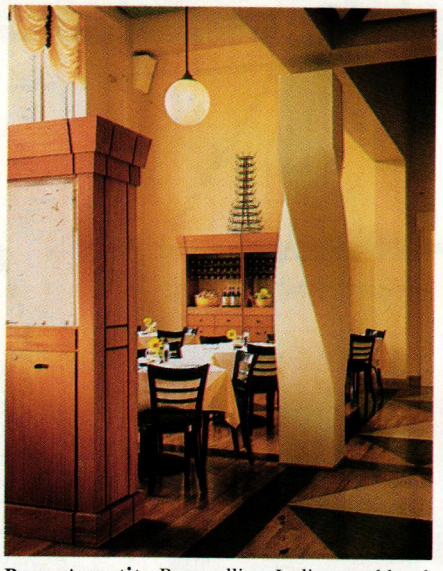
Monkey Shines
Reproduction Louis XVI gilt-bronze monkey candlesticks (*left*), $2,850 a pair, are among the many fine accessories available at Yale R. Burge Antiques, 305 East 63rd St., NYC; (212) 838-4005.



Period Presentation
An 1820 sofa (*above*) is part of "Biedermeier: Neoclassicism in German and Austrian Domestic Design, 1815–1848" at the Decorative Arts Study Center, 31431 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, Calif., Aug. 28–Nov. 17. Call (714) 496-2132.



Stitches in Time
Robert Hughes and Julie Silber examine Esprit's Amish quilt collection (*above*) in *Amish: The Art of the Quilt* (Knopf, $100). To order (800) 733-3000.



Buon Appetito Best-selling Italian cookbook author Marcella Hazan and partners have opened a restaurant, Veni, Vidi, Vici (*above*), 41 14th St., Atlanta; (404) 875-8424.



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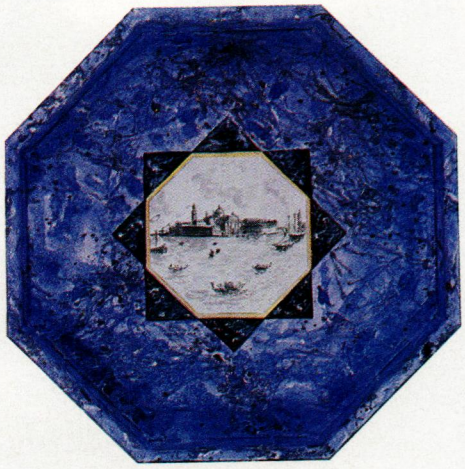


Under Cover The Lou Lou slipcover (*left*), $210, is one of many available at San Francisco designer Sami Rosenzweig's new shop, Slips, 1543 Grant Ave., San Francisco; (415) 362-5652.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; SHARON RISEDORPH & LYNN KELLNER; TOM BONNER; JIM HEDRICH/HEDRICH-BLESSING, LTD.; YURI MARDER; MONICA STEVENSON



Restoration Drama Tapestries and textiles (*above*) are cleaned ($10–$25 per square foot) and restored by Chevalier Conservation, 500 West Ave., Stamford; (203) 969-1980.



Tray Chic Muralist Marina Rasini's trompe l'oeil trays (*above*), $150, and other accessories can be ordered from K. Maisonrouge Antiques, Washington Depot, Conn.; (203) 868-9427.



Professional Parties Nancy White Kahan's *Entertaining for Business* (Clarkson N. Potter, $40) offers advice on staging large functions *(left)*. To order (800) 733-3000.



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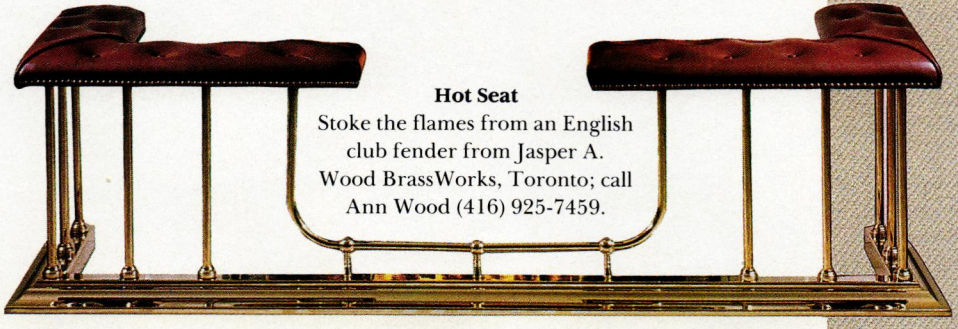
● Skinner, 357 Main St., Bolton (508) 779-6241: Sept. 14, American and European paintings and prints; Sept. 26, ceramics; Sept. 27, American and European furniture and decoration. ● William Doyle Galleries, 175 East 87th St., NYC (212) 427-2730: Sept. 12, 19th- and 20th-century decorative arts, furniture, and paintings. ● Butterfield & Butterfield, 220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco (415) 861-7500; 7601 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles (213) 850-7500: Sept. 19, silver, American and European paintings; Sept. 21, oriental carpets and rugs; Sept. 22, European and California wines. L.A. only: Sept. 17, 18, art deco and art nouveau furniture and decorative arts. ● HG editor Nancy Novogrod will speak on Sept. 14 at the Theta Charity Antiques Show of Houston, George R. Brown Convention Center, Houston (713) 850-6909: Sept. 13–16.



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Private Viewing A cherry screen *(above)*, designed by Edward Hammonds, showcases American Indian portraits by E. S. Curtis. At Whitehead & Mangan, 375 Bleecker St., NYC; (212) 242-7815.

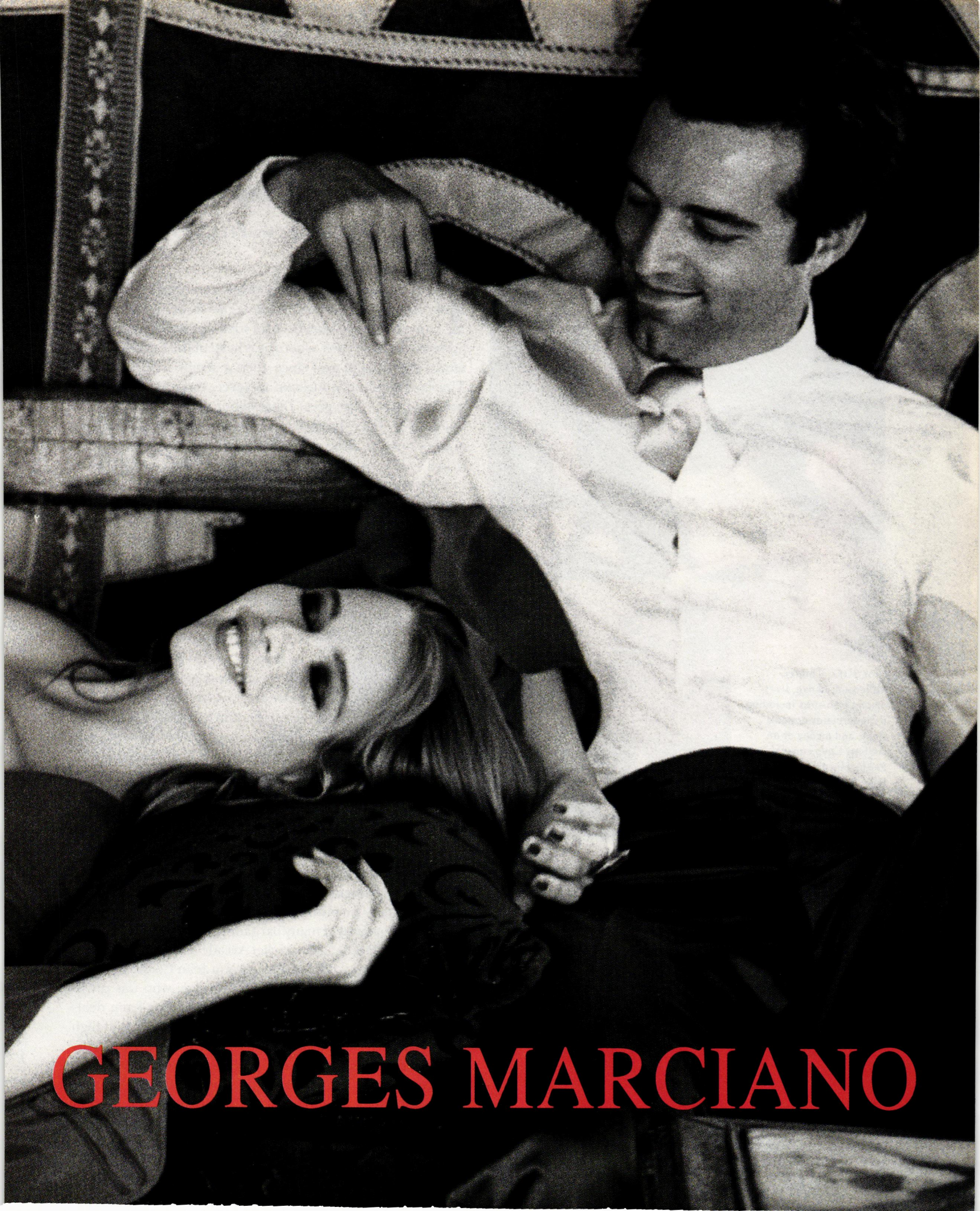


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GEORGES MARCIANO





NEW YORK Thierry Millerand, above, lives among treasures including a Biedermeier armoire, right, and a copy of an Aelbert Cuyp canvas. PARIS His pied-à-terre, below, was decorated by William Foucault. Details see Resources.



Transatlantic Taste

For Sotheby's Thierry Millerand, style is an international affair

BY MARTIN FILLER

For those of us who enjoy direct contact with beautiful objects, the auction house seems to be the best of all professional worlds. And after eighteen years with Sotheby's in New York, where he is head of the European furniture department and since 1984 a senior vice president, Thierry Millerand is inclined to agree, though with certain qualifications. "The great thing about my job is seeing new things every day," he explains. "But it's sometimes frustrating, because you always come across objects you'd like to own. And it's not necessarily the expensive ones, which is very obvious, but even a chair for $2,000 or $3,000, which can be a masterpiece of its kind. Yet you can't buy everything. In my job the problem is that you really know what is good and what is bad, and certainly I could not afford the very best."

Nonetheless Millerand, one of the most durable figures on the volatile international auction scene, has managed to create for himself some remarkable private surroundings filled with many beautiful—and very good—things. Above all, those interiors are serene retreats to which he can escape from the whirlwind of change amid which he works. But that sense of transition did not make Millerand cling to his inherited possessions when he moved here from France.

"Something I learned when I came to America is that one does one's own thing," says Millerand. "I sold the family pieces I didn't really care for, like the Louis XV commode everyone has in his apartment or château, and kept the simple Louis XVI mahogany furniture, which is much more to my taste." To these he has added many bargain-priced discoveries from Sotheby's (including its low-ticket Arcade auctions), and even on occasion from archrival Christie's (a Jean Cocteau caricature of Millerand's grandfather Alexandre, who was president of France from 1920 to 1924). Many come from dealers known within the trade for their excellent values and high quality. Those include the Fischer-Kiener Gallery in Paris, where Millerand found several of the exquisite eighteenth- and nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings that hang on his walls (still others were bought at the Hôtel Drouot auction rooms), and Jean Paul Beaujard in New York, source of a hand-

FROM TOP: CHRIS SANDERS; JOHN HALL (2)



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NEW YORK The dining room, right, with William IV chairs and an antique tole pedestal, also serves as a study. Below: In the bedroom, beneath a striped silk curtain by decorator Suzie Frankfurt, a folding screen draped with Millerand's ties. PARIS The bedroom, bottom, is dominated by a Charles X sleigh bed and fall-front secretary.



"In my job," says Thierry Millerand, "the problem is that you really know what is good and what is bad"



some Russian Biedermeier fruitwood bench chest.

Based in Manhattan, where he lives in a flat on the Upper East Side, Millerand makes so many business trips to Paris that he has a pied-à-terre there in the fashionable Invalides quarter. Although readily distinguishable from one another, his apartments on both sides of the Atlantic are clearly those of an individual with consistently superb taste. He spurns the decorative overrichness he must confront in much of the material he is called on to appraise, and his rooms share a lightness of touch that gives them an accessible ease far different from the off-putting pomposity that antiques-filled interiors often project. It takes a relaxed sensibility, for example, to hang an eighteenth-century copy of a well-known seventeenth-century canvas by the Dutch master Aelbert Cuyp in a New York sitting room frequented by art experts familiar with the real thing. Neither is Millerand deterred from mixing, in his Manhattan bedroom, a 1930s green-leather boardroom chair with a signed Louis XVI mahogany guéridon.

Professional that he is, Millerand does not assume that even a decorative arts specialist such as himself can dispense with the services of a decorator. He has gotten help from several: Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley (who did most of the New York apartment), Vincent Fourcade (responsible for the ample chintz-covered sofa in the sitting room), and Suzie Frankfurt (who designed a new bathroom and the green and white striped silk curtain and counterpane in the bedroom). The Paris flat is the work of William Foucault, a young decorator and antiques dealer whose broad knowledge of French design history and Gallic love of fine fabrics (from antique embroideries to crisp new cotton prints) gives those spaces an unmistakable sense of place. Millerand's far-flung domiciles possess an appealing air of human incident rather than the aura of fanatical perfectionism, imparting an element of surprise more intriguing than in the sheer purchasing power of great wealth. The perspicacious Thierry Millerand believes more in the fortuitous encounter than the long-planned assault. "I'm very lucky seeing the things that I do all the time," he admits. "And I *do* like buying, I must say." ▲ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

JOHN HALL



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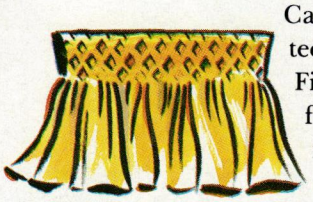
Lady Caroline, left, surrounded by pelmets of her own design.

Windows of Opportunity

Lady Caroline Wrey takes a dim view of boring curtains

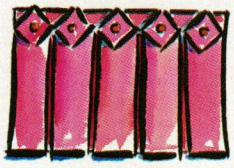
BY RHODA KOENIG

To you and me curtains may just be something to keep the daylight and neighbors at bay, but to Lady Caroline Wrey curtains are a religion, a way of life, a fine brave thing to get behind and push. "I am passionate about curtains," she says. "The window offers the greatest opportunity to decorate, so I say, 'Go to town!'" Lady Caroline, who has been designing curtains for the past eight years in London, has begun bringing the good news about curtains to the masses—or, at least, groups of twenty at a time who turn up to hear her talk and to have a go at constructing their own miniature curtains under her firm but ladylike supervision. Lady Caroline is equally passionate about pelmets, the English term for valances. When asked if it is possible to have a curtain without a pelmet, she reacts like a Victorian matron who has been asked about some arcane and probably illicit sexual practice. "There *are* such things," she replies frigidly. "I am not the person to talk to about them."



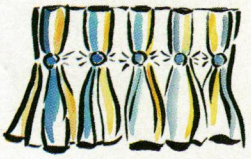
Honeycomb smocking in yellow damask.

The wife of baronet-in-waiting George Richard Bourchier Wrey, Lady Caroline is the daughter of the fifteenth earl of Lindsay and grew up in Fife and London. After graduating from Oxford, she taught English for a few years, but once married, she wanted a business she could run from home. When friends asked her to reproduce for them the curtains she had done for herself, she decided to turn pro. She is now deep into the world of curtains (and, of course, pelmets), discoursing easily and long on Vandyke edging, goblet pleats, double tails, honeycomb smocking, and choux rosettes ("They start out looking like bath caps but then come out looking like cabbages—well, more like cauliflowers, to be honest").



Diamond-buttoned pattern in cotton.

Lady Caroline is well versed in not only the structure of curtains but their history—the development of blinds, rails, the pulley system, and "Thomas Jefferson's wonderful festooned draperies." Her American lectures, sponsored by Jonal, a Madison Avenue accessories shop, have taken her to New York, Connecticut, and Oklahoma, a state "less than a hundred years old, yet they've done so much. They have some of the most beautiful chintzes you've ever seen."



Goblet pleats with blue buttons.

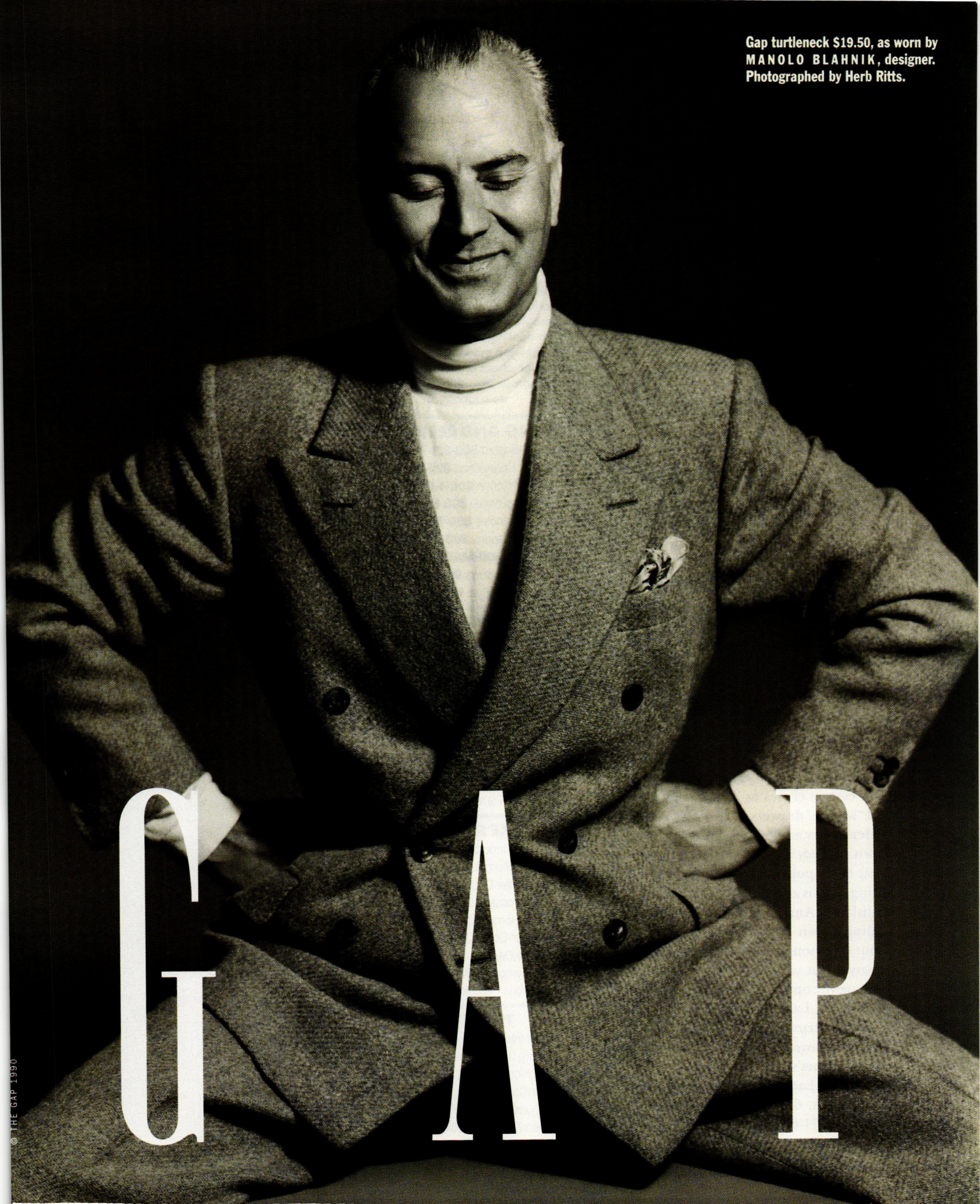
While Lady Caroline admits she "worships" chintz, she doesn't think it the solution for all human ills. "I feel that in the dining room there should be anything *but* chintz—linen, for a matte look, or silk. I light from the bottom, and if you have silk the whole thing comes alive at night." In London she buys her fabrics at Colefax & Fowler, Charles Hammond, and Mrs. Monro.



Box pleats hung from a convex board.

Although Lady Caroline is sure that other curtain-makers mean well, she frets that they lack confidence. "You must be bold with your colors. And so many people have tails that are far too short." The window, she feels, is a face, and "if the pelmet is too small, the face looks big and fat with a silly little berry on top. We want an injection of

TODD EBERLE. ILLUSTRATIONS: ROBIN ZINGONE



Gap turtleneck $19.50, as worn by MANOLO BLAHNIK, designer. Photographed by Herb Ritts.

© THE GAP 1990

novelty and imagination in the pelmet." She sometimes finds herself at odds with the American definition of a curtain, which to her is a poor thin thing, rather than the English type, rich and plump and reinforced with interlining.

Lady Caroline is also interested in blinds, although she doesn't advise people to try making them at home, "unless they've taken my course." She is particularly keen on the shirred variety known as Austrian blinds, especially in the kitchen. "Most kitchens are all angles. I feel a great desire to dissolve the hard lines." Austrian blinds were "terribly popular in the 1690s," she says, "but suffered great indignities in the 1970s, when they were all the rage again and covered with pink bows." Neither of us mentions their resemblance to frilly panties that causes them to be referred to in certain circles as "knicker blinds" and "whores' drawers."

Asked if it's possible to have a curtain without a pelmet, Lady Caroline reacts like a Victorian matron confronted by an illicit sexual practice

Her theory and practice have been set down in *Lady Caroline Wrey's Curtain Book*, to be published in England next spring. She is currently expanding her British and American lecture tours and scaling down her decorating ("I do about four houses a year, but I'm really choosy about who I take"). In time she will have the option of changing her title to Caroline, Lady Wrey, but this is one extra bit of trim she'll ignore. "An earl's daughter *always* goes through a door before a baronet's wife." (For information on courses: Lady Caroline Wrey, Lindsay Designs, 60 The Chase, London SW4 0NH; 71-622-6625) ▲

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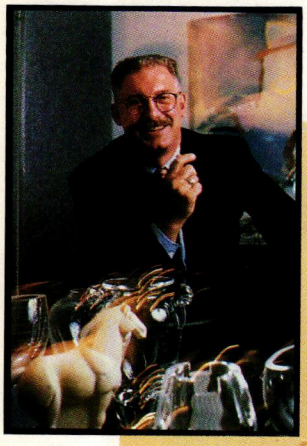
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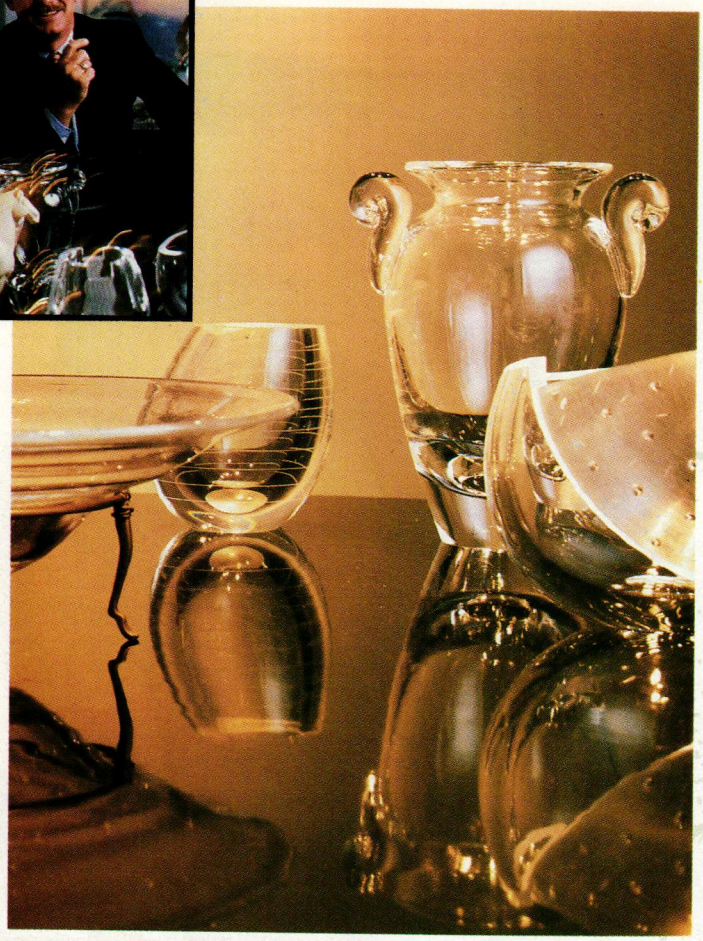
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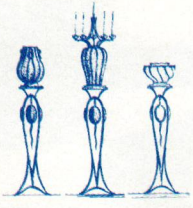
Crystal Gazing

New artistic directors at Steuben and Daum look to the future

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

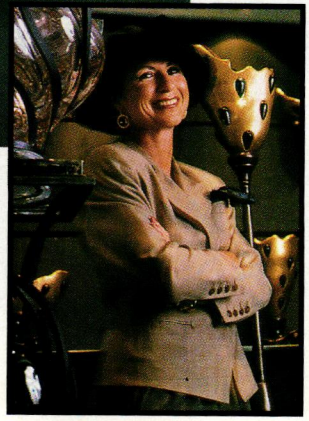
If Christopher Hacker is, as he modestly claims, only "the caretaker of this moment in time at Steuben," then America's finest crystal house is being well tended during a significant moment. As a vice president and the director of design, Hacker is responsible for everything from product development to graphic design to the look of the store. In three years he has added new sparkle to a company whose quality hadn't faded but whose image had, by hiring architects Bentley LaRosa Salasky to bring the elegant Fifth Avenue store up to date and by inviting designers and architects such as Angela Cummings and Michael Graves to turn their talents to glass. Hacker's strategy for shaping a new tradition at the venerable company also includes working with lesser-known talents and established house artists, exploring new designs in engraved glass, and tapping the archives for pieces to reproduce. The clarity of Steuben glass—which contains about 30 percent lead; full lead crystal is 24 percent—is, says Hacker, "a limitation and a freedom. It makes us think about form above all else. Glass has a form it wants to exhibit if you can send it off in the right direction." As luck would have it, Hacker has a very good sense of direction.

A vice president and art director at Daum since 1987, Clotilde Bacri is Hacker's counterpart. Though her background is in fashion, Bacri found the transition from fabrics to glass undaunting. "When you are in a creative business, the way of thinking is the same," she says. Bacri's way of thinking is both imaginative and on target: she has moved the 120-year-old house rapidly back into the spotlight in France and into the light of day, via a boutique on Madison Avenue, in this country. For Bacri, maintaining tradition is less a matter of issuing reeditions than of advancing Daum's naturalist style and techniques—most notably the pâte de verre method of glassmaking. Color and nature flourish in the Cactus collection by Hilton McConnico, the Trapani coral collection by Garouste and Bonetti, and the Étrangetés series of tables and vases by Philippe Starck, while the recently introduced Grand Vase collection by André Dubreuil glorifies technique—in one piece, eighty pounds of molten glass are handblown within a metal framework. Though these collections draw from Daum custom, they reflect a thoroughly modern vision and Bacri's impressive ability to coax out of designers who have never worked in crystal extraordinary new facets. ▲



DAVID FRAZIER





Christopher Hacker, top left, is adding sparkle to Steuben by commissioning, top right, clear-glass classics by new artists. Clotilde Bacri, right, oversees the advancement of Daum's naturalist style and technical wizardry with such pieces as, above, a decorative torchère, a Dali clock, and a head sculpture. Far right: Sketches for Daum by designer André Dubreuil.

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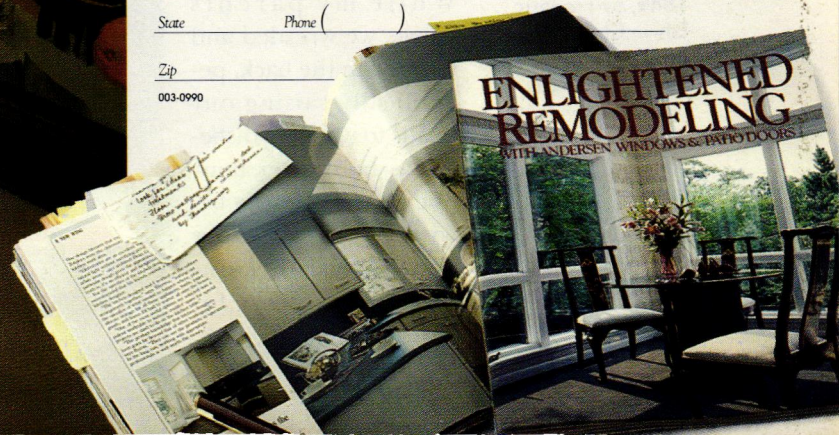
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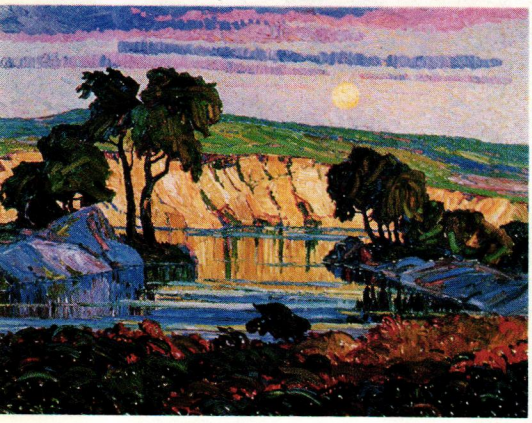




America's Great Unknowns

A comprehensive new book explores the geography of regional art

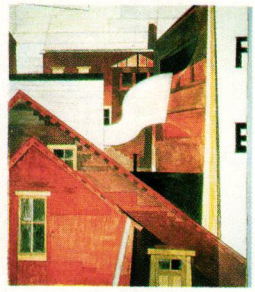
BY CATHERINE BARNETT



Local color. Clockwise from top: *Beach Scene*, c. 1879, by Samuel S. Carr; *In the Province*, 1920, by Charles Demuth; *West Rock, New Haven*, 1849, by Frederic Edwin Church; and *Creek at Moonrise*, 1921, by Birger Sandzén.

WHEN I WAS SIX, MY PARents loaded all five kids (the youngest was two, the eldest eight) into our big white Dodge station wagon, and we set out to cross the country, east to west. Until that trip I hadn't explored much beyond the long driveway that led to our house, the enormous silver refrigerator in the kitchen, and the rugged hills of Rock Creek Park. These enticements made for a large and glorious world, and I longed for nothing more.

We spent three months on the road. While my parents drove, we wrestled and napped in the back, periodically raising our heads to watch in disbelief as hour after hour of exotic and totally bewildering landscapes zipped past the windows. Under my father's stern tutelage, we set up camp in the Poconos, on the banks of Lake Michigan, at the foot of the Bighorn Mountains, in the Tetons and in the Rockies, and finally in a sun-dried California town we learned to call home.



Twenty-five years later, **Art Across America: Two Centuries of Regional Painting** (Abbeville, $425) rekindles the excitement of that first trip. Its three volumes are as much an ode to the vastness and diversity of the country (there are paintings of Mississippi rivers, South Dakota plains, Virginia farms, and Texas hay) as they are a celebration of its artists, most of whom worked and died in relative obscurity. William H. Gerdts spent years researching this project (a herculean task for which he enlisted the help of students and scholars from all parts of the country), determined to show that American art up to 1920 was not the sole province of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia nor the product of just a few well-known painters. Like those three months spent zigzagging across the country, Gerdts's work challenges comfortable notions, exposing unexplored and fertile territory.

A professor at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, Gerdts has written extensively on American impressionism and landscape painting. He includes portraits, still lifes, and history paintings but focuses primarily on the landscape, and *Art Across America*, organized like an atlas,



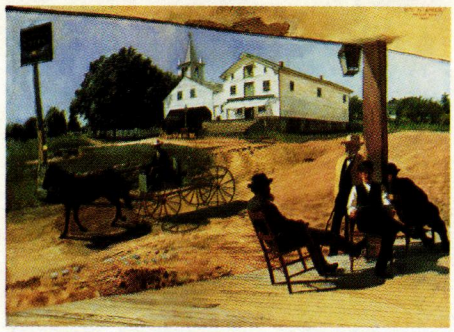
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., BEQUEST OF ANNIE SWAN COBURN (MRS. LEWIS LARNED COBURN), 1934; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, ANONYMOUS GIFT IN MEMORY OF NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL; NEW BRITAIN MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, CONN., JOHN BUTLER TALCOTT FUND; PHOTO: E. IRVING BLOMSTRANN; UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT #400, LINDSBORG, KANS.; ON LOAN TO BIRGER SANDZÉN MEMORIAL GALLERY, LINDSBORG



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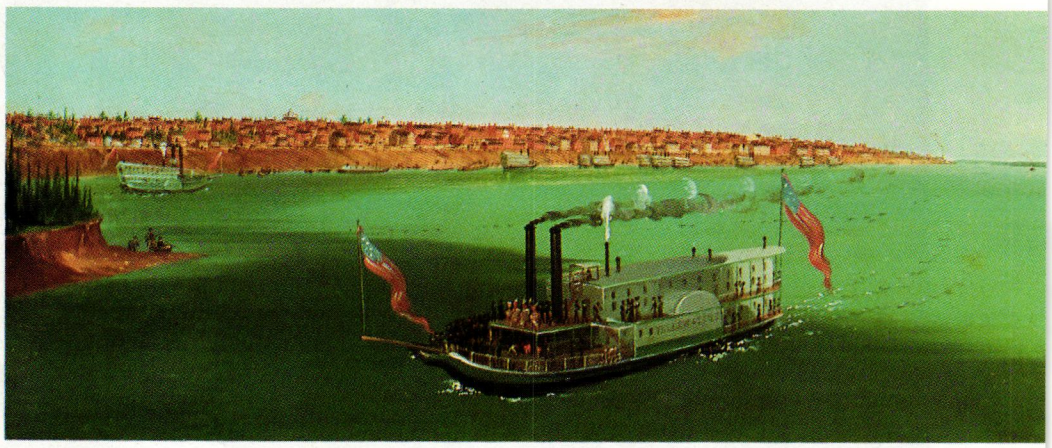


could almost pass for a travelogue. Each volume addresses a different part of the country: New England, New York, and the Middle Atlantic states; the South and the Near Midwest; the Far Midwest, the Rocky Mountain West, the Southwest, and the Pacific. Hand-drawn regional maps highlight the art centers, which are as large as Chicago or Pittsburgh or San Francisco or as small as Scalp Level, Pennsylvania, called—more poetically—the American Barbizon. It is a lavish set, with more than 1,000 reproductions. It is also overwhelming: standing thirteen inches tall, the three volumes weigh in at thirty pounds.

Gerdts's work is welcome, especially at a time when regional distinctions have been so effectively whitewashed by the malling of America. Just as towns in America begin to look the same, with Benetton and McDonald's taking over, so too do museums, which typically bypass local achievement in the rush to exhibit art with a national (read New York) stamp of approval. (Nowhere is this tendency stronger than in the field of contemporary art, where a painter often has to win New York recognition before being taken seriously at home.) Would-be collectors, pushed out of the increasingly heated market for American art by escalating prices, may find solace—and new buying prospects, if not a lost genius or two—in this overstuffed compendium. Without overstating the achievements of the hundreds of relatively unknown artists he has selected, Gerdts puts the flavor back in "local."

He tells us briefly about the country's first professional black artist, Joshua Johnson, a freed slave from the West Indies; about Francis Guy, an Englishman working in Baltimore who learned to paint landscapes by stretching a thin gauze over a tent window and tracing the scene; about the painter whose specialty was painting brothels (Gerdts describes the subject matter as "indoor pleasures of a very specific nature"); about one of the most heavily populated compositions ever created, which features 196 likenesses; about Whistler, who was discharged from West Point (other drawing students there included Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson); about the effect of the 1906 earthquake on San Francisco and Monterey artists; about two Taos painters who hired cowboys and Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West show to model for them while they were in New York; about George Caleb Bingham, Albert Bierstadt, Gilbert Stuart, George Inness, John Twachtman, Frederic Edwin Church, John Marin, Stuart Davis, and a roster of America's most celebrated painters, who need no introduction.

Otto Bacher's *Ellas's Hotel, Richfield Center*, 1885, left. Below: George Catlin's *Saint Louis from the River Below*, 1832–33. Bottom: *Mrs. Thomas Everette & Her Children*, 1818, by Joshua Johnson.



Without overstating the artists' achievements, Gerdts puts the flavor back in "local"



But this is not a book to curl up with for a good night's read; though well written, it is a reference book, more encyclopedic than engaging. The author, in some ways, is simply too democratic, telling us too little about too many different artists in too many towns. Constrained by the sheer number of individuals he was determined to include, he shows only a single work by each (unless, like Winslow Homer, the artist worked in several regions); such a limited selection, nonetheless, whets appetites and broadens perspectives. Gerdts takes us on an exhilarating and accelerated drive through uncharted terrain. We are happy for the glimpse, however fleeting, but would like more time to set up camp. ▲

FROM TOP: PRIVATE COLLECTION; NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.; GIFT OF MRS. JOSEPH HARRISON JR.; MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BALTIMORE



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Family Harvest

Several generations have savored the produce of one kitchen garden

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

Right on the crest of a hill above Waterbury, Connecticut, stands a sprawling colonial-style frame house and its one-acre fruit and vegetable garden. Built in 1895 to be the summer retreat of a Naugatuck iron magnate and later enlarged, the house is now the permanent residence of one of his grandsons and his family. The old cutting garden has been turfed—the fate of many formal plantings in the surrounding area—and the driveway basketball hoop gets as much use as the tennis court. Children's toys, not paraphernalia for Grandfather's horses, lie around the mudroom. Almost the only constants through changing times have been the remarkable kitchen garden and 87-year-old Domenic Rinaldi, who will retire this fall after having tended it for almost 40 years.

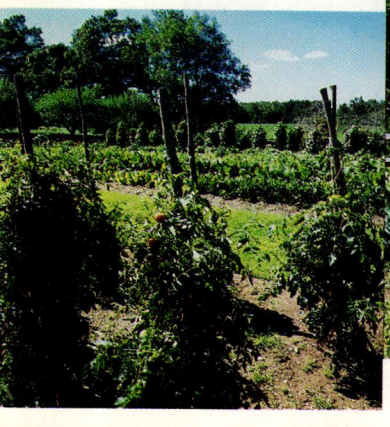
"When I was five years old," says the owner of the property, "I could look out the kitchen window and see Domenic at work. Now I'm 42 and he's still there." Rinaldi came to this country as a teenager, from a small town near Naples, and both he and the Connecticut garden have taken on the beautiful look of things that have worked long and hard. Dressed in a clean but dirt-stained brown shirt and jeans smooth with age, Rinaldi sports a brown tie printed with yellow clover blossoms tucked into his shirt and a gray fedora that seems to have settled permanently across his brow. His old rubber boots buckle up the front.

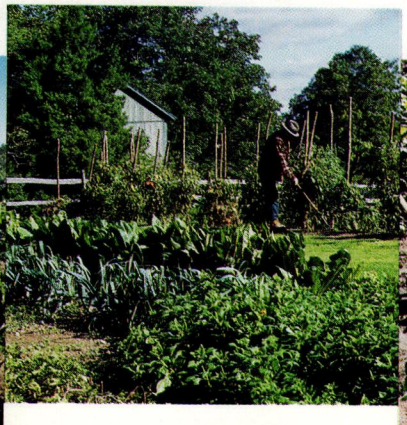
Likewise, the garden is no nouveau potager but a plot made largely from Burpee seeds which manages to be a local landmark. An elegantly simple rectangle surrounded by a weathered split-rail fence, it feeds three related families and Rinaldi on asparagus, spinach, lettuce (Bibb, buttercrunch, romaine, and green ice), cabbage, cauliflower, pole beans, limas, peas, raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes (60 plants in all—VF, Big Boy, cherry, and orange plum), onions, beets, leeks, peppers, squash, peaches, rhubarb, chickory, endive, three sorts of potatoes, and melons. "I plant cantaloupe now too," admits Rinaldi. "It's the kids that like it." All winter, the tack room of the old horse barn is filled with boxes of "keepers": potatoes, onions, carrots, beets.

The symmetrical plot is a proud feature of the property: it is the beacon that lets the visitor know he's arrived and is a lovely sight from inside the house. Even better is to stand in the garden and look out. Beyond the eight-foot ash bean poles, the tomato tepees, and the orchard of peach trees on ground that gently slopes away, the distant buildings of Waterbury are just visible in the valley to the east, and farm fields stretch to the western horizon.

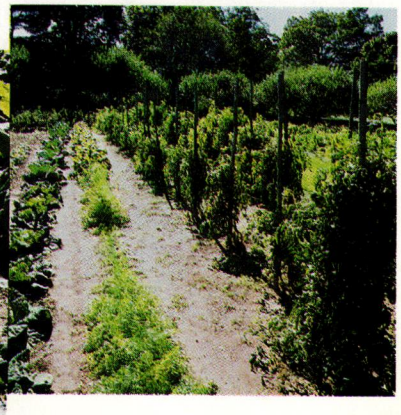
Climbing roses line sections of the fence, and peonies from the former cutting garden now edge the rows of crops, but for the most part, the attraction of the place is its succession of blossoms and vegetables and fruits, and the aged, well-worked soil (enriched each year with cow manure from down the road) that gives like butter to a foot's depth. "The vegeta-

Domenic Rinaldi, above, cuts wood from nearby forests for tomato tepees, below far left, and bean poles, below right. Below left and below: Summer crop.









ROB GRAY

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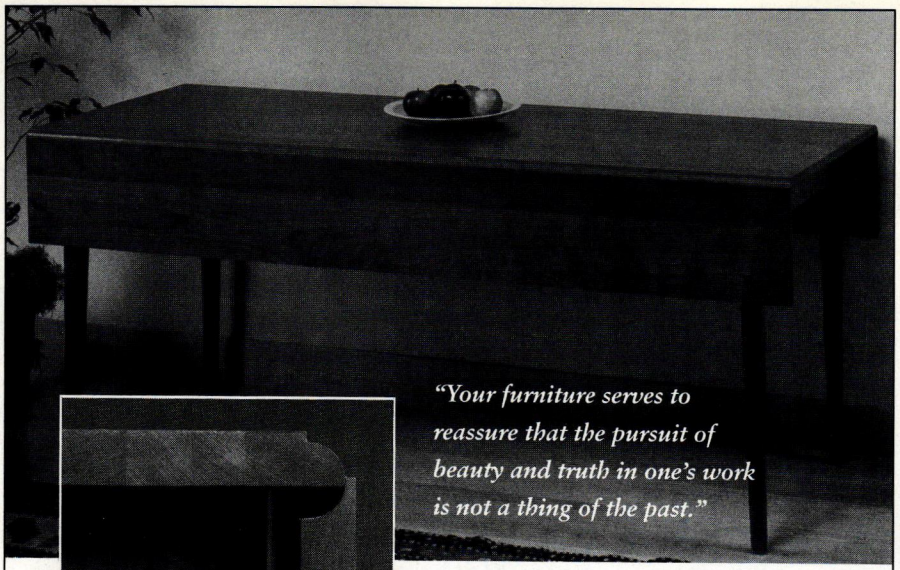
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bles are our flowers," says the owner. First comes the greening of the asparagus, strawberries, and raspberries; then the blossoms of the berry plants and the peach trees, as the cool-weather lettuces poke out of the ground alongside the newly planted endive and chickory which were started in the three-foot-deep hotbed nearby; then the whole garden rises with the flowering of beans and squash and the pale stars of tomatoes; and finally, summer brings its abundance of clustered red berries, yellow and red tomatoes, golden cantaloupes, and broad, leafy greens of every tone and texture.

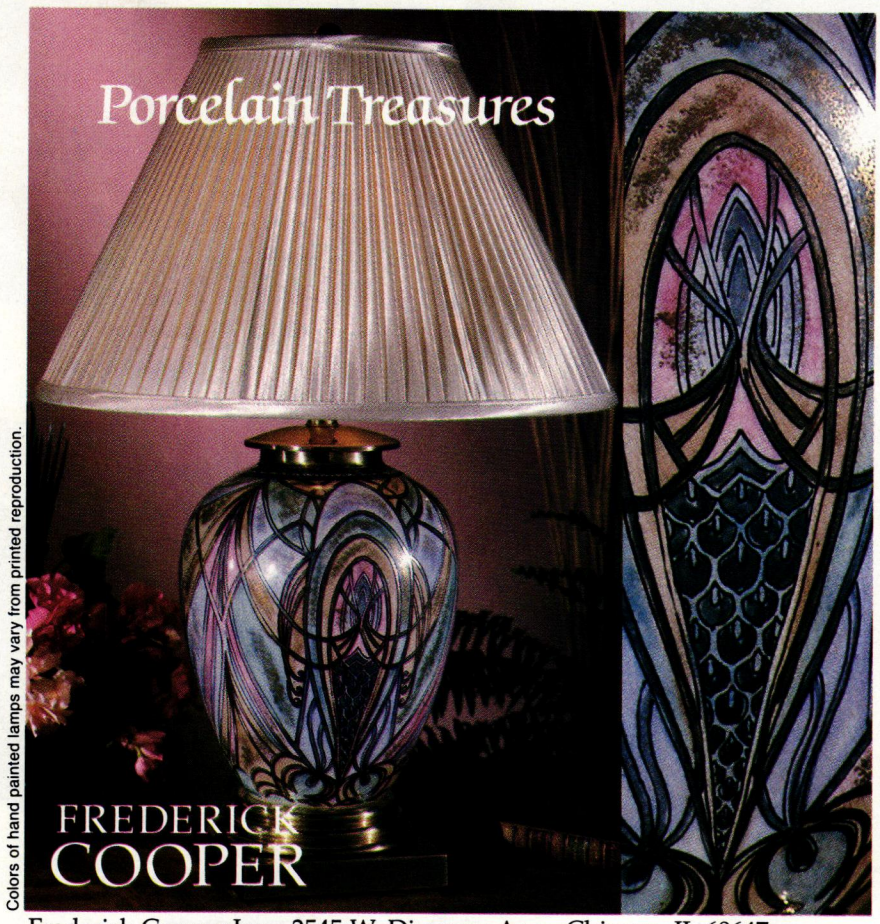
The garden has been a constant reminder of useful work, from the moment Rinaldi reappeared in the spring to part the split rails and admit his 1957 Ford 601 Workmaster tractor to the last pulling up and storage of the stakes and tepees in the late fall. "I like to see all this stuff grow," he says. "I work all the time, so I can see everything grow." No secret formula explains Rinaldi's success, only constant, patient attention to his crops. Every morning he arrives promptly at seven thirty and, with an hour off for lunch, labors nine hours in the garden. His nearby toolshed is a measure of what he does: there are leaf rakes and ground rakes and the wood rake with half-moon spokes for smoothing the beds, there are the old backpack sprayer and the crank-driven duster for rotenone and other pesticides, there is the smooth-worn scythe for orchard grass and the spades and the trowels and the hoes. The family's part of the work is the harvest, for which baskets hang from a shed wall.

Perhaps the best emblem of Domenic Rinaldi's skilled and steady effort lies down in the former horse barn in a hollow. Between the sides of an iron bench hangs the little that is left of a grinding wheel once four feet or more in diameter. "Remember when we brought it up from the old mill?" he asks the owner, perhaps forgetting that his present boss was then only a boy. Each year, Rinaldi has brought the scythe and the ax and the hoes here to hone them. Now the wheel is worn nearly to the nub, but the garden is still growing. ▲



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A House Divided

Remodeling becomes the battleground for a couple's tastes and emotions

BY LYNDA BARRY



One day somewhere in 1960, my parents packed me, my brother, and their shaky marriage into a beat-up DeSoto and headed west on Interstate 90 from their trailer in small-town Wisconsin to their first house in Seattle, Washington. Maybe they thought the move would help.

A real estate man felt sorry for them and gave them a "deal." For $300 down, the house with the broken windows, tarpaper "brick" siding, and black sticker-bush-covered yard was theirs. I can still remember the feeling I had when we first drove up to it. It looked like the worst house on a bad street in hell.

The owners had built it themselves in 1901. No one had lived in it since they died. It was a small two-bedroom, but everything about the place evidenced mysterious and burning visions of budget splendor. For example, there were two separate front doors, elaborately detailed and nearly identical, leading into the same dinky living room. You walked in, ducked under a raw-looking outsized chandelier fired by twenty multicolored light bulbs, and came to a dead halt in front of two huge oak columns supporting nothing in particular, hand-carved in the Ionic order.

There was thick molding scrawling along the ceilings, hardwood floors finished only to the borders of obsessively nailed-down carpets, and a big painting of a moonlit night in Holland hung over a fireplace made of carsick-green brick. "What could these people have been thinking?" my mother said. And so the remodeling began.

The psychology of remodeling is an interesting one. I'm not talking about the kind of remodeling you carefully plan with your architect, who has breathtakingly fresh concepts of light and space. I'm talking about the psychological state that compels someone to nail up plastic "mahogany" paneling on every wall, lay Beefaroni-colored Karpet King shag on the floor, and stain the fat kitchen cabinets from the U Finish It Furniture Barn with a thick coat of "walnut" varnish that will never completely dry in your lifetime.

Anyone who has looked for a house has seen these sorts of thought-provoking home improvements. Most people chalk them up to bad taste. Having been raised in the jungle of spatter-shot ceilings and burnt-gold light-switch plates, I hesitate to call it that. Bad taste implies the existence of taste. It implies a grasp of the basic concept. The forces that drove my parents to take up hammer and paneling had more to do with the surfacing of man's most primitive instincts when faced with a horrifying situation: fight, flight, or remodel. The situation was their marriage.

They knew it wasn't working, but they were in their twenties with two kids, and it was a time when people didn't jump the marriage ship so easily. Not because people didn't want to, it was just that the country hadn't gotten the hang of it yet. So they started working on the house. It was like a wish. If they could fix the house, maybe everything would be fixed.

In the beginning they worked side by side. All of us would get into the pink and black Rambler station wagon and head out to Pay 'n Pak to pick up cheap two-by-fours and remaindered paint. We worked together in the yard planting the laurel from Sears's garden store. And I remember the rare

LYNDA BARRY

THEY KNEW THEIR MARRIAGE WASN'T WORKING, SO THEY STARTED WORKING ON THE HOUSE



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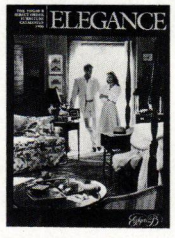
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sweetness of those times, watching them together talking, laughing, and building something.

Then one afternoon hell finally chewed back through the restraints and broke loose. My mother had spent all day carefully pruning the big plum tree in the backyard. She left for work, and my father decided to prune it a little himself. When Mom came home and saw he had worked on it, she cut the tree down. We lost a lot of trees that way.

Then my father fell victim to sudden urgent seizures of hatred toward anything with a natural wood finish. I can remember watching him impulsively saw down the two oak pillars during halftime while he was watching a football game one Sunday afternoon when my mother was at work. I can remember when my mother walked in and saw them gone, how she stood very still for a moment and then calmly locked herself in the bathroom for nine hours.

After that, remodeling efforts were done solo. My dad would decide there should be a bedroom in the basement, my mother would decide the kitchen should be painted cantaloupe and lime green. They would just start the project and never talk to each other about it.

Painting had always been my mother's realm, but somehow my father got the bug and got it bad. His sense of color was sort of "third-world charm" and he wasn't big on prep work. I have seen him paint dead flies into the corners of windowsills. The day he painted the hardwood floors and the side of the bathtub with bright orange enamel was the beginning of the final countdown. My mother stopped speaking to him.

He tried to make up for it by covering the floor with woodgrained contact paper and was genuinely surprised when his gesture went, well, "unappreciated." For him contact paper was a beautiful solution to nearly every problem. He had a thing about it. When he moved into the basement bedroom, he converted the laundry room into his shaving area and so thoroughly covered every square inch of it with contact paper that the effect was literally psychedelic.

By then the house was eaten away by the half-finished projects that neither of them had the heart to complete. There was a deep dime-size hole that appeared in the kitchen floor which got bigger and bigger no matter what kind of filler they crammed into it. Neither of them wanted to rip up the linoleum to fix it. It was there for years after my father left.

My mother continued to remodel the house. It's thirty years later, and she is still working on it. She's learned a lot. She can lay tile and hang a door, and last summer she built a deck. She says she's getting close to having it the way she wants it, and then, of course, she plans to sell.

Except for the foundation and basic structure, nothing of the house built in 1901 remains. And nothing remains of my father's era either, except the last time I was there I noticed the turquoise paint still on the basement steps. I remember the day he did them. I was listening to the radio and watching him paint in the ashes that dropped from his cigarette.

And considering everything that happened, I have to wonder why my mother has never painted them over. ♠

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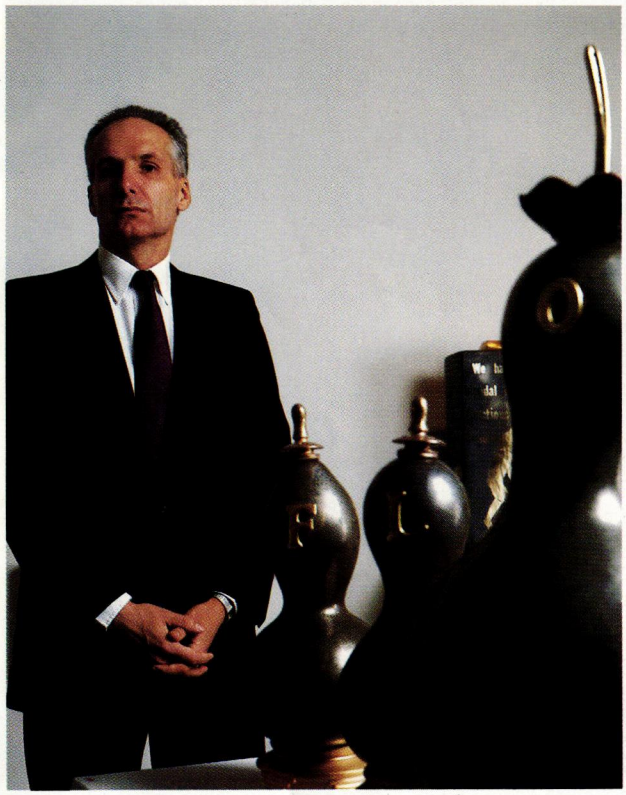
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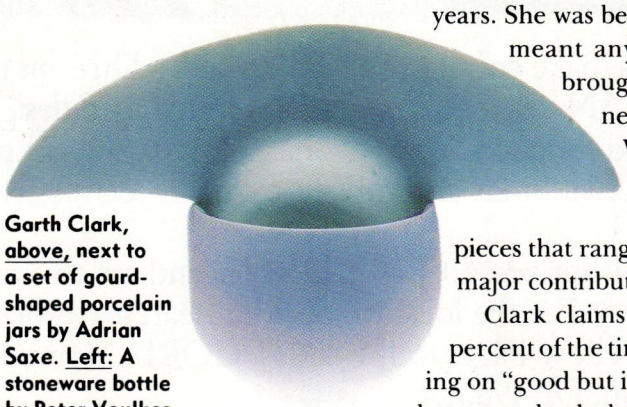
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Glaze of Glory

With a dozen books to his name and a gallery on each coast, Garth Clark is reshaping the way we look at ceramics BY EVE KAHN







Garth Clark, above, next to a set of gourd-shaped porcelain jars by Adrian Saxe. Left: A stoneware bottle by Peter Voulkos. Right: Ruth Duckworth's porcelain vessel.

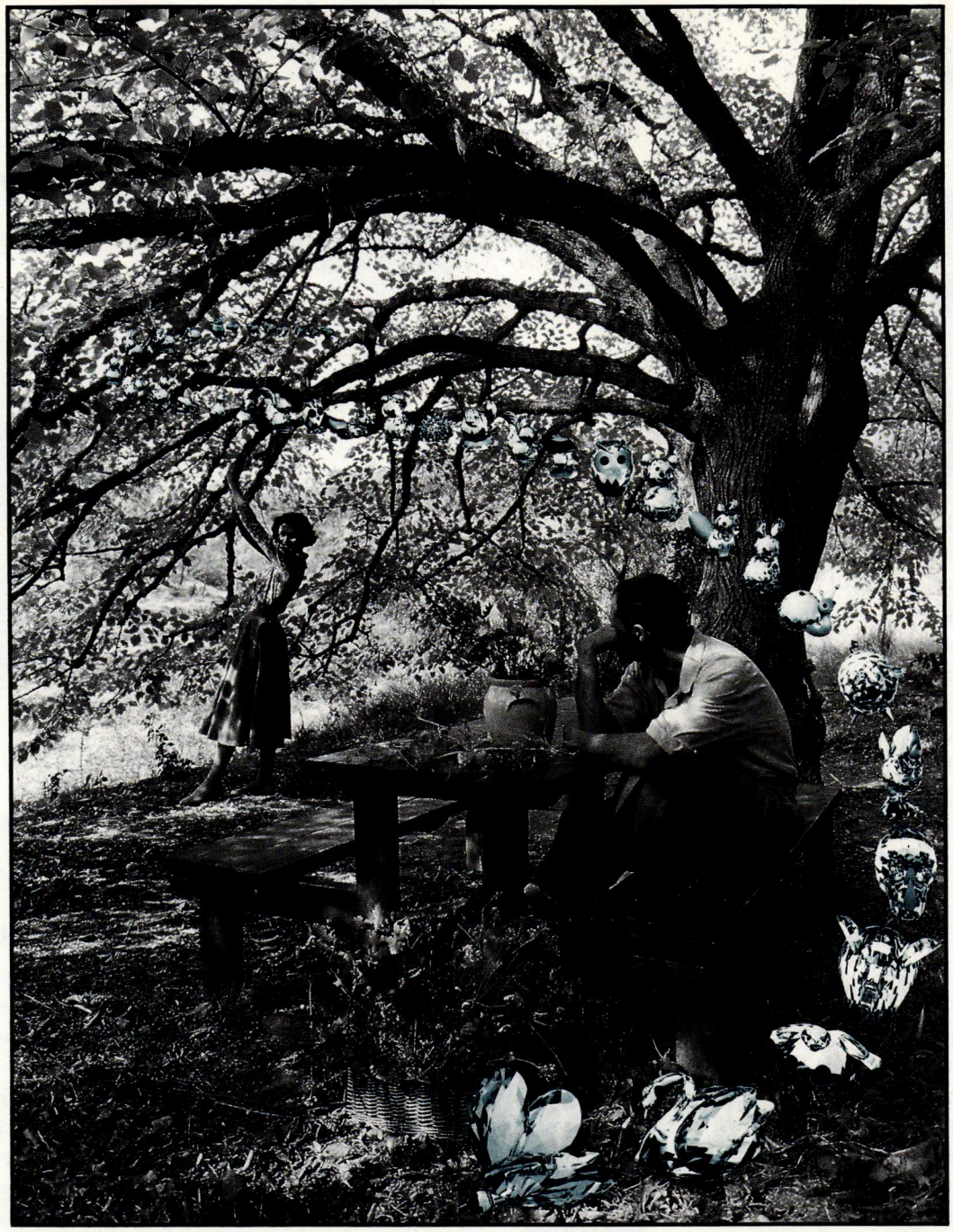
Garth Clark has been dubbed the Diaghilev of ceramics, and though he welcomes the comparison with Russia's great ballet promoter, he prefers to call himself "an old-fashioned impresario—part scholar and part merchant." For twenty years he has been writing about ceramics, and for ten years he has been selling the work of contemporary ceramic artists at the Garth Clark Gallery in Los Angeles and New York, among the half dozen fine ceramic arts galleries in the country. "After I discovered ceramics," he says, "I lost my sanity. I've never been bored since."

Visitors to his showrooms could easily learn to share his fervor. Tall, aristocratic, and soft-spoken, he offers something for every taste: delicately painted teapots with enigmatic messages from Anne Kraus; semipornographic color-streaked urns by Phillip Maberry; gold-handled pots in the shape of ampersands by Adrian Saxe; or temptingly touchable iridescent bowls by Beatrice Wood, who at age 97 is still throwing and glazing her own clay.

"She's one of the most glorious human beings I've ever met," Clark says. She's also the reason that he opened his first gallery in 1981 in Los Angeles. He arrived in California in 1976 from South Africa via London and three years later published the first comprehensive study of American nineteenth- and twentieth-century ceramics. By 1981, he says, "Beatrice had no gallery, and she hadn't sold a piece in two years. She was beginning to doubt whether her life's work meant anything." His new enterprise, he adds, brought her right back into the field. With partner Mark Del Vecchio and gallery director Wayne Kuwada, Clark now ministers to a stable of forty artists. Customers typically pay between $500 and $75,000 for pieces that range from a "handsome, useful teapot" to "a major contribution to American ceramic art."

Clark claims he can predict what will sell well ninety percent of the time, but that doesn't prevent him from taking on "good but initially unsalable artists." To maintain his buoyant sales, he brings very different works to his Los Angeles and New York galleries. "In L.A., they like abstract, colorful, sensual pieces, and they tend to buy on instinct," he observes. "In New York, they want the more cerebral work, and they want to see the artist's résumé." On both coasts, however, postmodern pottery with pastel geometric forms has fallen out of fashion. Gaining popularity are classics from the 1950s and '60s by such masters as Peter Voulkos and John

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: DAVID FRAZIER; JOHN WHITE; TONY CUNHA



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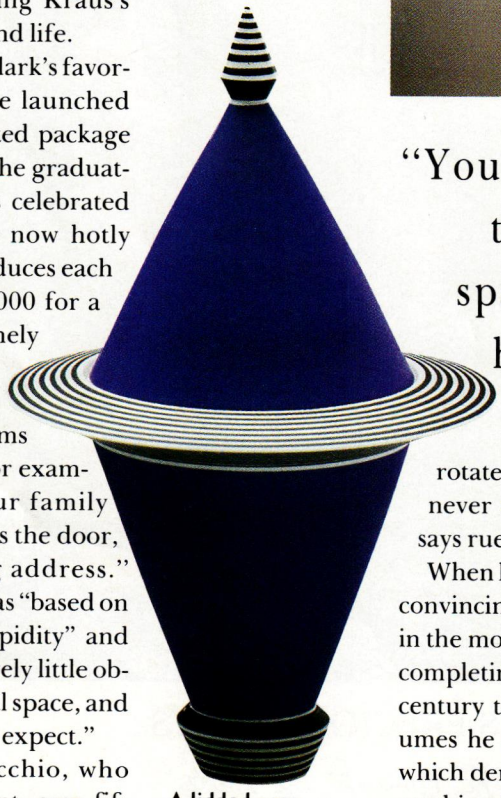


Anne Kraus's narrative teapot—like "Meissen without its vapidity."

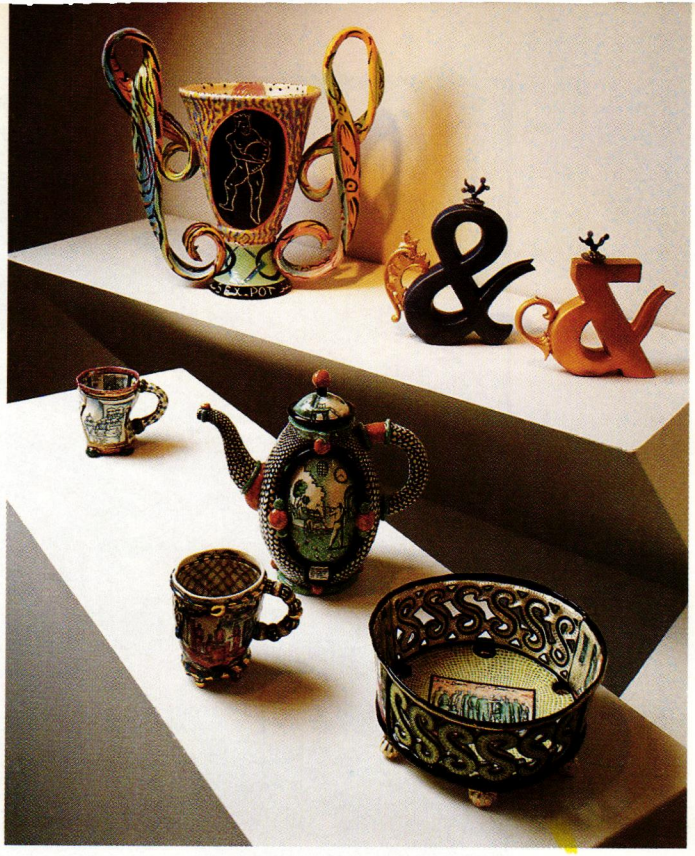
Mason, monochrome minimalist works by artists like Ruth Duckworth, and what Clark calls "very beautiful objects with very deep content," including Kraus's porcelain comments on art and life.

Kraus has become one of Clark's favorite artists, partly because he launched her: she sent him an uninvited package of slides in 1984, soon after she graduated from Alfred University's celebrated ceramics school. Collectors now hotly pursue the 25 pieces she produces each year, paying as much as $2,000 for a mug. Alongside scenes of lonely people and moody landscapes, her works offer arresting captions: "Your dreams will be realized, but later," for example, or "You return to your family home. But a stranger answers the door, who knows no forwarding address." Clark describes Kraus's style as "based on Meissen without its utter vapidity" and warns, "You pick up these lovely little objects, they enter your personal space, and then hit you harder than you expect."

Clark and Mark Del Vecchio, who share a Manhattan apartment, own fifteen Kraus creations; they also possess about two hundred other pieces of modern art pottery and a similar number of post–World War II prints, paintings, and photos. ("The nineteenth century gives me a bit of indigestion," Clark explains. "I prefer minimalism with a dose of decadence.") They entertain regularly on a $100,000 Beatrice Wood service for eight, and they cook casseroles in a $5,000 Michael Cardew dish. ("We handle them carefully, but we're not paranoid. Almost anything can be restored.") They rotate their acquisitions in and out of storage, and they never sell anything once they've brought it home. Clark says ruefully, "We did that once, and it still haunts us."



A lidded vase, above, by Roseline Delisle. Top right: An urn by Phillip Maberry, two ampersand-shaped teapots by Adrian Saxe, and an assortment of pieces by Anne Kraus.



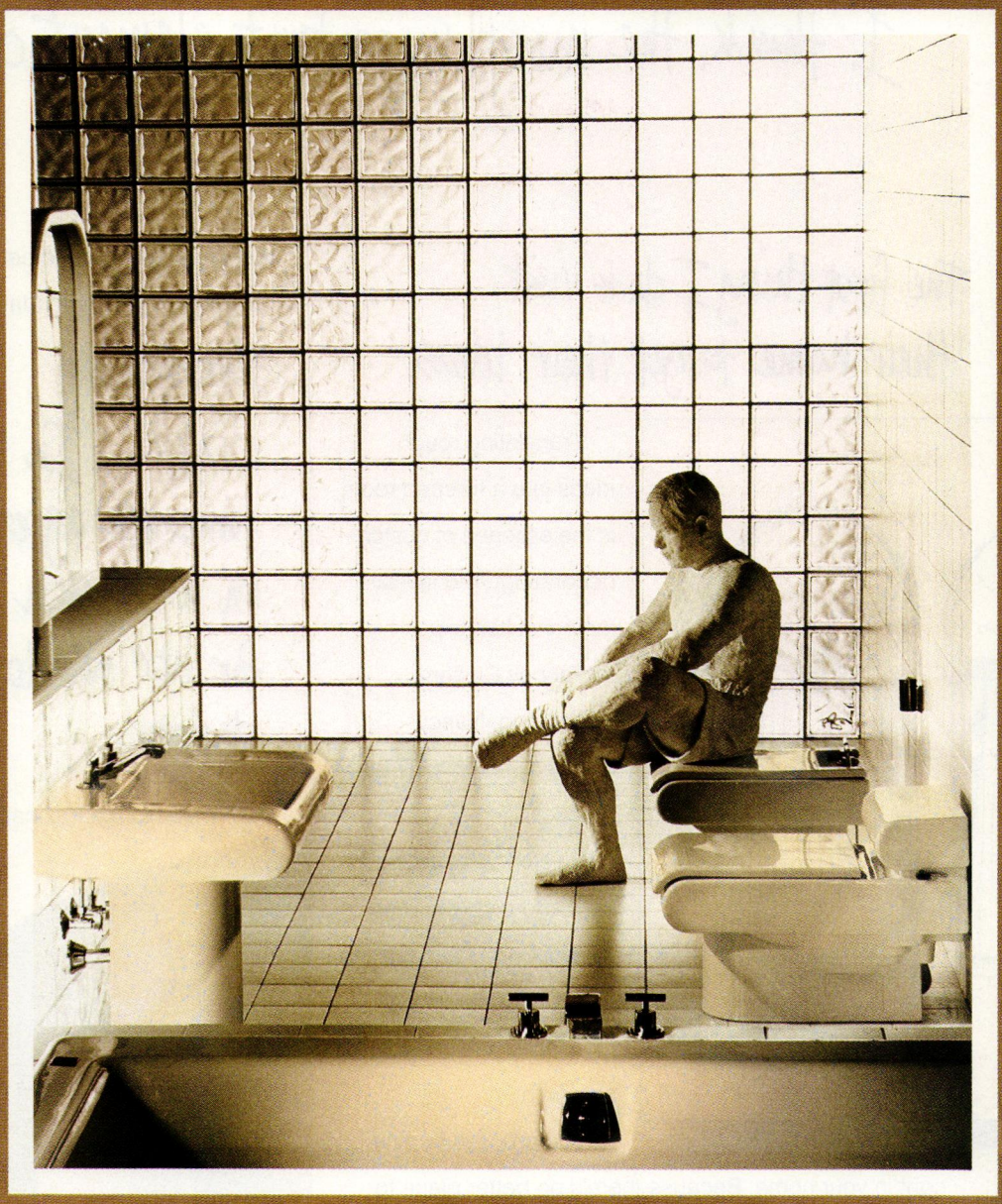
"You pick up these lovely objects, they enter your personal space, and then they hit you harder than you expect"

When he's not buying and selling, Clark can often be found convincing collectors to donate works to museums. And early in the morning and late at night, Clark writes. He's currently completing a history of British ceramics from the eighteenth century to the present, and last year he produced two volumes he describes as totally frivolous: *The Eccentric Teapot,* which demonstrates that this humble object can resemble everything from Brooke Shields's head to Three Mile Island's cooling towers, and *The Book of Cups,* in which a Mount Rushmore souvenir mug appears a few pages after surrealist Méret Oppenheim's famous fur-lined coffee cup. In a more serious vein, he coauthored the award-winning *The Mad Potter of Biloxi,* about ceramist George Ohr.

The impresario comfortably straddles the roles of collector, dealer, and historian—most of the time. Once in a while, he feels a twinge of doubt. "I know I'm making an impact on the course of ceramics history," he says. "And I hope I'm on the right course." (Garth Clark Gallery, 24 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019, 212-246-2205; 170 South La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036, 213-939-2189) ▲

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JOHN WHITE; DAVID FRAZIER; TONY CUNHA

As I See It #6 in a series
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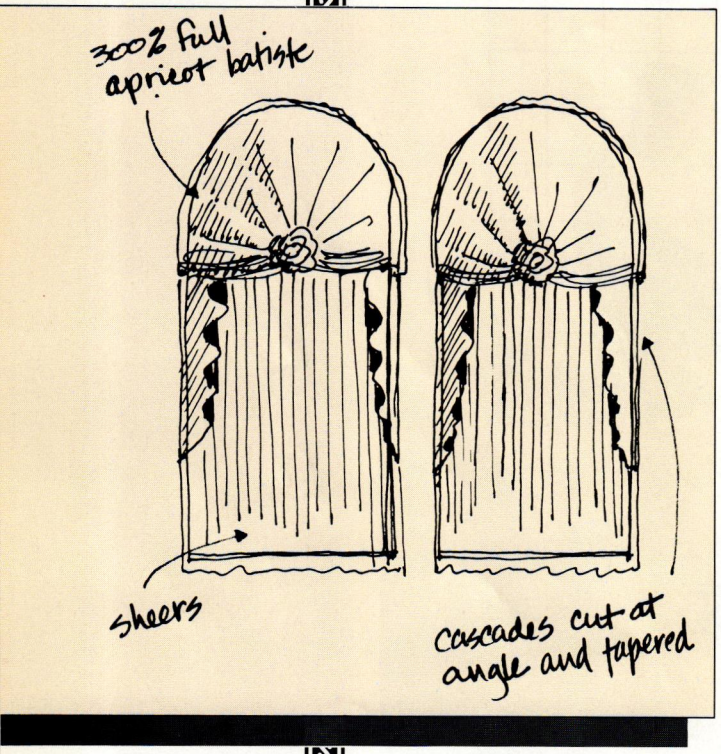
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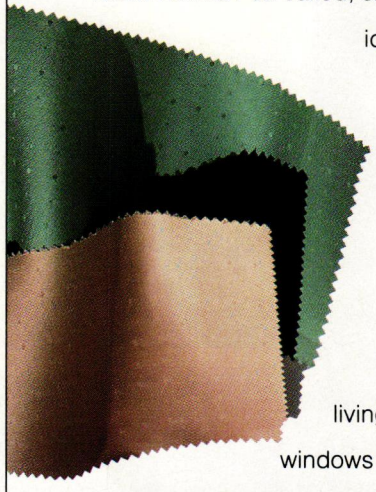
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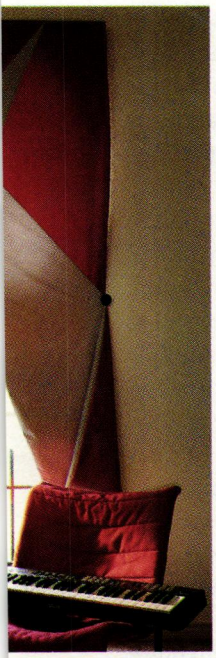


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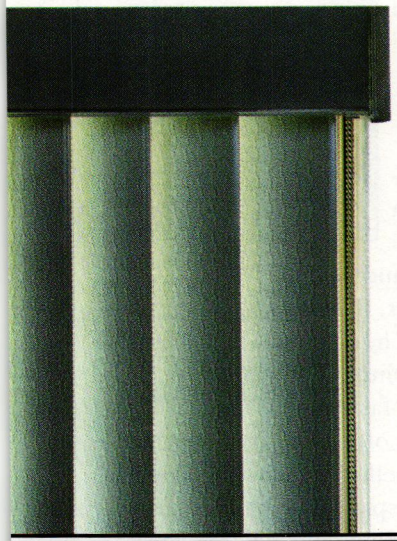
and thousands of colors available, I helped narrow it down. We tried to think of something that would be really distinct and nice and decided on an apricot batiste sheer. The result was a wonderful arched sunburst treatment."

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Visionary Village

A Welsh architect conjures up a Mediterranean town on Cardigan Bay

BY JAN MORRIS

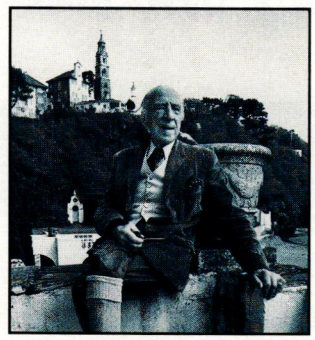
A curious vision greets any yachtsman making landfall at the northeastern corner of Cardigan Bay in Gwynedd, Wales. Here the massif of the Eryri Mountains comes down to the sea, giving the scene a distinctly portentous majesty, and here in the lee of a wooded peninsula appears an isolated and very unexpected tableau of buildings looking across a sandy estuary: a campanile, of all things, a dome, a tower or two, a tumble of bright-washed cottages, a white country house at the water's edge.

There is something almost hallucinatory to this settlement, standing so still and silent above the sands, set so exotically against the treeless and often drizzly mountains. A vision it is, for this is the celebrated fantasy of Portmeirion, which looks ageless and sounds immemorial but was really invented, name and all, for calculatedly enlightened purposes in the 1920s. Its creator was the Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, who wanted to demonstrate that a seaside development need not be unsightly, could complement rather than compromise its environment, and could indeed be art.

You may at first think it a frivolous kind of art, if ever you yourself step ashore at Portmeirion, where the first things to greet you are half a superannuated sailing ship, permanently grounded, and from a high belvedere a remarkably convincing stone figure of an unidentified man, possibly Shakespeare. Strewn here and there are colorful cottages of indeterminate architectural provenance, some perched high above the water, some clustered around a stagy kind of village green with a town hall and a fishpond. Miscellaneous statuary is plonked around together with various venerable buildings rescued from demolition elsewhere.

What on earth is it? Well, at one level it is a hotel—you can sleep and eat in the big house on the foreshore, or rent one of the cottages. At another level it is an architectural exhibition, the tour de force of a fecund imagination, expressing itself in flights of fancy, coups d'oeil, grace notes, and caprice. While the Portmeirion style began as purely Italianate, Portofino being Clough's inspiration, it developed with a wildly eclectic enthusiasm that one might call Welsh Enthusiastic. Besides the Mediterranean colors and rooflines there are glimpses of pure classicism, hints of the Regency, corners of local vernacular, and the odd flourish of rococo. It is a grand garden too, mostly of the wild kind, for the whole peninsula belongs to Portmeirion and is a prodigy of rhododendrons and azaleas, interspersed with patches of heathland and wound through by wooded paths above the sea.

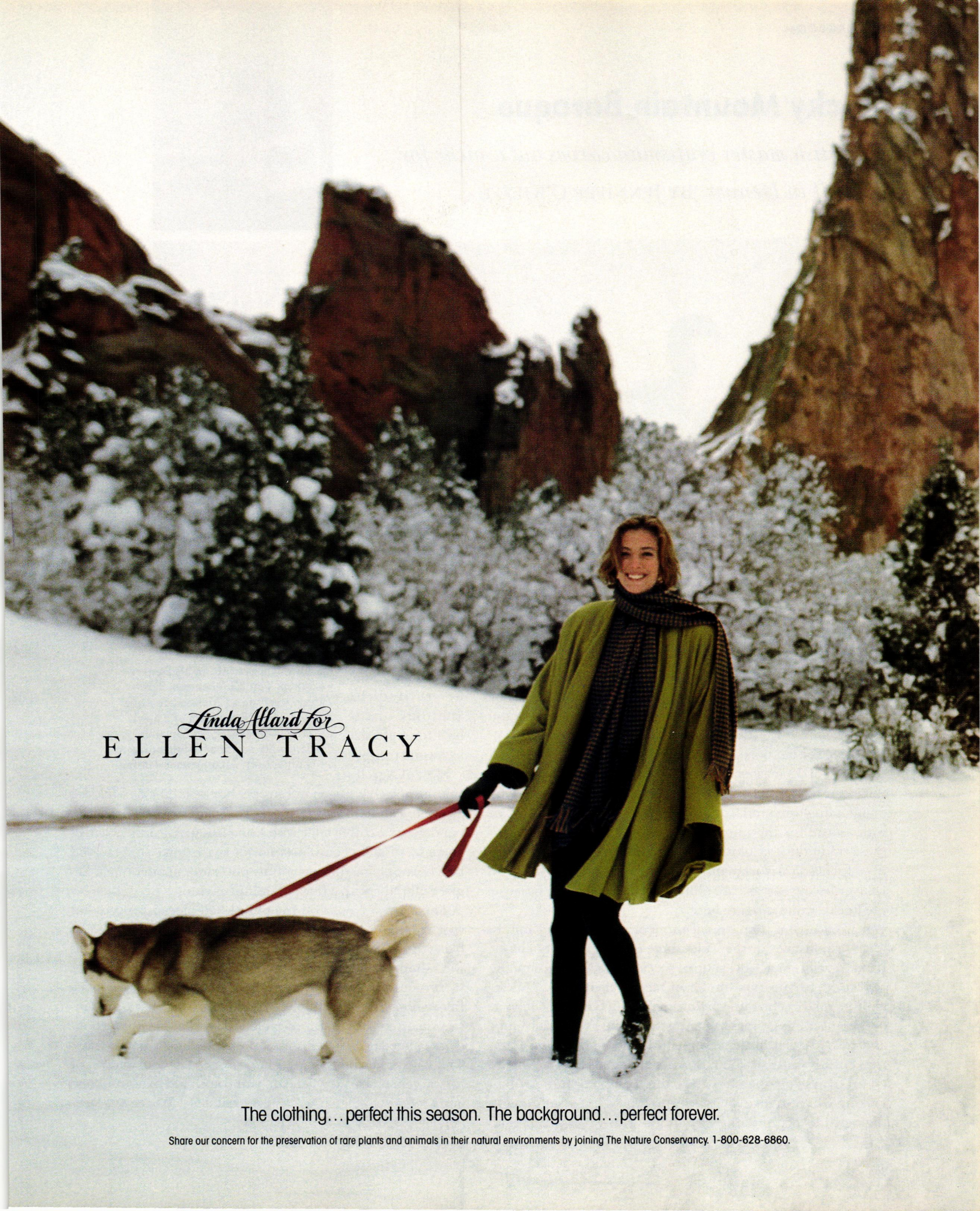
But most important, Portmeirion is what Williams-Ellis originally meant it to be—a vision. He was not a great architect, but he had a genius for synthesizing art and nature. The gaps between the buildings are at least as important as the buildings themselves, and there is a constant lovely interplay of masonry and sand, sea, and mountain. It is meant to make you smile, but also to make you think about the relationship between mankind and the rest of the world; indeed, Portmeirion already seems an organic part of the ancient and solemn landscape all around.



Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, above, created the artistically defiant town of Portmeirion, above left, in the 1920s and '30s.

Today its vision has gained an extra dimension because the Welsh identity has acquired a new energy. Portmeirion is run by Clough's grandson and his wife, and as modern patriots, they have restored it to its truest origins. The old Welsh language, yr hen iaith, is habitually spoken here now, the restaurant is a favorite with local people, and harp music often sounds across the green. The survival of Welshness itself is sufficiently exotic; what better than this idiosyncratic display of artistic defiance to celebrate its beauty and its fun? (Hotel Portmeirion, Portmeirion, Gwynedd, LL48 6ET Wales; 766-770228) ▲

LEFT: RICHARD TILBROOK. RIGHT: COURTESY HOTEL PORTMEIRION

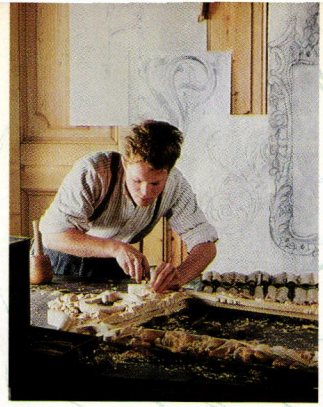


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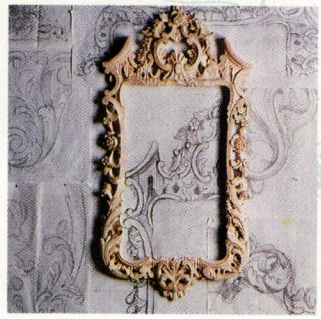
Rocky Mountain Baroque

A British master craftsman carves out a niche for himself in Denver BY JENNIFER O'KIEFFE









Ian Agrell, above left, in his Denver workshop. Top: Chief carver, Adam Thorpe, crafting a Chippendale-style frame. Center: Fragments of a newly restored 19th-century Italian altar bracket. Above: A rococo mirror frame by Thorpe. Left: An ornamental detail.

When Ian Agrell carves a piece of sycamore into a two-inch round face at the end of a viola da gamba, he makes sure the angelic young lady has a slight, just a slight, mischievousness in her eye. This clever attention to detail has made Agrell's woodcarving sought after by everybody from the sultan of Brunei to the landlord of the Red Lion pub in Suffolk.

As one of 32 master carvers, an elite association of highly skilled craftsmen in Great Britain, Agrell dedicates himself to maintaining the standards of his time-honored craft. Always with a taste for the unexpected, however, he transplanted these traditions to Colorado a year and a half ago. He saw a need for classical workmanship in America and set up shop in Denver because of its ease of living and, as he says, "because the Rocky Mountains are here."

It would seem that a great number of hands and minds were responsible for the wide range of designs that emerge from Agrell's small workshop of six carvers. One piece might reflect the Chaucerian humor of medieval craftsmen, while another might echo the rich flowing lines of Grinling Gibbons or Thomas Chippendale, champions of the English baroque and rococo styles in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. For Ely Cathedral in East Anglia, England, Agrell created an oversize cope chest bearing a rugged and strong-looking Christ figure. He decorated the main stateroom of the new Lloyd's Building in London with yards of egg and dart mahogany moldings. And for a British pigeon-racing club he studied the anatomy of the bird for a life-size basswood trophy.

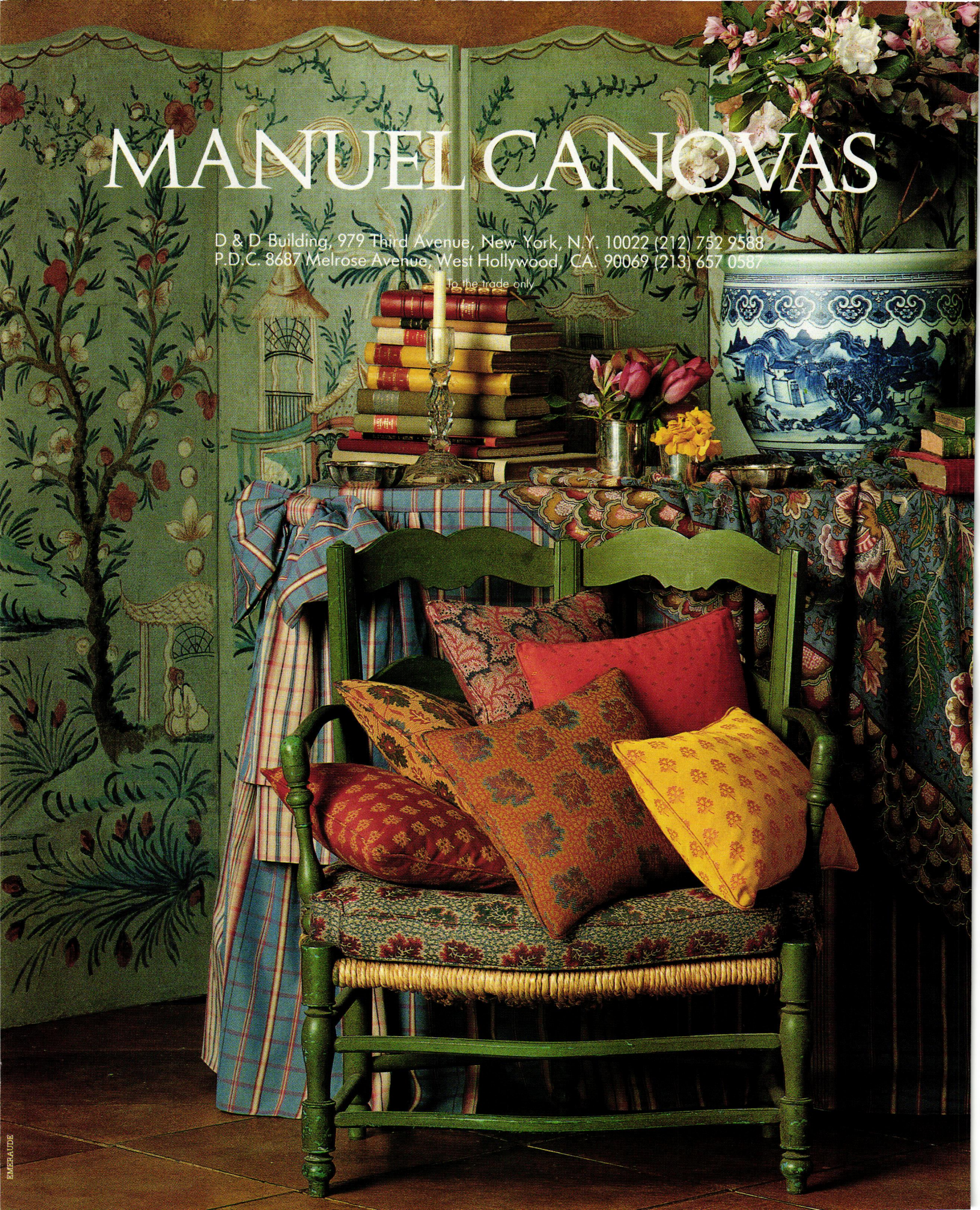
Most of Agrell's commissions have been in Europe, but he is quickly building an American following. For a Texas client he carved a Chippendale-style coffee table with a profusion of acanthus leaves and a set of mahogany curtain rods shaped like snakes. And he'll be supplying the new county government building in Eagle, Colorado, with a flock of walnut eagles.

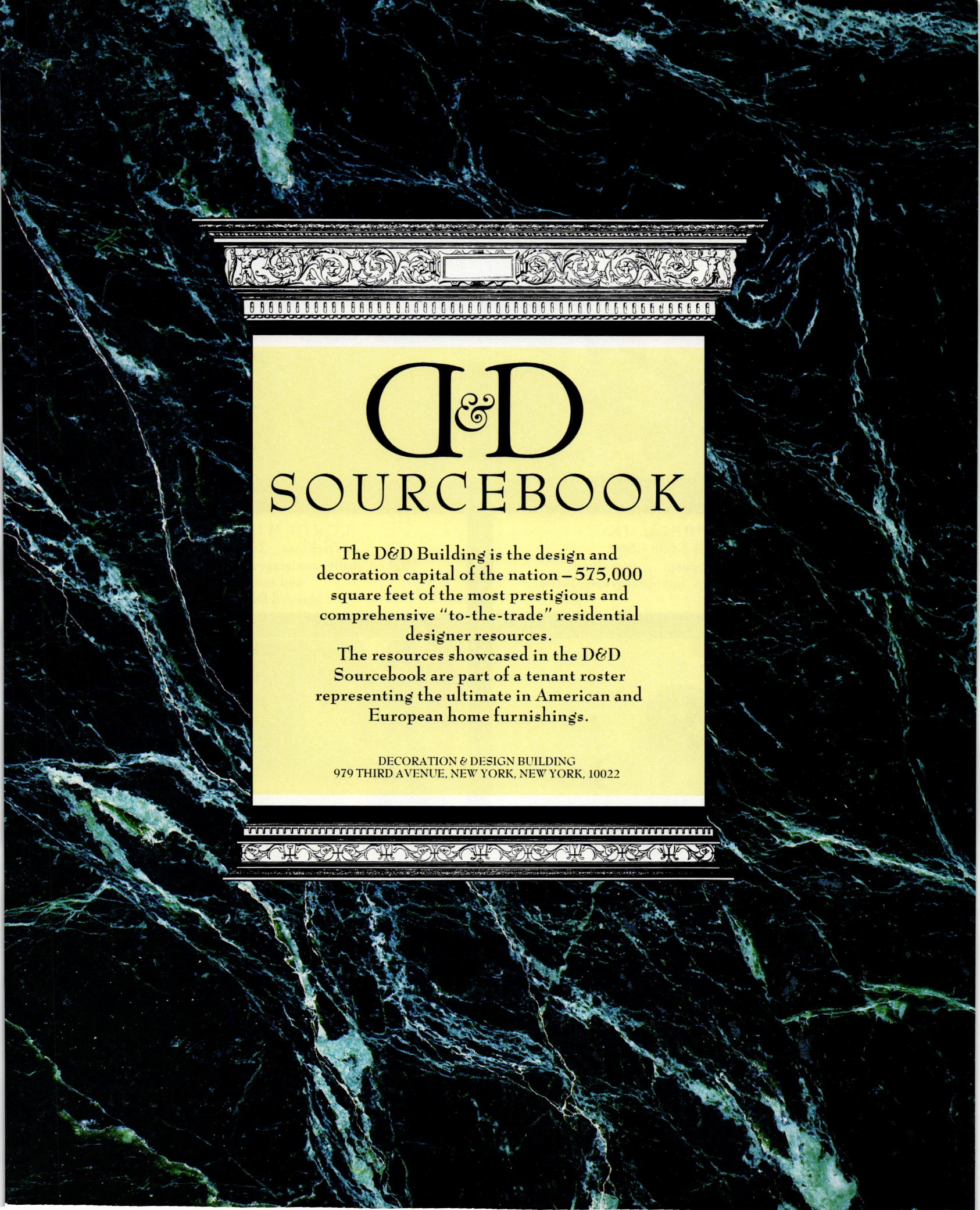
The process from drawing to finished piece is lengthy—it took Agrell four weeks to complete a six-foot-long coffee table with a relief of Italian foliage. He has no machines in his workshop, but instead uses more than 150 chisels, some over two hundred years old, virtually the same tools that once filled Gibbons's workshop. The craftsmanship that Agrell insists on often goes unappreciated today. "People want woodwork rubbed down to look like another bit of plastic," he says, "but you are meant to see the handwork. The soul and wit of the carver comes out when you run your hand over the wood and feel the chisel marks." (Ian Agrell, 1301 Wazee St., Denver, CO 80204; 303-825-6416) ▲

WILLIAM WALDRON: ILLUSTRATION: IAN AGRELL

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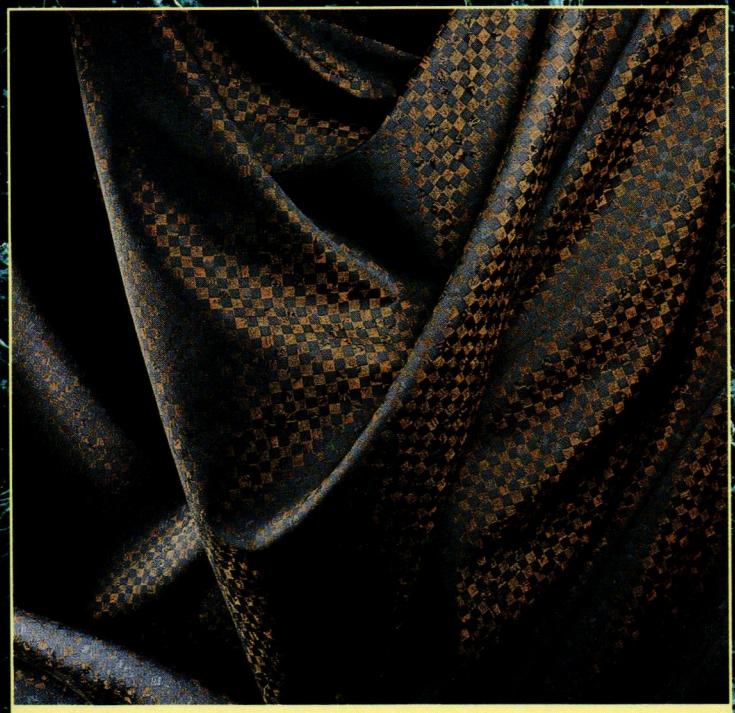
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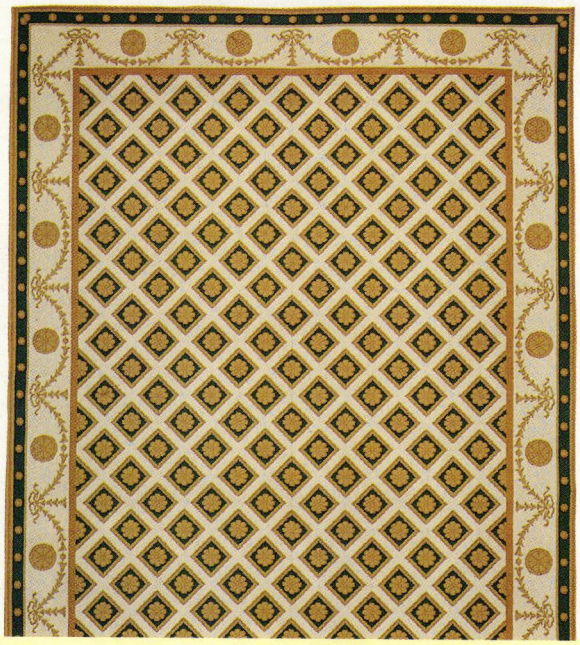
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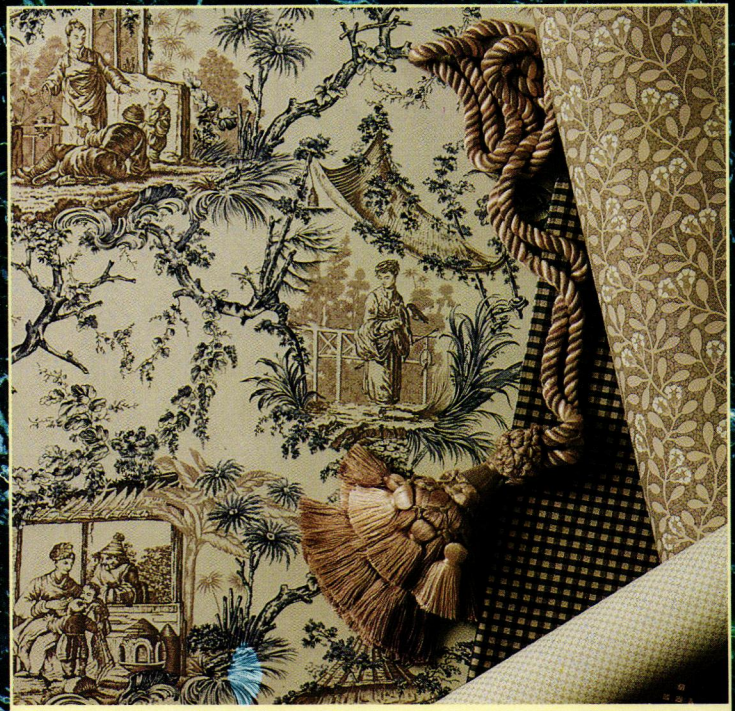
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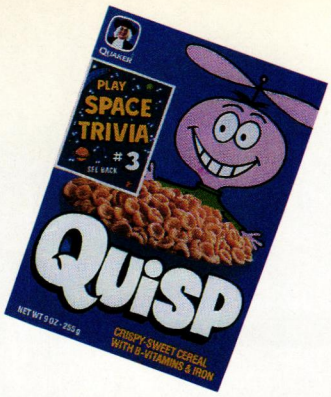
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The Wizard of Wheaties

After cornering the market on vintage cereal boxes, Scott Bruce still has a few Trix up his sleeve BY MARGOT GURALNICK



Scott Bruce, above, bowled over by cereal collectibles in his Temple of the Grain Gods dining room. Right: A 1950s robot bearing a vintage Rice Krispies box leads the way to Bruce's living room, boxed in with more cereal. Top right: Quisp, c. 1985.





Kellogg's Wild Bill Hickok store display, c. 1956

Scott Bruce calls himself Mr. Lunch Box, Mr. Cereal Box, and, if he's feeling ceremonious, the Grand Exalted Flake. "I'm shameless when it comes to self-promotion," explains the fast-talking 34-year-old purveyor of cafeteria and breakfast table collectibles. In 1985, after working as a curator of a fossil museum, an English teacher to Iranian helicopter pilots, an oil rig worker, and a sculptor—as well as receiving an honorary Ph.D. from Dunkin' Donuts University—Bruce discovered the means to financial solvency and minor celebrity in a pair of tinny thrift shop lunch boxes.

"I realized that nobody had ever single-handedly created a collectible and completely monopolized the market," he says. "So I worked out a formula and implemented it." In short order Bruce amassed some 2,500 post-1940s lunch boxes—a definitive collection in which everyone from Bullwinkle to the Beatles puts in an appearance. Next he launched a newsletter "to build collector interest" and started auctioning his duplicate boxes for a quick profit. (Asking price for a mint condition 1964 blue vinyl Soupy Sales, the Gutenberg Bible of the lunch box world, is $3,000.) By 1988, with the publication of both his price guide and coffee table book, Bruce was singled out as the man responsible for one of America's fastest growing collecting manias. FORGET STOCKS: INVEST IN OLD LUNCH BOXES, headlined *The Wall Street Journal.*

Although he's still sitting on several hundred of his best boxes, which he says he'll unload when the market peaks, Bruce has meanwhile found new fodder for his marketing abilities in cereal, the next commodity he plans to milk for more than anyone ever thought it was worth. Empty boxes of Quisp, King Vitaman, and Crazy Cow and a supermarket's supply of other breakfast cereals line the bookshelves in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, bungalow he shares with his wife, Beverly Kogut, a lawyer who prefers Cracklin' Oat Bran for breakfast. In their dining room, also known as the Temple of the Grain Gods, the permanent guest of honor is Rolectro, a ten-foot-tall robot toting a jumbo box of Rice Krispies. Around the corner is Crunch Alley, a hallway homage to the many incarnations of Cap'n Crunch, which leads to the bedroom, one of the few areas that Kogut has declared "cereal-free."

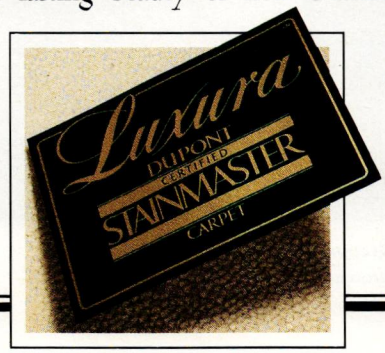
Bruce decided to add cereal to his repertoire two years ago while honeymoon-

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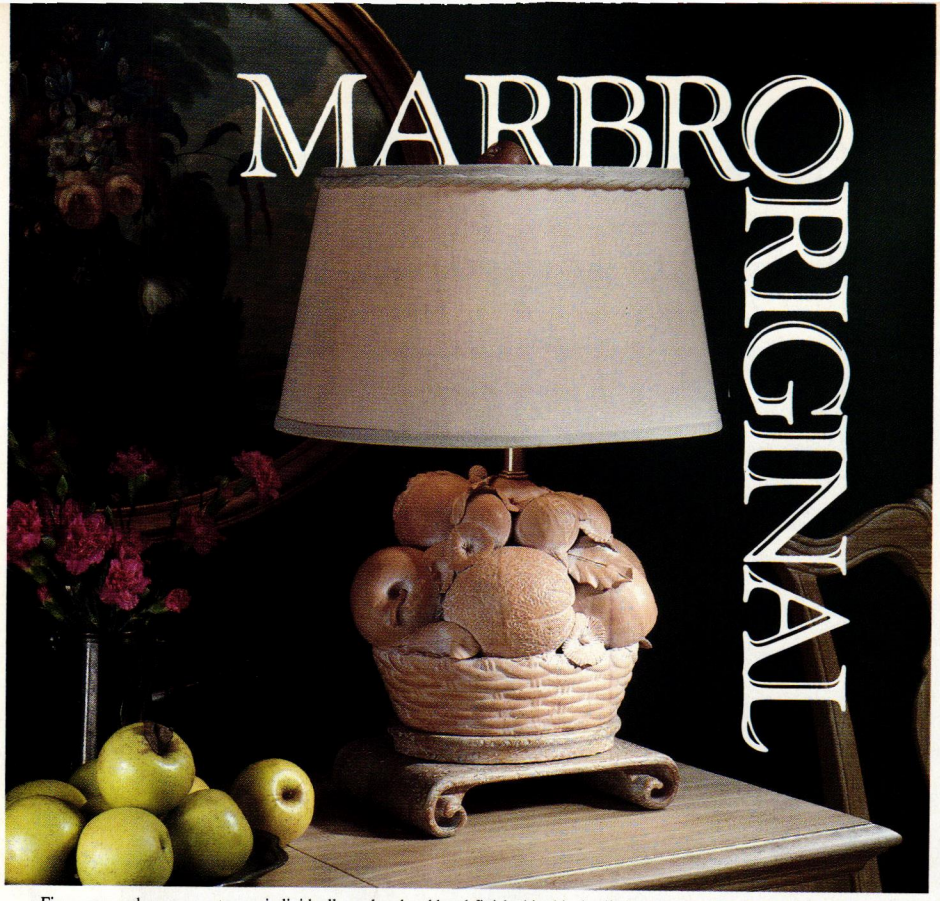


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ing in Niagara Falls within eyeshot of the 1901 Shredded Wheat factory, home of the first ready-to-eat cereal. With Niagara Falls as its logo, "Shredded Wheat brought the excitement of the honeymoon bed to the breakfast table," says Bruce, who discovered examples of the brand's first two boxes in the files of the original printer. He's also managed to find a 1934 Mickey Mouse Post Toasties, "the box that paved the way for a pantheon of cereal box heroes."

By advertising extensively and tapping into an existing network of collec-



Shirley Temple Puffed Wheat store display, c. 1937.

tors, Bruce has amassed over 1,000 vintage boxes ("vintage in the cereal box world is anything prior to 1975"), several carton loads of cereal premiums, and a Lone Ranger frontier town assembled from the box backs of eight 1948–49 Cheerios packages. So few early cereal boxes have survived that their prices already rival the top dollar for lunch boxes. "At this point I don't hesitate to pay $1,000 for a rare cereal box in perfect condition because I know that by the time I'm done with it that thing will be worth $5,000," boasts Bruce, who's currently at work researching *The Complete Cereal Boxography,* writing his next coffee table tome—a survey of the golden age of cereal—and stirring up interest in *Flake,* his latest newsletter. Within a few years, he claims, he'll give up collectibles and take on the film industry as a screenwriter. His first feature? "A box office smash about a cereal killer." ▲

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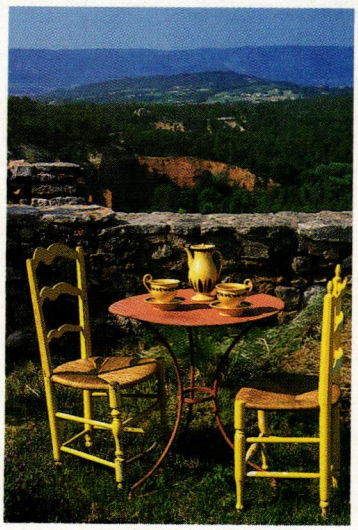
Spiegel



A Nation of Epicures

The French hold fast to their country's culinary traditions

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS



Breakfast overlooking the Luberon Mountains.

On the bullet train from Avignon to Paris I was asked by a French woman, middle class and about sixty years old, what had brought me to Provence. I said I was writing a book that would explore "l'art de recevoir"—the art of receiving or entertaining, as practiced by the French. When I added that the book would place the private French table in the greater context of the entire house, the woman on the train was surprised by my subject. "Do you really think there is such a thing in France as 'l'art de recevoir'?" she asked. "Do you really think the French eat and entertain better than other people?"

After living in France for almost nine years and having eaten in many houses where the food and setting are indeed worthy of each other, the answer is yes. From Alsace to Bordeaux the food, the table at which it is served, and the rooms that provide a backdrop for them both, achieve a union that is peculiarly French. It is a recipe realized with haute cuisine and cuisine rustique, on Napoleonic Sèvres and dishes from the sale shelves at Monoprix, in châteaux and farmhouses, by comtesses and paysans. It is a recipe with magic and charm.

The element of ceremony without fuss or form without bother becomes deliciously exaggerated in private French houses today whenever there is a special occasion. A leg of lamb is ordered from the butcher and jugs of lilac put out in the guest rooms. There is an atmosphere of care, respect, and attention that is all the more engaging for seeming automatic.

"In France," says the food historian Philip Hyman, "the whole notion of fête—that food can be entertainment—is one of the things that keeps it alive. And yet, the celebration too often takes people's attention away from the food in front of them. What is the point of serving nice young green beans if no one notices them?"

Because lunch remains a serious meal to the French, they are also at the table more often, and always with wine. When in 1954 Alice B. Toklas wrote that the "French drink wine with their lunch as well as with their dinner," it was something of a revelation to her American readers. But it is still worth noting today. Wine is served no matter how modest or spontaneous the meal and no matter whose table you are invited to share. The French do not take notice especially, but wine gives their meals shape and rhythm while wrapping the whole in ritual. This applies to the premier cru classé consumed in a château in Bordeaux, the vin de pays consumed in a farmhouse in the Lot, and the gros rouge

At the Provençal retreat of Paris antiques dealers Dorothée and Jean d'Orgeval a table, above, offers an abundance of traditional hors d'oeuvres. Below: Entrance to the Orgevals' kitchen.

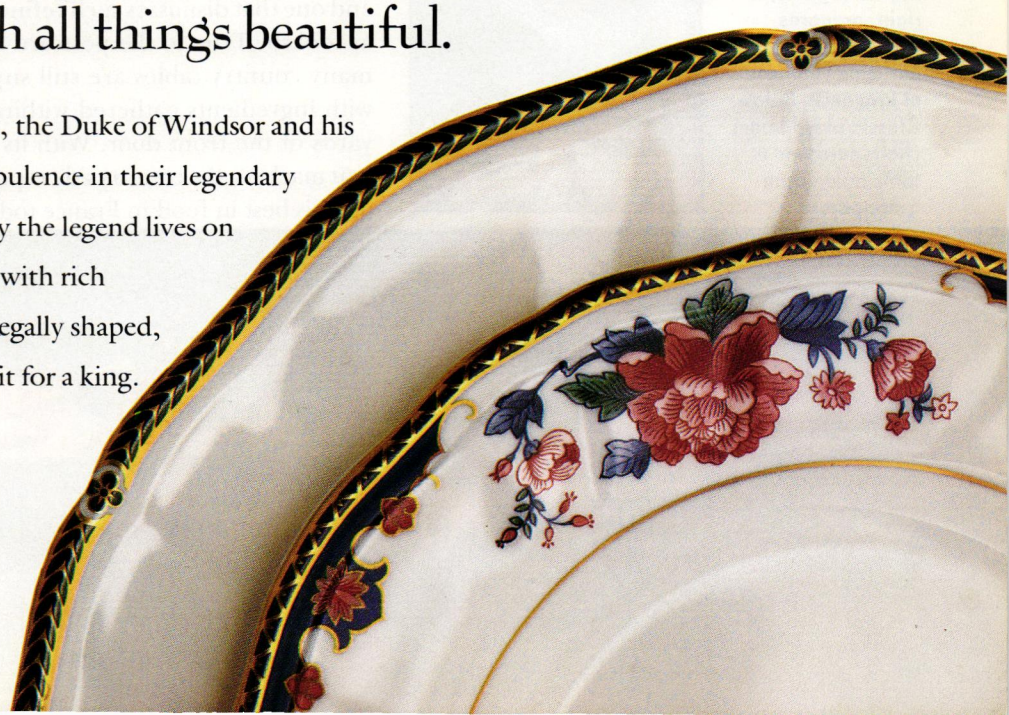


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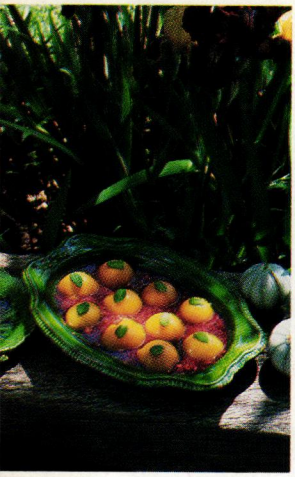
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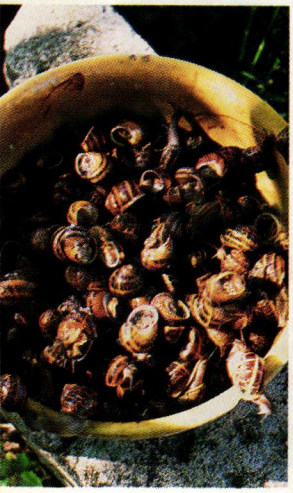


Fresh peaches served with a strawberry sauce.

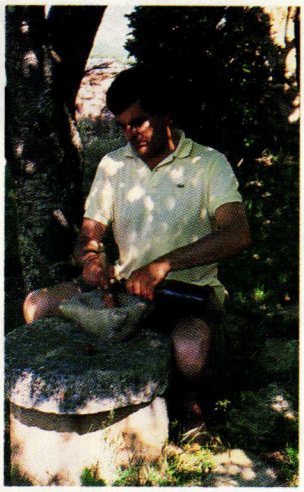
consumed on a building site in Paris.

Some of the best food in private houses in France today is the result of teamwork, with a household demanding good and interesting things to eat and a talented staff dedicated to making them. The natural interest the French have in food makes them exceptionally good employers of cooks and chefs. The most conscientious maîtresses de maison are noted for standing over their cooks and counting out the number of times the pot-au-feu has been degreased (three), and for lightly rapping them on the knuckles when the cabbage is too finely shredded. In this way the luxurious tradition of systematically molding a cook to a family's palate is still practiced with some extravagance.

Wine gives their meals shape and rhythm while wrapping the whole in ritual



Snails, left, are sprinkled with salt and vinegar to rid them of toxins.



Jean d'Orgeval, right, prepares aïoli, the traditional garlic mayonnaise of Provence. Below: Classic Lloyd Loom chairs surround a table made from a stone slab.

Other houses of means grimly illustrate the saying that the "better" the house in France the worse the food. As in so many restaurants, the distracting splendor of the setting hoodwinks people into thinking the food is equal to it. From here it is a short distance to that vast category of French people who take infinite care laying their tables but are indifferent about the menu.

The difference between eating in a smart French home and a modest one is the difference between a salade niçoise made with peeled and seeded tomatoes and one that dismisses such refinements as foolish. True to the postcard image, many country tables are still supplied with ingredients gathered within a few yards of the front door. With its excellent markets, the countryside represents what is best in food in France today but also what is worst. For standing in the shadow of these markets are the inevitable hypermarkets where in one stop it is possible to buy a loin of pork, have your shoes resoled, photocopy your tax return, and acquire a pair of designer jeans.

The average boeuf bourguignon household, the pillar of French home cooking, has been threatened since the last war, when women went to work in offices and factories in large numbers for the first time. Today, scholars are not optimistic. According to one French sociologist, "only ten to fifteen percent of women of the petite bourgeoisie buy fresh ingredients, still know how to cook, and take time to do it."

The doubting woman on the bullet train was surprised by my subject but still interested. She described her house in Eygalières, a village that was a Neolithic settlement before being occupied by Romans dispatched to divert the local spring waters to Arles. And she spoke about her herb garden, her outdoor dining table under a canopy of vines, her view of the Alpilles, the beautiful worn tiles in her Provençal kitchen. Then she invited me to lunch. There were the normal protestations about how it wouldn't be anything special, just whatever happens to be in the garden, une petite grillade, the local pinard, some fruit. But I will go, knowing it will be good.

The following recipes—from Dorothée d'Orgeval, a Paris antiques dealer who spent much of her childhood in Provence—capture the spirit and flavor of French country cuisine. (The entrée of poached cod, along with the appetizer spreads, will serve ten.)

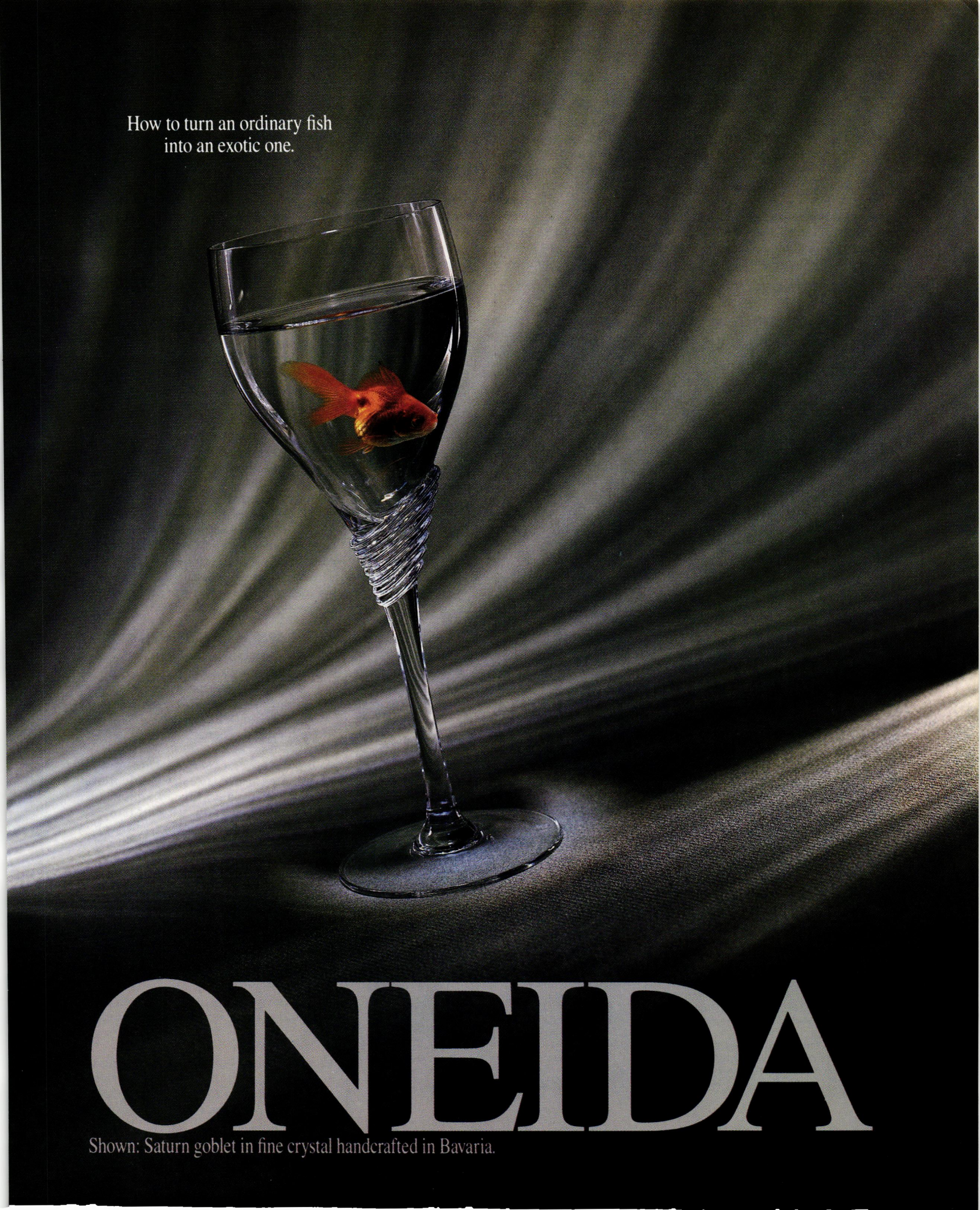
POACHED COD WITH GARLIC MAYONNAISE

Cod and accompaniments

48 large canned escargots de Bourgogne, plus 48 escargot shells
10 medium artichokes, stems removed
2 tablespoons olive oil
Juice 1 lemon
Salt
10 medium waxy potatoes, scrubbed
3 bay leaves
10 small carrots, scrubbed
1¼ pounds green beans, trimmed
10 hard-boiled eggs
4 quarts court bouillon
10 cod filets, 8 ounces each



JEAN-BERNARD NAUDIN


How to turn an ordinary fish
into an exotic one.
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Shown: Saturn goblet in fine crystal handcrafted in Bavaria.

Garlic mayonnaise
16 garlic cloves, peeled
Pinch coarse salt
2 egg yolks
at room temperature
2 cups extra-virgin olive oil
Juice 1 lemon
Pinch cayenne pepper (optional)

Cod and accompaniments. Fill the shells with the snails. Wrap in cheesecloth and place in a lobster steamer above simmering water. Fill a nonreactive pot with enough water to cover the artichokes. Add the oil, lemon juice, and salt. Bring to a simmer, add the artichokes and cook 20–30 minutes, or until tender. Drain and add to steamer. Plunge the potatoes, carrots, and beans into separate pots of rapidly boiling salted water (having added bay leaves to the potato pot) and cook until tender. Drain. Plunge the carrots and beans into separate bowls of ice water. Drain. Dry the beans on a hand towel. Add the potatoes and carrots to the steamer. In a large pot bring the bouillon to a simmer and slip in the cod in several batches. Bring the bouillon back to just below a simmer; the fish will take only a few minutes to cook. Gently remove fillets with a slotted spatula. To reheat the beans douse with boiling water. Arrange the accompaniments on individual platters. Serve the mayonnaise separately.

Garlic mayonnaise. Pound the garlic and salt to a paste in a mortar. Blend in the egg yolks until the mixture is pale yellow. Dribble in half the oil, continually stirring with the pestle. Add the lemon juice and 1 teaspoon warm water, then dribble in remaining oil, stirring constantly. Taste for salt. Add the cayenne. Do not chill.

EGGPLANT CAVIAR

2 pounds eggplant, halved lengthwise
4 cloves garlic, cut into slivers
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons, plus 2 teaspoons extra-virgin olive oil
2 shallots, minced
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
¼ cup minced flat-leaf parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Make slits in the skinless side of each eggplant half and insert the garlic. Sprinkle with salt and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cover with foil and bake 1 hour. Scoop out the flesh and mash with a fork until smooth. Add the remaining ingredients, blending to form a creamy puree. Refrigerate and serve.

CAPER AND OLIVE SPREAD

1½ cups black olives, pitted
1 tablespoon capers
Anchovy filets, 2-ounce can
1–2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon cognac

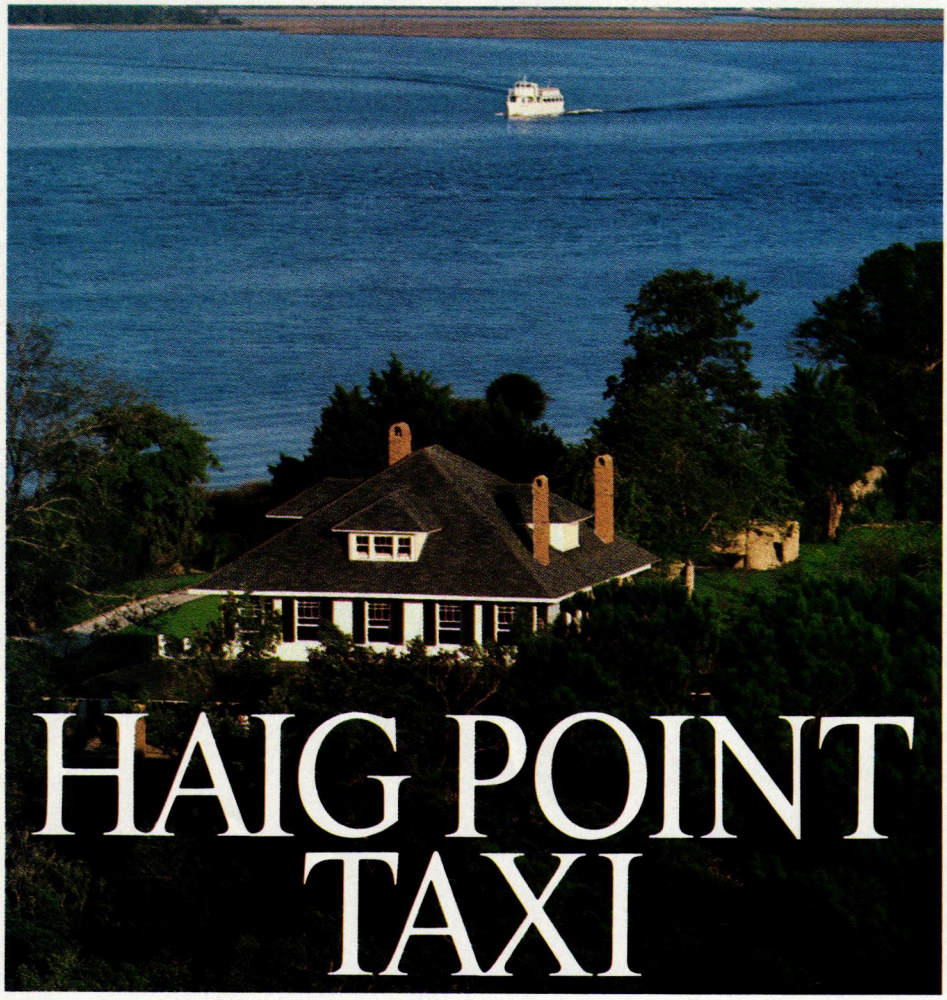
Pound the olives, capers, and anchovies in a mortar to form a paste. Dribble in the oil, stirring continually. Mix in lemon juice and cognac. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour before serving with celery stalks and small rounds of grilled bread.

ANCHOVY SPREAD

Anchovy filets, 6-ounce can
4 cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar

Mash the anchovies. Dribble in the olive oil, stirring continually. Mix in the minced garlic and vinegar to make a smooth paste. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour before serving. ♠

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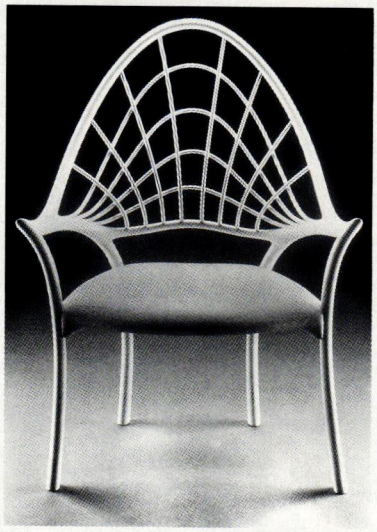
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John Makepeace, *The Millennium 3,* 1988,
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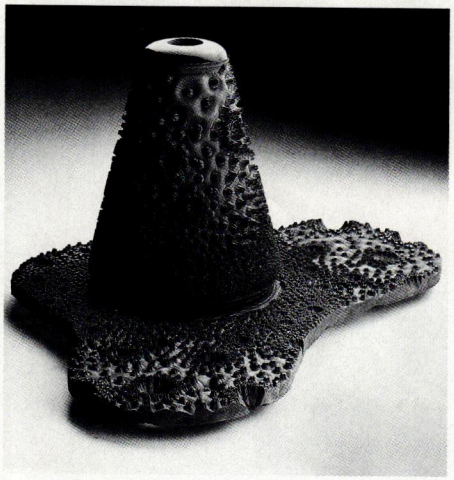


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Richard DeVore, *Untitled #571,* 1988,
glazed stoneware, 14¼" x 10" x 11"

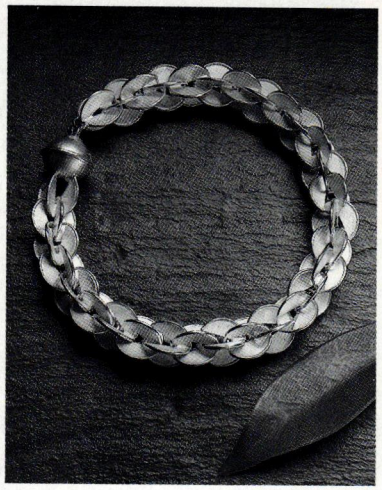
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Michael Glancy, *Resilient Corrosion in Lavender,*
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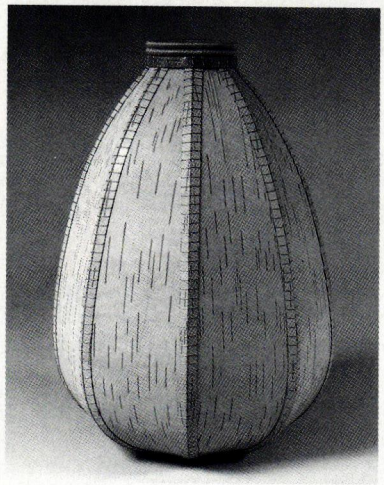


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Barbara Heinrich, bracelet, 1989, 18-kt gold

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Dona Look, *Basket #902,* 1990,
white birch bark with silk thread, 14" x 9" x 9"

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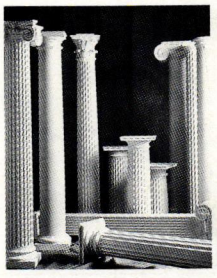
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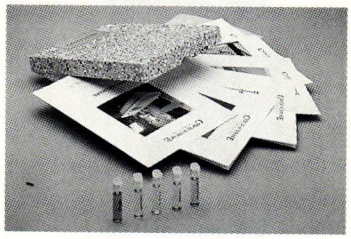
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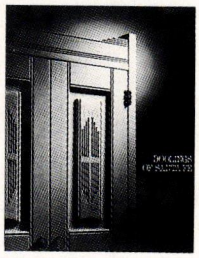
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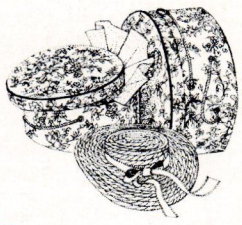
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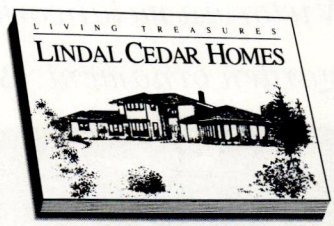
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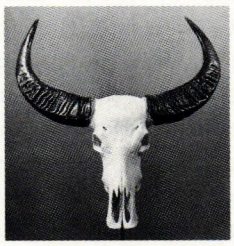
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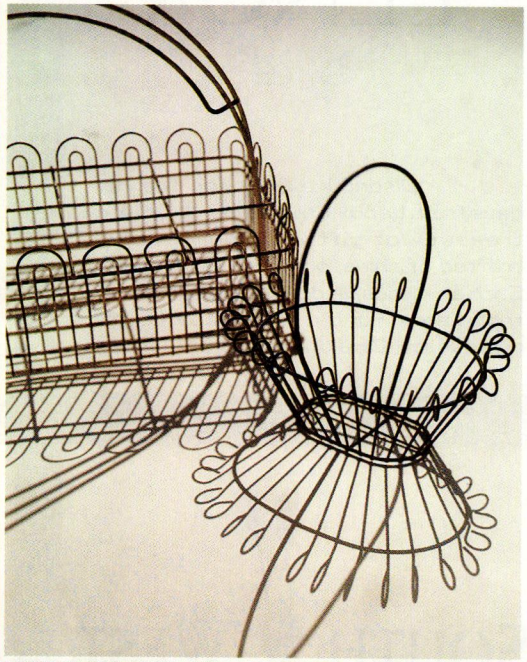
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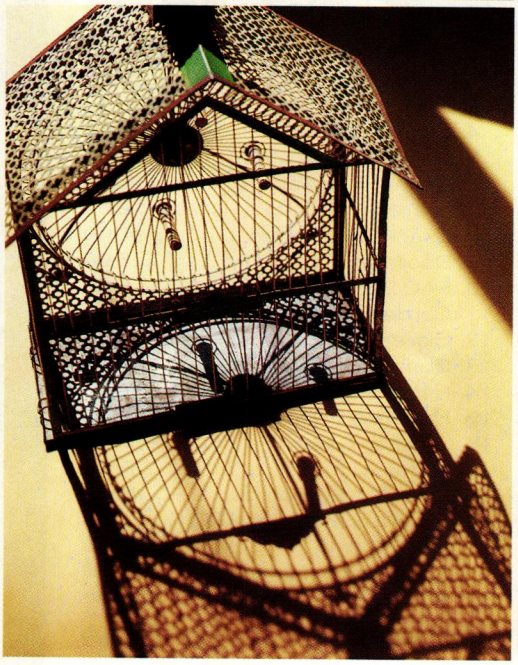
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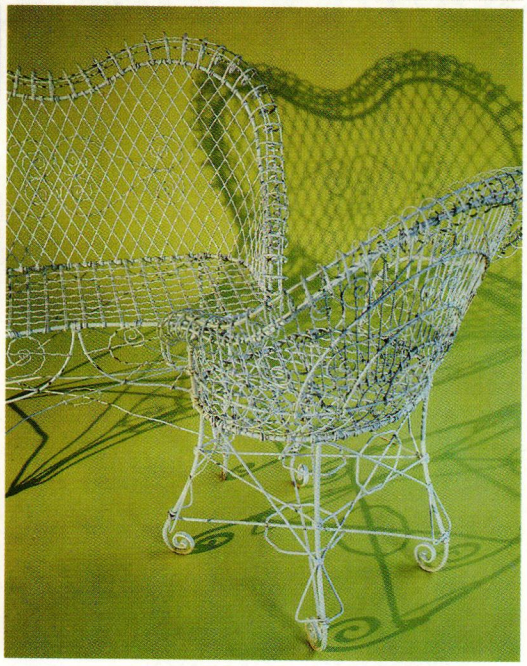
Down to the Wire

Victorian metalwork puts a new twist on garden ornament BY MARGOT GURALNICK









Advertised as "durable, open, and airy," Victorian wirework appeared in an array of decorative guises, including, clockwise from top left, a planter from John Rosselli, Ltd., NYC; baskets from Pantry & Hearth, NYC; furniture from Barbara Israel Enterprises, Katonah, N.Y.; and a birdcage with a revolving perch from Aileen Minor Antiques, Princess Anne, Md. Details see Resources.

After making the domestic interior bloom with thickets of ornament and jungles of potted ferns, Victorians everywhere discovered the garden as fertile ground for their love of display. Thanks to that great innovation of 1830, the lawn mower, wayward fields were clipped into expanses of green velvet that set off brilliant carpet beds of flowers. By the middle of the nineteenth century, American backyards, parks, and cemeteries had been transformed into open-air rooms ready to be appointed with the latest household fashions. And by the 1870s new hothouses here nurtured botanical imports direct from African swamps and Asian highlands.

The estates of American industrialists boasted manicured grounds in which cockscombs, camellias, dahlias, and other showy flora competed for attention with statues of cupids and deer, Italian carved marble benches, and multitiered fountains of cast iron, the all-purpose material of the day. Gardeners who took a less ostentatious (and sometimes less costly) approach to outdoor living—tending cottage perennials, herbs, and old-fashioned roses—propped their yards with fanciful wirework furniture and accessories painted to harmonize with the greenery.

A not-so-distant cousin to Alexander Calder's bent-metal masterpieces, these mass-produced steel and iron designs took the form of sculptural plant stands, settees, birdcages, and even cradles (billed as "entirely free from insect annoyances"). And because they were easily portable (unlike cast iron) and able to withstand the elements (unlike rattan), they made the rounds from conservatory to porch to croquet lawn.

Longer-lived than most Victorian horticultural fashions, wirework has weathered the years in a multitude of pleasing forms. Layers of old paint, chips, and an occasional rusty patch offer good evidence that a piece is vintage. Replicas, offered by the Office of Horticulture at the Smithsonian and other sources, are also available for those who cultivate a nineteenth-century taste for the glossy and new. ▲

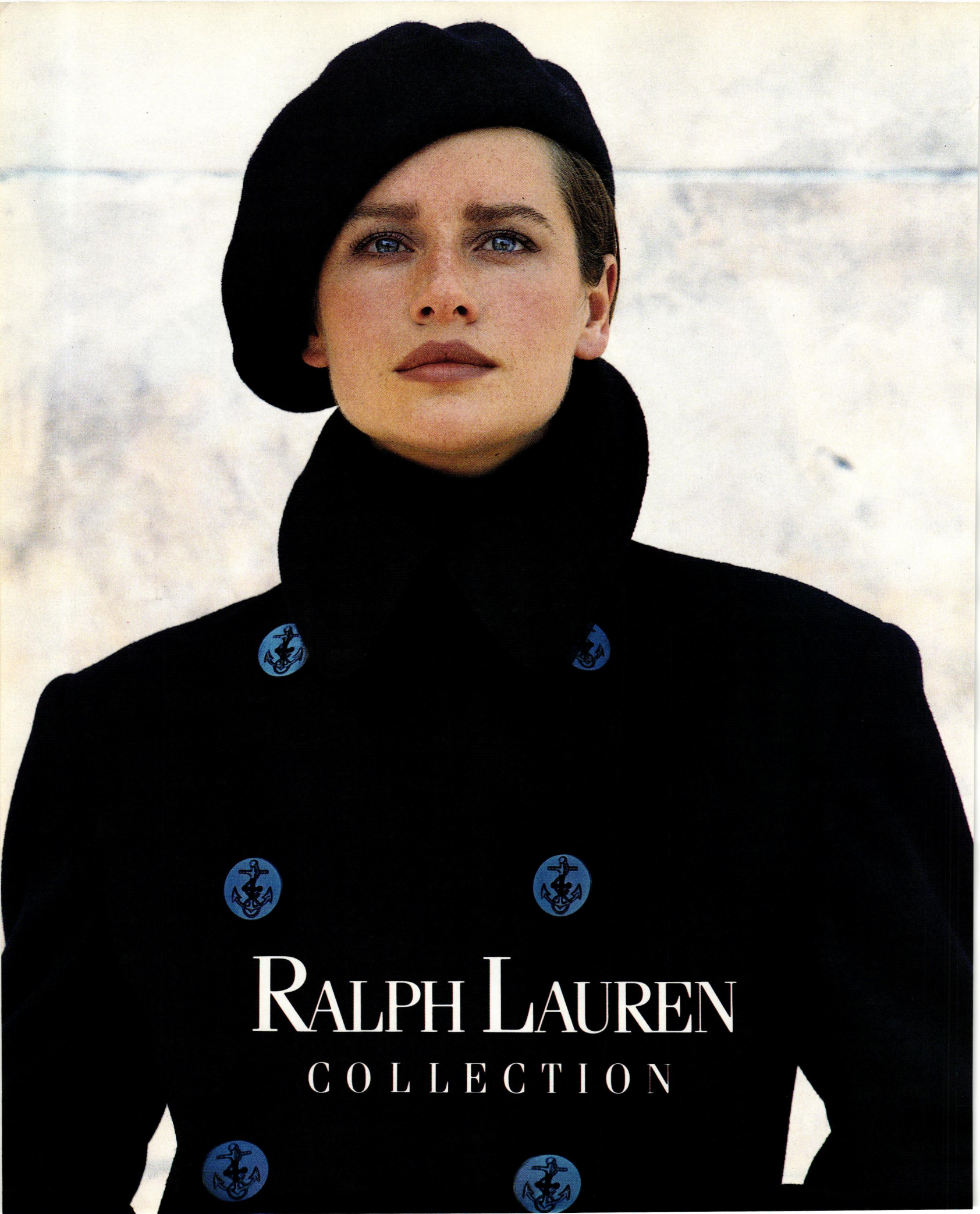
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RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION

september

A DAY'S OUTING to landmark New York State houses with John Dobkin, the new president of the preservation group Historic Hudson Valley, has filled my mind with thoughts about the cultural significance of chairs and sofas, carpets and wallpaper, porcelains and family portraits. All are valuable records of their time and place, telling us as much about an era as about individual tastes. The houses I saw—18th-century Van Cortlandt Manor, Washington Irving's Sunnyside, and the ambitious restoration-in-progress Montgomery Place—are reminders that interest in decoration runs deep. This month we approach the subject with a behind-the-scenes look at the extraordinary sets of filmmakers Ismail Merchant and James Ivory, beginning with *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge,* their interpretation of Evan S. Connell's novels. In this film, as in other Merchant-Ivory productions, period interiors play a leading role, conveying the director's point of view as volubly as the dialogue. Real-life rooms also speak out in the September HG, in stories on major projects by John Saladino, Jacques Grange, Richard Lowell Neas, Keith Irvine and Richard Langham, and Joe D'Urso. "Decorators' Private Domains" examines design in its purest form—apartments that five young decorators created for themselves. In addition, we chronicle the exceptional London flat of Christopher Hodsoll, an homage to early 19th century neoclassicism; the landscape paintings of the fauve movement, described by Rosamond Bernier; the career of Pritzker Prize–winning architect Aldo Rossi, in a compelling portrait by Martin Filler; and autumn gardens, presented by eminent garden writer Allen Lacy. These too are cultural records, and HG is proud to preserve them.



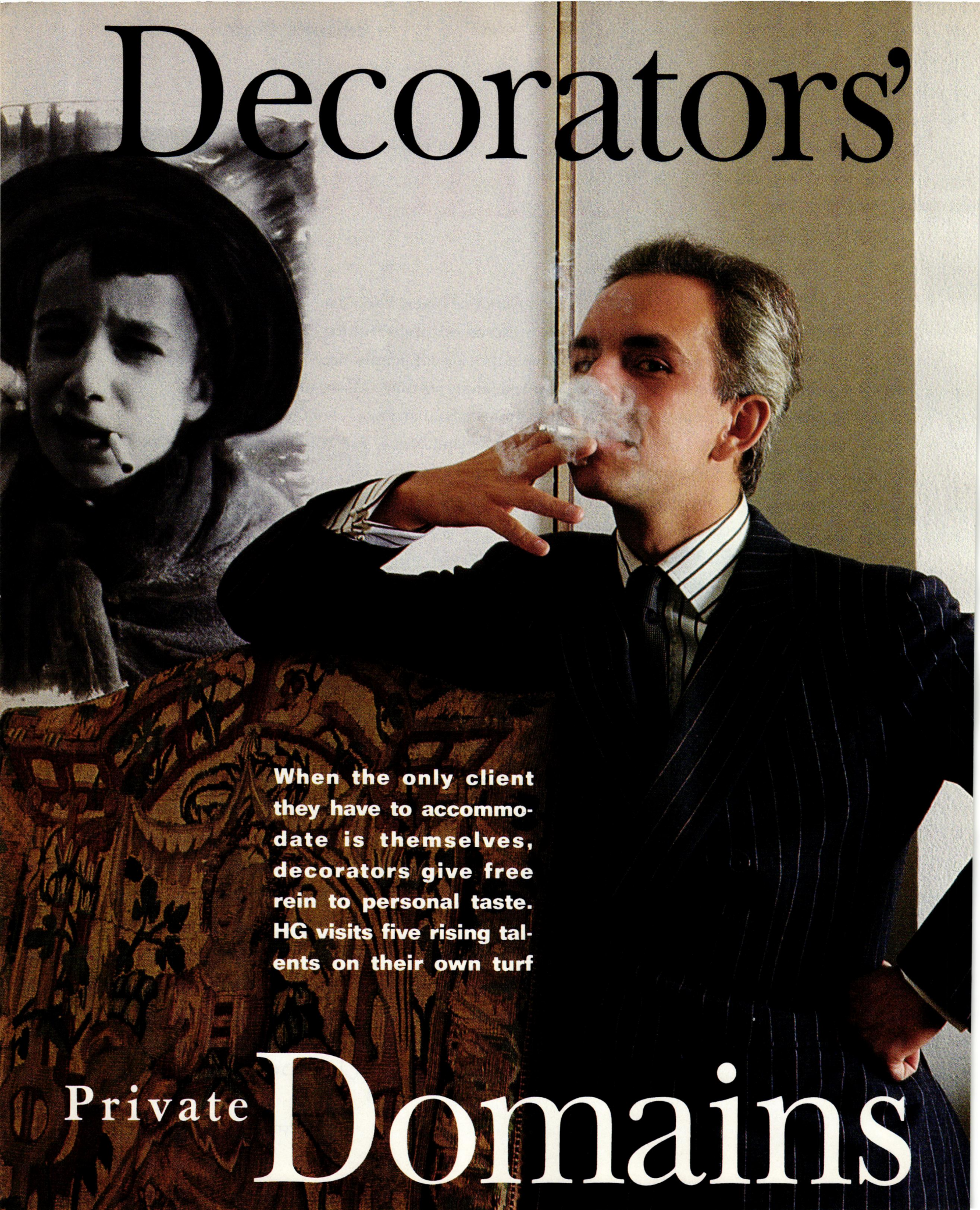
The living room of Las Tejas, a villa in Montecito, California, recently restored and decorated by John Saladino.

LANGDON CLAY

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Decorators'



When the only client they have to accommodate is themselves, decorators give free rein to personal taste. HG visits five rising talents on their own turf

Private Domains

Gentleman of the Old School

ROBERT COUTURIER



WILLIAM WALDRON

I was brought up to inhabit a world that no longer exists," says Frenchman Robert Couturier earnestly, though he is only in his early thirties. "My mother's life, like that of so many French women, passes in a Louis XV drawing room. My father is devoted to conservation; people from my background spend their whole lives afraid of losing something. I came to New York to escape." At one level Couturier did escape: he now designs interiors, furniture, and buildings and has a staff of six working for him. But there is still an echo of his upbringing in everything he does. His apartment is a mix of the very comfortable—a divan covered in pillows as though for some Eastern potentate—and the hideously uncomfortable. The precision of the arrangement, even of the most baroque items, provides clarity, as does the absence of color from the walls. "It's not a question of whether something is beautiful or not. Of what does it remind you?" says Couturier. "I have a very close relationship with my things, probably more than I have with people." ANDREW SOLOMON



In Robert Couturier's living room, *above*, clean white walls offset a collection of carved, gilt, and upholstered antiques. The curtains are Scalamandré taffeta. *Left:* Couturier's tiny bedroom is draped with cotton bordered by Scalamandré silk damask and gold trim. *Preceding pages:* Couturier, next to a photograph by Gerald Incandela. A side table laden with precious objects. Details see Resources.

WILLIAM WALDRON

La Vie de Bohème

DAVID SALOMON

David Salomon's generous layering of fabrics, pictures, portières, screens, and mirrors gives his tiny walk-up the exotic air of a nineteenth-century bohemian atelier. "Decorating cannot be approached without passion," he says, likening his accretion of objects to the brushwork on a Van Gogh canvas. He credits Geoffrey Bennison—with whom he worked on a Rothschild apartment—and Diana Vreeland with teaching him the value of objects that have personal meaning. "Mrs. Vreeland really didn't own anything precious," he says, fondling a porcelain spaniel purchased from her estate. "But hers was the most sophisticated apartment in New York." Handsome proof that he puts this theory into practice are several marquetry frames and a sturdy slipper chair, all built by his cabinetmaker grandfather. His collage of primitive and elegant fabrics—some irreverently obscuring an important American table—is a Salomon design signature. Even so, "most clients can take only so much color and pattern. But here there is no limit."



Flea market finds and family heirlooms mingle in David Salomon's compact atelier-style apartment, *above*. Every surface bares evidence of his passion for layering fabrics the way artists apply paint. *Left:* Salomon peeks through his bedroom portières made from Lee Jofa printed linen.



"Part of me thinks one table and one chair is enough," says David Kleinberg, who instead lives with a harmonious mix of Biedermeier,

Mix Master

DAVID KLEINBERG

When a decorator puts together his own apartment, objects tend to settle in like stray kittens. "Often you find yourself presented with something," explains David Kleinberg of Parish-Hadley, "and then somehow you make it work." A case in point is his crescent-shaped sofa, a client's reject, whose space-gobbling curves seemed ideal back when his apartment was bare. Then there's the elegant dos-à-dos that was copied from a client's Napoleon III original. "I think of it as a bench with an armrest in the middle, though a friend once straddled it like a horse." And scattered about are numerous gifts from friends—an ivory and tortoise box, a plaster bust of Sir Walter Scott, a Wedgwood vase. But some of the objects, such as the Austrian Biedermeier secretary—"my first major piece of furniture"—Kleinberg actually purchased. "This is a multipurpose desk. When I lived in a studio apartment, I stored my socks and underwear in it." In his current two-bedroom apartment the secretary "isn't quite big enough" for the wall it stands against. To fill the void harmoniously, Kleinberg adorned the space with an eighteenth-century screen, neoclassical prints, a gilt sunburst, an urn ("a $30 piece of wood"), and a hauntingly sculptural dead Ming aralia ("One day I just decided to stop watering it"). "Basically I took everything I liked—Italian chairs from the last twenty minutes of the eighteenth century, an Asian coffee table, contemporary art—put it in a big bag, and shook it up," reflects Kleinberg. The process may sound chaotic, but the result is, to use his words, "quietly dynamic."



MICHAEL MUNDY

Italian neoclassical, oriental, and contemporary furnishings



Kleinberg's sage-colored living room features an array of furniture and fabrics procured during the course of his job, including a custom crescent-shaped sofa, a Parish-Hadley bookcase, and an upholstered dos-à-dos copied from a client's original.

Empire Meets Moderne

JOHN BARMAN



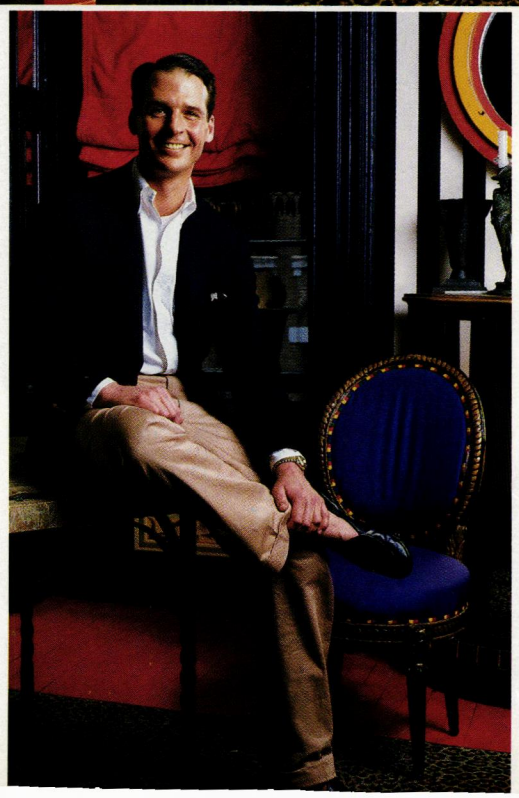
John Barman and his pug, Buster, *top,* relax amid his signature mix of Empire and thirties-style objects. Barman's prize piece, an Empire console attributed to Jacob-Desmalter, stands in the entryway. *Above:* Oversize ruby-colored armchairs surround a table with a 1930s base. The curtain fabric is from Schumacher.

Clues as to who inspired the decor of John Barman's seventeenth-floor apartment are positioned throughout the space. In full regalia his muse stares from a frame on a lacquered tabletop, and bronze and dashing he gazes from a shelf. Clearly, Napoleonic taste rules this domain, yet Barman has given the Empire style a fresh twist. After painting the walls and floors a slick white, he boldly combined his ormolu and mahogany side chairs and bronze candlesticks with thirties-inspired club chairs, lamps, and end tables. Barman sees a "real affinity" between moderne and Empire design. The two periods merge amusingly in the glass-topped center table, whose colossal acanthus-leaf pedestal, circa 1935, looks like the result of a growth-hormone experiment. The acanthus motif recurs, scaled down, on the claret and gold silk that covers chairs and pillows. But Barman's most cherished possession is an 1805 console, identical to one purchased by Napoleon for the Grand Trianon at Versailles. "No one ever comments on it," Barman sighs. "It's too subtle," he concludes, smiling appreciatively.

MICHAEL MUNDY

A Different Stripe

ROBERT YOH



A pair of 1930s tin palm trees take shelter in Robert Yoh's playful studio apartment, *above*. Side chairs upholstered in violet silk and an old Brooks Brothers shirt are trimmed with rainbow-hued sneaker laces. A Clarence House stripe papers the walls. The carpet is from Stark. *Right:* Robert Yoh perches on an Addison Mizner table.

TOP: JOHN HALL. BOTTOM: DAVID FRAZIER

Like a boutonnière that squirts water, Robert Yoh's studio apartment looks upright but is full of surprises. Yoh, assistant to Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley, has a Duchampian knack for putting objets trouvés to new uses. A circular mirror, painted red and yellow, is a wooden form once used for casting railroad wheels. A pair of Louis Whoever chairs are backed in a Brooks Brothers shirt and trimmed in sneaker laces. Yoh plucks a small concrete pyramid from the top of an urn. "A speed bump," he explains. "I looked out my car window and saw Egypt." A visitor chez Yoh also sees touches of Florida, where he grew up. There's an Addison Mizner coquina table with a marblelike patina. Tin alligators creep along the mantel. And tin palms from a 1930s Harlem nightclub spread their spiky fronds overhead. Although the apartment's redecoration was completed a year ago, Yoh's imagination keeps lurching ahead. What's he thinking of next? "Japanese buoys for the palms and glass-chip sidewalk cement for the walls."

AMY FINE COLLINS

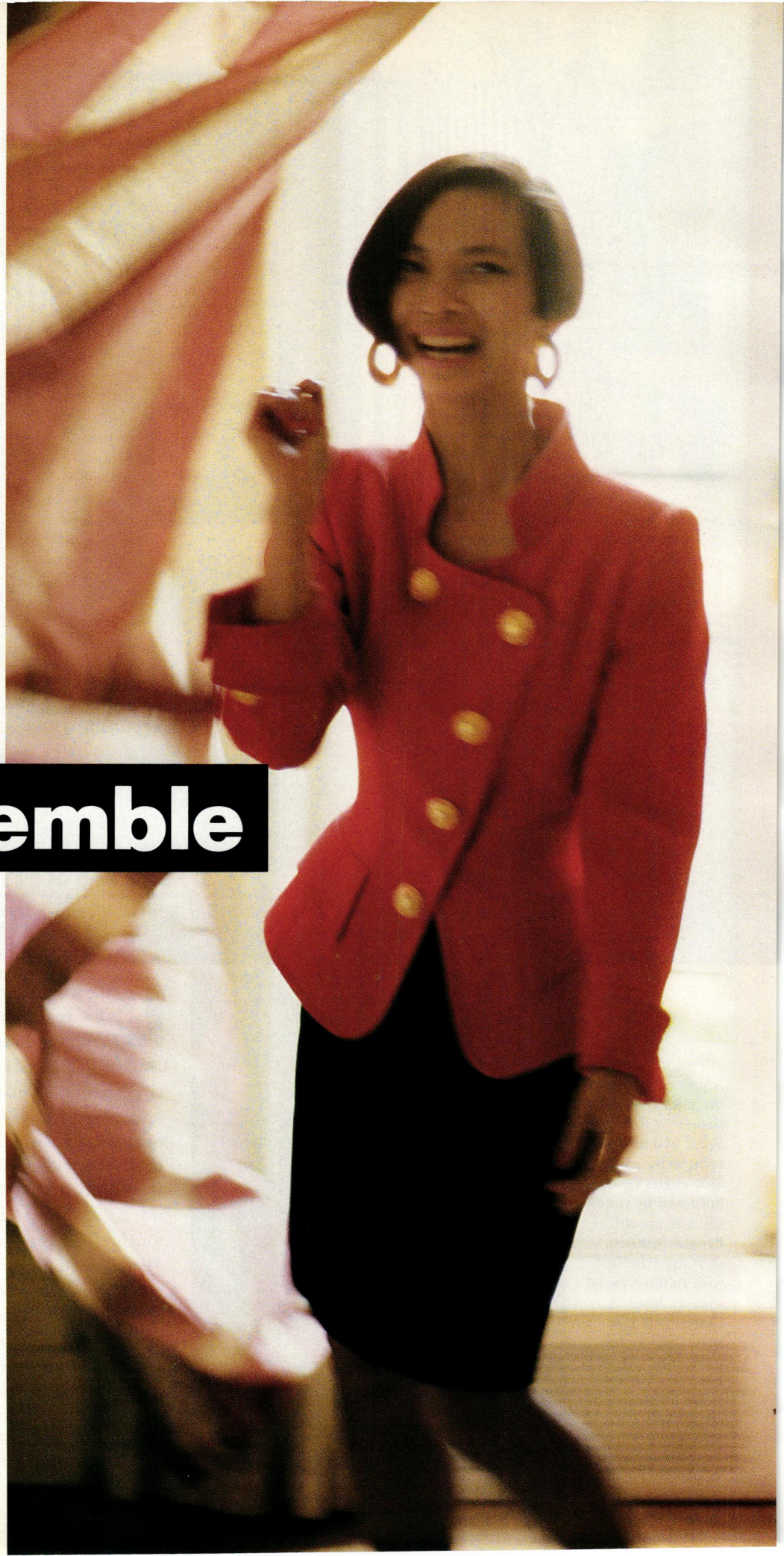
Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Carolyn Sollis

Lingerie designer Josie Natori teams up with Jacques Grange to decorate her grand pied-à-terre on the rue François-Ier

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache

Paris Ensemble



BORN AND RAISED IN THE PHILIPpines, in what she describes as a matriarchal family—her grandmother was referred to as supreme commander in chief—Josie Natori's practical and creative instincts were both nurtured from an early age. She has studied piano since she was four; she majored in economics and finance in college. She rose to vice president at Merrill Lynch; she left Wall Street and became a lingerie designer. Her intimate apparel is all intricate embroidery; she considers herself, above all, a businesswoman. "I don't really see myself as a designer," says Natori. "I'm a gambler."

Impeccably elegant in a Christian Lacroix suit, seated on a Louis XV chair in the salon of her Jacques Grange–decorated apartment in Paris's chic eighth arrondissement, Natori explains how a combination of inspiration and pragma-



The architectural details and airy proportions of the salon sold Josie Natori, *opposite*, on her eighth arrondissement apartment. Jacques Grange added columns and designed silk curtains to billow over an Aubusson carpet. Details see Resources.

tism informed its creation. "I'd always dreamed of having a house in Paris. After spending several summer vacations here with Ken [her husband and business partner], I started to look for a pied-à-terre. This was the first one I saw. It was very dark, with art deco wood paneling, except for the salon, which had its beautiful molding intact. But I was mesmerized by the possibilities, by the space and proportions of all the rooms." Natori dreamily understated the apartment's shortcomings to Ken ("I told him that it just needed a paint job") but also had the good sense to find someone, perhaps the only one, who could realize the possibilities—who could make the place, as she says, "Parisian in every sense of the word."

Jacques Grange began by convincing his clients that the fin de siècle apartment's basic blueprint should be respected. "Originally, Ken and I thought we would have our own rooms separate from the main rooms of the house," says Natori. "But Jacques thought we were mad not to utilize its flow of space. He was right." The library, dining room, and salon radiate from the hallway through original glass-paned French doors; mirrored French doors separate the salon and the bedroom. Grange replaced the older panes, stripped the rooms of their paneling, and decorated them with his trademark lavishness.



"I saw the design as neo-eighteenth-century Paris with a touch of an aquatic floaty feeling," he says. That feeling, established by the fluid progression of rooms and their transparent thresholds, is enhanced by silks that fall from tabletops and windows like ball gowns in mid waltz. In the salon, for example, red and white striped silk Decour curtains billow across two large Aubusson rugs. The decorator also installed columns to define a *(Text continued on page 213)*



A 19th-century marble bust commands a corner of the salon. The lacquer table is inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl and topped with Sui porcelain figures; the figures on the side table are Ming. *Inset:* A bustier from Natori's fall collection is embroidered with pearls, gold beads, and gold thread.



Upholstery designed by Jacques Grange after a flame pattern he and Natori found in an antiques shop dramatically amplifies the deep red of a Kashan rug and Fortuny fabric on the library walls. *Opposite:* An 18th-century Venetian chandelier and a pair of 17th-century Portuguese portraits preside over the dining room.





Three bold emblems of the fall garden: the ornamental grass *Miscanthus sinensis* 'Gracillimus' at its peak of bloom, sedum 'Autumn Joy' living up to its name, and *Hosta plantaginea*, its grand leaves beginning to turn. *Opposite:* In high autumn, sedum undergoes the last of its myriad color changes before its seed heads darken to mahogany.





The Forgotten Season

Many American gardens come into their own only when summer has passed

By Allen Lacy

LEFT: ALLEN ROKACH. RIGHT: JOHN NEUBAUER

About autumn and gardens there is a widespread but entirely unfounded notion that spring and summer are the gardening seasons and that autumn brings everything to an end, except for chrysanthemums and chores. Autumn means that while we listen to geese honking overhead as they migrate south, we rake leaves, tidy up perennial borders, and kneel in the dirt to plant next spring's bulbs before we put away our tools for the winter. But the conventional wisdom about fall is dead wrong. A garden can be at its very best in autumn—although it took me many years to recognize the rewarding possibilities of this neglected season.



The smoky tones of lythrum, ornamental grasses, and joe-pye weed make the yellow of rudbeckias in the distance all the brighter. Although Americans have paid little heed to our native joe-pye weed, Britons treat it as the royalty of the late season garden.

Even before this recognition, of course, I knew a few things about fall. Certainly in most of America it's the best time of the year to be in the garden, even if just to do the chores. Autumn is a kindly season, and a forgiving one, with its own special rhythms. Although the nights grow steadily cooler and longer, the soil cools down more gradually, still holding summer hostage. It warms our hands and our souls as we work in it. And fall is the best season to transplant many perennials and woody plants. Soil that is still warm, plus the slow soft rains typical of autumn in much of the country, encourage strong root growth. Cool nights discourage sappy vegetative growth that can be damaged by the more extreme weather to come. Fall-planted perennials and shrubs will not suffer the stress that afflicts some of those planted in spring as they struggle to make root systems and also come into flower in too brief a time.

Even weeding becomes a pleasure in autumn, or at least less of a drudgery. If the garden has been reasonably well tended earlier in the year, the few weeds that remain are easily dispatched. Thus far I have stayed with the conventional wisdom, the reflections on autumn by a spring and summer gardener grateful for the lull among weeds, ready to kneel down and plant my spring bulbs, writing what I could have written a decade ago and would have written then. But some Septembers ago, I noticed that something had happened in my garden, a shifting of balance by small accretions that tilted the plot of land I till toward autumn. Gradually, a couple of plants at a time, and quite unintentionally, I had accumulated perennials and shrubs with a prolonged period of bloom, plants whose flowers lingered well into fall, as well as those, like asters, whose flowers first appeared in autumn. It was these plants themselves that taught me about the overlooked possibilities of the season. Once I had learned their lesson, I began seeking out additional plants for an autumn garden, taking full advantage of the great and growing number of fine mail-order nurseries in America.

My garden is now at its best in the fall, with an abundance of bloom I could not have imagined ten or even five years ago. On a recent day in mid September I counted some 75 different kinds of perennials, annuals, shrubs, and bulbs in flower, in a long list from *Abelia* 'Edward Goucher' to *Viola* 'Molly Sanderson'. A good many other plants were not in bloom yet, but started later on. These, mostly October bloomers, included *Chrysanthemum nipponicum, C. arcticum,* various hardy cyclamens, two perennial sunflowers, *Lespedeza thunbergii,* or Japanese bush clover, and five different cultivars of the *Erica* × *darleyensis* winter heaths—all by themselves a substantial group of worthy plants. Five weeks later, only 17 of the mid-September 75 had quit blooming for the year; eleven were near quitting. All the rest were still putting on a show. Even on Thanksgiving, the garden had not said its final word. Some chrysanthemums remained, and still in bloom were pink oxalis, some herbaceous potentillas, sweet alyssum, abelia, and 'Betty Prior' roses. Deep blue and apricot primroses—the apricot ones intensely hon-

LEFT: JOHN NEUBAUER; RIGHT FROM TOP: CYNTHIA WOODYARD; JERRY HOWARD; ALLEN ROKACH





Tall spikes of *Lobelia splendens* rise above a spreading tide of gloriosa daisies, *above*. *Right:* Fallen Japanese maple leaves form a pool of dramatic color. *Below:* The rough rusty red leaves of oak leaf hydrangea consort with *Anemone x hybrida* 'September Charm', the warm white blossoms of *Asteromoea mongolica*, and the little pink buttons of centratherum.

eyed—blossomed beside a doorstep, and a volunteer johnny-jump-up with unusually large dark purple flowers had just chimed in.

Autumn inevitably is a season of winding down, of ceasing, but its changes are very slow and gradual, and if plants are chosen carefully for what they bring to the garden at this time of year, fall can also offer bounty—and I don't mean only its harvest of apples and pumpkins. The same year that I made those three successive inventories of what was blooming from the middle of September to Thanksgiving, I made a late April inventory as well. It showed 39 different kinds of plants in bloom. Some, like tulips and crown-imperials, were highly spectacular. But the inventory itself was less rich and various than its equivalent in the middle of October. The problem with gardens in autumn lies not in the absence of plants that are lovely then but in our neglect of the season, our failure to widen our knowledge and exercise our imaginations,



and our sticking to old, well-trodden, and familiar paths.

If autumn can be the best season in the gardening year, given some careful attention to choosing plants, the question naturally arises: why have we paid it so little heed?

A part of the answer is that we base so many of our expectations on the horticultural traditions of Great Britain and on its accompanying literature. English gardens, however, have almost nothing to teach us about fall. Fall is our recompense for our fiercely unpleasant summers, when we envy the British their long twilights, their moderate weather, and their herbaceous borders, which we look at admiringly but can never quite emulate. If we envy the English their summers and the plants they can grow then that we cannot, they in turn must envy us our autumns and the plants that we can grow then that they cannot. And the plants are many. The American native swamp sunflower, a ten-foot tower of golden glory here in late October, seldom flowers in England, where it is grown for its foliage. A good many ornamental grasses that form seed plumes here or take on interesting shades of red in autumn perform poorly in Britain. Our summer heat enables us to ripen many more fruits and berries.

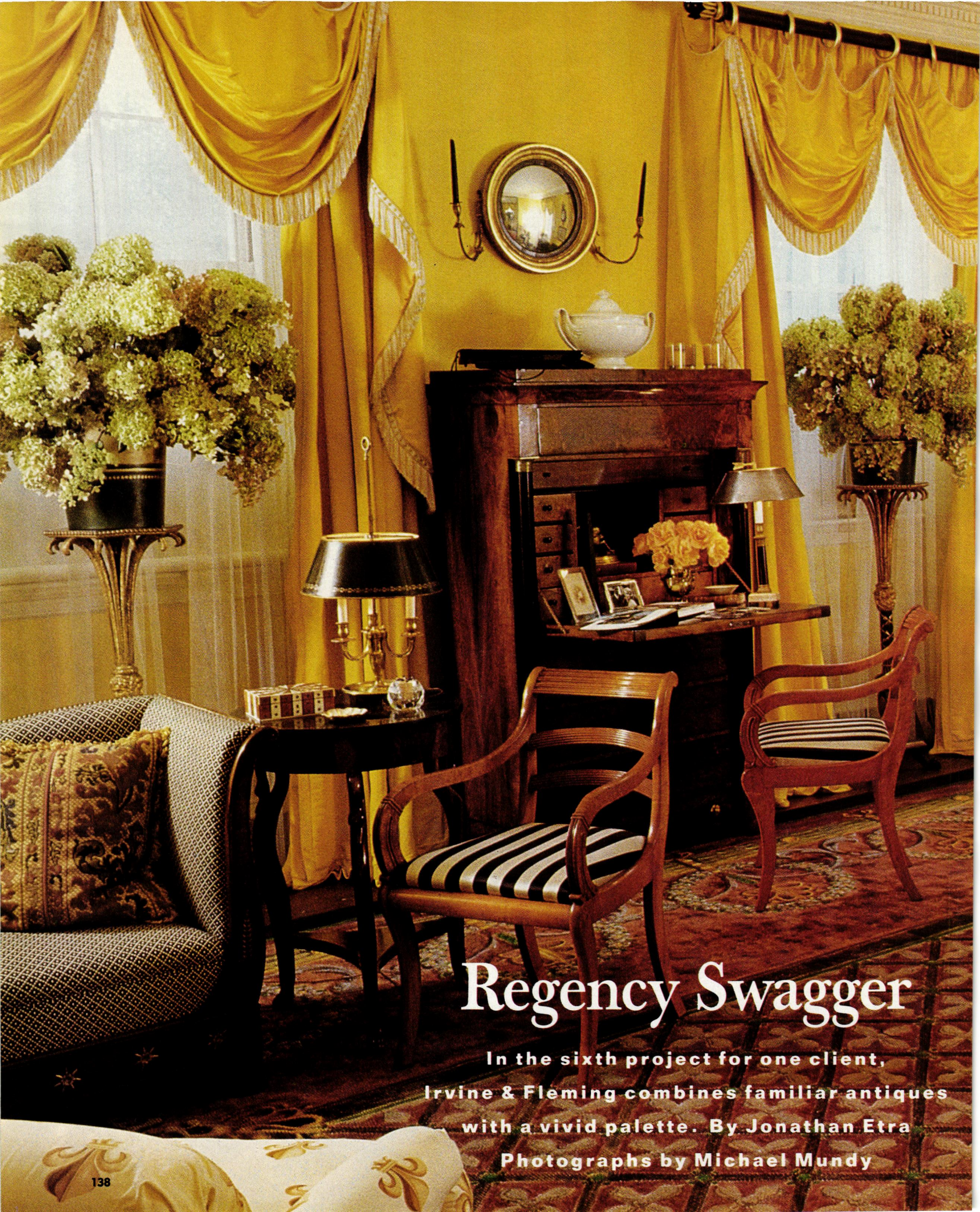
The differences between America and England are founded on scientific realities, but they also show up in literature. British nature poets, on comfortable and lyrical ground with spring and summer, turn dour and unenthusiastic when autumn is the topic. Keats, in his ode "To Autumn," comes up with little besides mists, crickets, apples, and swelling gourds as tokens of the fall. Thomas Hood's "Ode: Autumn" mentions owls, mossy elms, departed swallows, dead roses, bitter fruits, and a cloudy prison for the soul. Shelley's poem on the season is titled "Autumn: A Dirge."

But if British poetry about autumn is dismal and cheerless, American poetry is, to the contrary, strikingly sunny and bright. Henry David Thoreau was enamored of fall as a time of asters and goldenrod, a time when "nought disturbs the serious life of men." The popular poets William Cullen Bryant, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Celia *(Text continued on page 210)*





In Lynden B. Miller's Connecticut garden, purple cabbages combine with *Miscanthus sinensis* 'Variegatus', the ripening foliage of Siberian irises, and the striated leaves of *Iris pallida* 'Variegata'. Blue oat grass completes the picture.



Regency Swagger

In the sixth project for one client, Irvine & Fleming combines familiar antiques with a vivid palette. By Jonathan Etra

Photographs by Michael Mundy



A Stark sisal carpet painted to look like an Empire Aubusson showcases a collection of Directoire and Regency antiques in the drawing room, papered in a radiant yellow stripe from Clarence House. The curtains are Scalamandré silk. Details see Resources.





THERE'S NO GREATER PLEASURE THAN CREATING A JEWEL out of whatever crops up in a client's life," says decorator Keith Irvine, of the New York firm Irvine & Fleming, who, assisted by Richard Langham, helped turn a four-room pied-à-terre into a sparkling, surprisingly comfortable space. His client, a lively woman who grew up in a well-furnished colonial farmhouse west of Houston, is an avid collector of antiques, particularly Empire, Directoire, and Regency furniture. "I don't enjoy buying antiques for people. I like to work for people who already have them," says Irvine, who considers this apartment the best work he's ever done. "It's an urban fantasy—it could be in London, Paris, New York, or Rome." In truth, the apartment might have been in any of those cities—along with furniture, the owner collects residences. "I float through houses," she confesses. "I've had a lot of them." Irvine has overseen three of these as well as two apartments, and as a result, he says, "I've known most of this furniture for thirty years."

Each of the owner's new dwellings is a distillation of all the others. For Irvine the challenge is selecting what to use where and how to blend diverse elements into a whole—a puzzle he has been solving ingeniously since the fifties, when he worked as John Fowler's assistant at the prestigious firm of Colefax & Fowler in London. "I thought I was just working for a bad-tempered man who underpaid me," Irvine confesses. "In fact, I was incredibly lucky. Those were the great years." The firm had a strong view of English style, and Irvine speaks lovingly of what Fowler believed made a great English house great: "Three quarters is always English, plain and comfortable—the good English Chippendale chair, for



Directoire wallpaper from Brunschwig & Fils, gilded moldings, and a lacquered dado, *right,* "wrap the dining room like a package," says Irvine. *Below:* A dining room still life. *Above:* Irvine applied a wallpaper border from Clarence House to a living room mirror installed by Sister Parish when she occupied the apartment. The banquette is covered in mattress ticking.

Irvine upholstered a



banquette in mattress ticking and a Directoire chair in“mad violet silk”



example. With such an anchor, you bring in the more flighty elements. Every room must have a little kick of French."

The astute combination of florid and plain is very much the Irvine approach. "I don't like grand furniture," he says. "I like things that pretend to be grand but aren't." Here the purest embodiment of this conceit is the living room rug, a fake Aubusson. "A real one would have cost as much as the apartment," says the decorator. "Instead, we bought an immense sisal rug and painted it. It has high style with a naive edge."

Of course it is the extraordinary arrangement of neoclassical furniture which is the focus of the space. In Houston the owner was exposed to fine furniture at an early age. "My mother took me to antiques stores," she reminisces. "The dealers would give me after-dinner coffee cups." From a fondness for china, her tastes rapidly expanded: she bought the settee now in her New York drawing room while she was still in her teens. The Directoire sconces were also bought "back in the Dark Ages" in Houston. She frequented "wonderful shops on Charles Street" while she was living in Boston's Beacon Hill, and in each of the other cities she lived in or visited she also found choice items. A Charles X chest and table were discovered in the window of a store in a most unlikely little Italian town. The desk in the bedroom was acquired during her years in Denver, bought "so cheaply I gave it to my daughter," she laughs. "When I realized the treasure it was, I took it back." Aspen, New York, and Paris, among other venues, also contributed to her collection.

Irvine edited this abundance down to a manageable size, integrating it into his vision of an open airy space. The apartment was chosen for its large drawing room. Once home to the celebrated decorator Sister Parish, "it was country and gardeny," recalls the present owner. "It took me four months to get her presence out of the apartment. We had to get through six layers of wallpaper. The last was mandarin orange!" With all due respect, Irvine also felt the Parish sensibility as a weight: "It was a Yankee vision of a London house. We took the apartment in a different direction."

The only remaining Sister Parish effect is the large living room mirror that the decorators edged in a Greek key wallpaper from Clarence House. The mirror reflects the sunlight that tumbles in all day through four large windows overlooking Central Park almost at tree level. Irvine strove for curtains "dressy as they come" to serve *(Text continued on page 214)*



The bathroom, *above*, is embellished with Pompeian-style wall designs, a faux marble floor, and a pale blue ceiling. Towels hang from a Directoire-style screen. *Right:* A Directoire sleigh bed on a Stark carpet fills a charcoal-colored alcove in the bedroom. *Opposite:* At the other end of the room, neoclassical curtains of André Bon silk frame a Directoire writing table.


Picasso and Jacqueline
Great Houses of America



A custom-designed De Angelis sofa upholstered in cotton canvas from Henry Calvin rests on natural-colored sisal from Sanford-Hall in the living room. D'Urso modified the steel and glass cocktail table from LCS, but left alone Charles Eames's classic 1960 walnut stool for Herman Miller. The bamboo and paper floor lamp is by Isamu Noguchi. Details see Resources.

The Essential D'Urso

With characteristic restraint, designer Joe D'Urso outfits a Greenwich Village apartment

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Michael Mundy





IN THE LATE SEVENTIES, WHEN HE WAS a young art history student at American University, Tom Flynn became enamored with the work of Joe D'Urso. Which was understandable. In the late seventies a lot of people became enamored with the work of Joe D'Urso. There was something visually riveting about the New York designer's I-dare-you-to-live-here minimalist interiors of the period—something seductive, something memorable, something altogether new. They were graphic, lean, disciplined. In other words, they were nothing like anything anyone had seen before.

Years later, when Flynn was gainfully employed as director of corporate design for Hasbro, the toy company responsible for unleashing G.I. Joe on the world, he bought an apartment in a converted nineteenth-century Greenwich Village town house and tracked down D'Urso in Los Angeles, where he was putting the finishing touches on a new Esprit store. "I just showed up at the store and introduced myself to Joe," recalls Flynn. "He couldn't have been more charming. He was sitting in a corner making a list of things that needed attention." The two men agreed to meet back in Greenwich Village.

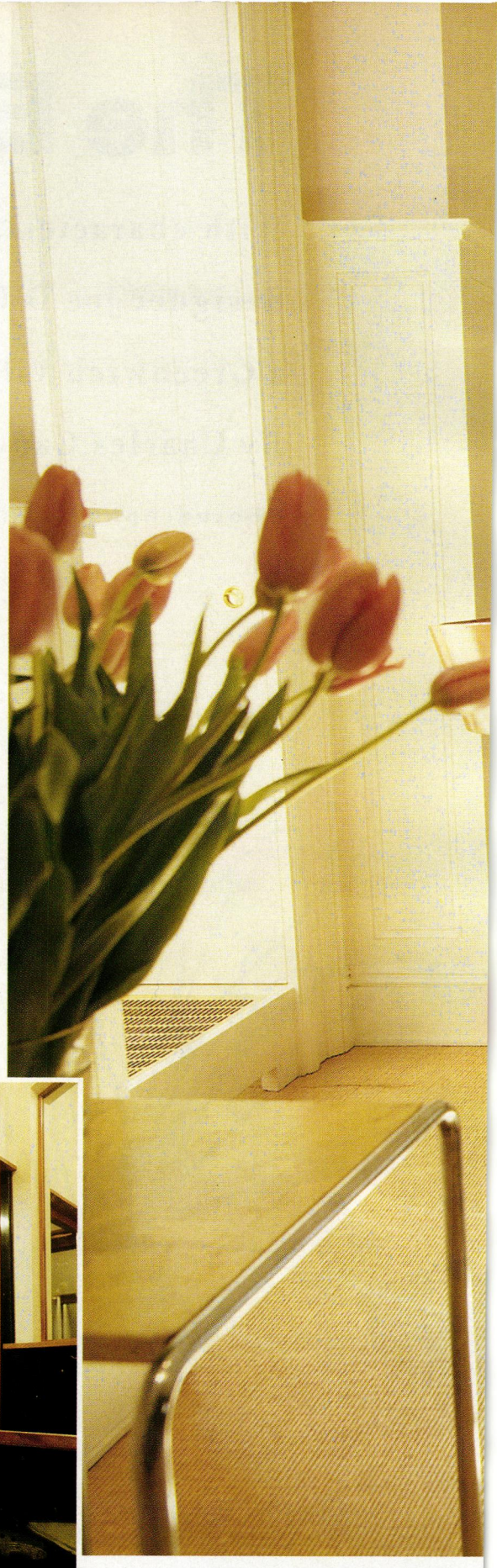
Although Flynn had waited a long time to work with D'Urso, he nevertheless had his doubts. Admirer though he was, Flynn was concerned that his apartment was too traditional to accommodate the designer's "very slick, very modern" signature style. "I wanted his aesthetic in terms of material, line, and space, but I also wanted the romance of this apartment," reports Flynn, who was understandably relieved when D'Urso told him, yes, it could be done. He could have it both ways.

Fortunately for Flynn, D'Urso in the early nineties is different from D'Urso in the late seventies, early eighties. He's less autocratic about furniture, accessories, and color; he's more open to the individual tastes and domestic needs of his clients. He is not, however, any less rigorous in his approach to design. Clients are still expected to exercise restraint—to be discriminating in what they choose to surround themselves with. All of which is fine with Flynn: "I don't like to live with a lot of objects. I like things clean and simple."

In retrospect, Flynn needn't have worried about the fate of his "romantic" nineteenth-century architectural details. D'Urso handled them with care,

An English bench in the bedroom, *above left,* supports books and a halogen reading light from Artemide. The watercolor is by Sol LeWitt. *Right:* Ingo Maurer's Flischi lamp illuminates a French Directoire side table from Philippe Farley, NYC, and a Biedermeier chair next to an iron and brass bed. Marcel Breuer's tubular-steel nesting table is from Fifty/50, NYC. *Below:* The bathroom is lined in black marble with fittings from P. E. Guerin.





D'Urso is less



autocratic in the nineties, more open to the tastes of his clients



meticulously restoring the period ornament where it had deteriorated, replicating where parts had been destroyed. He also saw to it that Flynn's apartment had a fitting entry, which it lacked. From a former coat closet adjacent to the front door he carved a small but elegant foyer, which he lined in the same marble that extends into the nearby bath. Like the kitchen, the bath is persuasive evidence that luxury has little to do with scale.

Since Flynn's furniture collection consisted of four eighteenth-century English dining chairs, D'Urso took him shopping and together they assembled a quirky collection of pieces that D'Urso arranged with characteristic care. A glimpse confirms that the designer is comfortable about mixing periods and styles. In the bedroom, for example, Biedermeier meets Bauhaus and French meets English—a little Eames stool rests next to a big iron and brass bed. A straw-colored sisal carpet ties the disparate elements together.

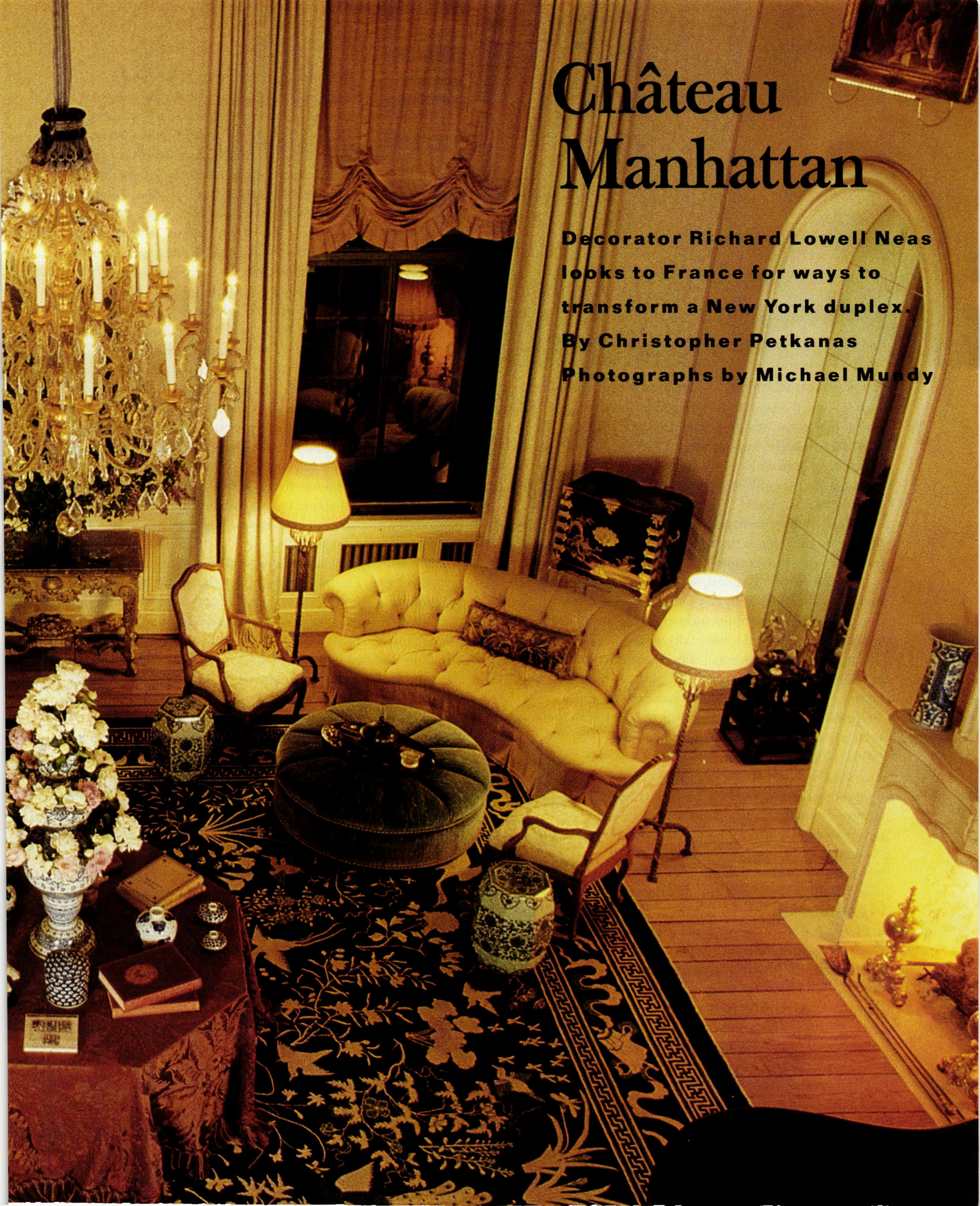
Across the foyer in the living room, D'Urso opted for more contemporary pieces—an overstuffed sofa slipcovered in white cotton canvas, a freshly minted steel and glass cocktail table, and a wicker wing armchair suitable for summer in Southampton. Which, not incidentally, is a mere thirteen miles down the Montauk Highway from East Hampton, where D'Urso is now at work on Flynn's weekend house. ▲ *Editor: Anne Foxley*

In the dining area, *above*, 18th-century English chairs from Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC, surround a custom-designed granite and painted steel table. *Opposite:* Though compact, the kitchen is meticulously crafted of bleached maple, honed granite, and both clear and wire glass.





The dining room balcony offers a sweeping view of the palatial salon. A Chinese carpet, c. 1900, from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC, unites an array of French antiques and custom-made furniture. Brunschwig & Fils damask covers the walls and appears as curtains that nearly scrape the 18-foot ceiling. Details see Resources.



Château Manhattan

Decorator Richard Lowell Neas looks to France for ways to transform a New York duplex.

By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Michael Mundy



DAVID GILMOUR SAYS HE ENDURED VISITING SOME TWO hundred Manhattan properties before moving from London into a towering 1920s East Side duplex. "On Eaton Square we had the kind of space I thought was impossible in Manhattan until we saw this. As for the decoration, all my life I've been a Francophile. I've been wandering around France since I was seventeen."

The Canadian entrepreneur and his wife, Jill, settled on decorator and decorative painter Richard Lowell Neas as their man to evoke France in Gotham after seeing the glamorous bedroom he designed, with his client Cheryl Tiegs in mind, for the 1986 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. "I had done Kips Bay seven times and never gotten any work from it, so that year I decided I would do something completely over the top," Neas remembers. "There was a half million dollars of eighteenth-century French, English, and Italian furniture in that room, and the Gilmours went mad for it."

Presented with a down-at-the-heels apartment that had not seen a stroke of freshening since the 1950s, when it was home to singer Lanny Ross, Neas says his sole directive was to achieve the showcase atmosphere of a great French country house. The designer does not hesitate to use the word "château" to describe the feeling they wanted to suggest, and he is flattered when friends tell him the apartment looks as if the Gilmours sent for a decorator from France to do it. Neas was positively fastidious about details, from the finely sculpted moldings to the practically invisible light switches. "The overall look was inspired by classic French château decoration, but the upholstered furniture has the kind of comfort the English cherish," says Neas of the most ambitious and extravagant commission of his 21-year career. "All the Louis are represented, but there are none of those big stiff French pieces that are impressive enough but not all that comfortable. The rooms, in pale beiges and inky blues with red accents, reflect a collector with diverse interests. The Gilmours would have been bored by a pure French château, and I would too."

Neas's sole directive was to achieve the showcase atmosphere of a great French country house

While the degree of finish and quality of furnishings in the apartment would seem to guarantee owners who are intensely interested in their surroundings, Gilmour insists his home is "not an obsession." Neither, certainly, is entertaining. After several unsavory experiences with a handful of chefs, Jill Gilmour—who prefers not to stir the sauce herself—ruled out dinner parties. She decided instead to offer friends the novelty of formal teas—pots of Earl Grey, whole wheat scones, Devonshire cream, and strawberry preserves. For dinners, she says, "we have guests for cocktails at home and then take them to our favorite restaurant, La Grenouille."

Knowing that formal dinners would be rare, Neas added a combination library and sitting area at one end of the dining room and, at Jill Gilmour's behest, painted pale sky and clouds on the ceiling. "The gilded Adam dining chairs are upholstered in brown leather," Jill notes, "because I have dogs and also because I didn't want the decoration to be too formal." Neas embellished the dining room balcony that overlooks the vast salon with a pair of tall eighteenth-century iron gates that were laid horizontally to create a railing. This end of the room is flanked with wooden columns. "Before, the ceiling looked as if it was about to fall because there was nothing holding it up," says Neas, who painted the pillars to look like Caen stone from Normandy.

Caen stone reappears in a mantelpiece that the Gilmours found in Paris. The mantelpiece, together with the eighteen-foot ceiling in the salon, encouraged Neas to make a number of bold design decisions, including the addition of more than a dozen purely cosmetic off-white beams, distressed to resemble split wood. Added at right angles to two bearing beams in the salon, they give the room the visible architectural bones its scale demanded. A dull straight staircase in the entrance hall was replaced by a sinuously curving one, its railing a copy of the old ironwork in the dining room. And where the architect of the building originally placed an open terrace, Neas introduced a snugly enclosed sitting room and put painter James Alan Smith to work creating a trompe l'oeil brick and stone ceiling based on those in the vaulted arcade of the place des Vosges in Paris. A collection of richly patterned batiks that the Gilmours gathered in Indonesia appear in the room as lampshades, pillows, and upholstery on a Louis XVI chair.

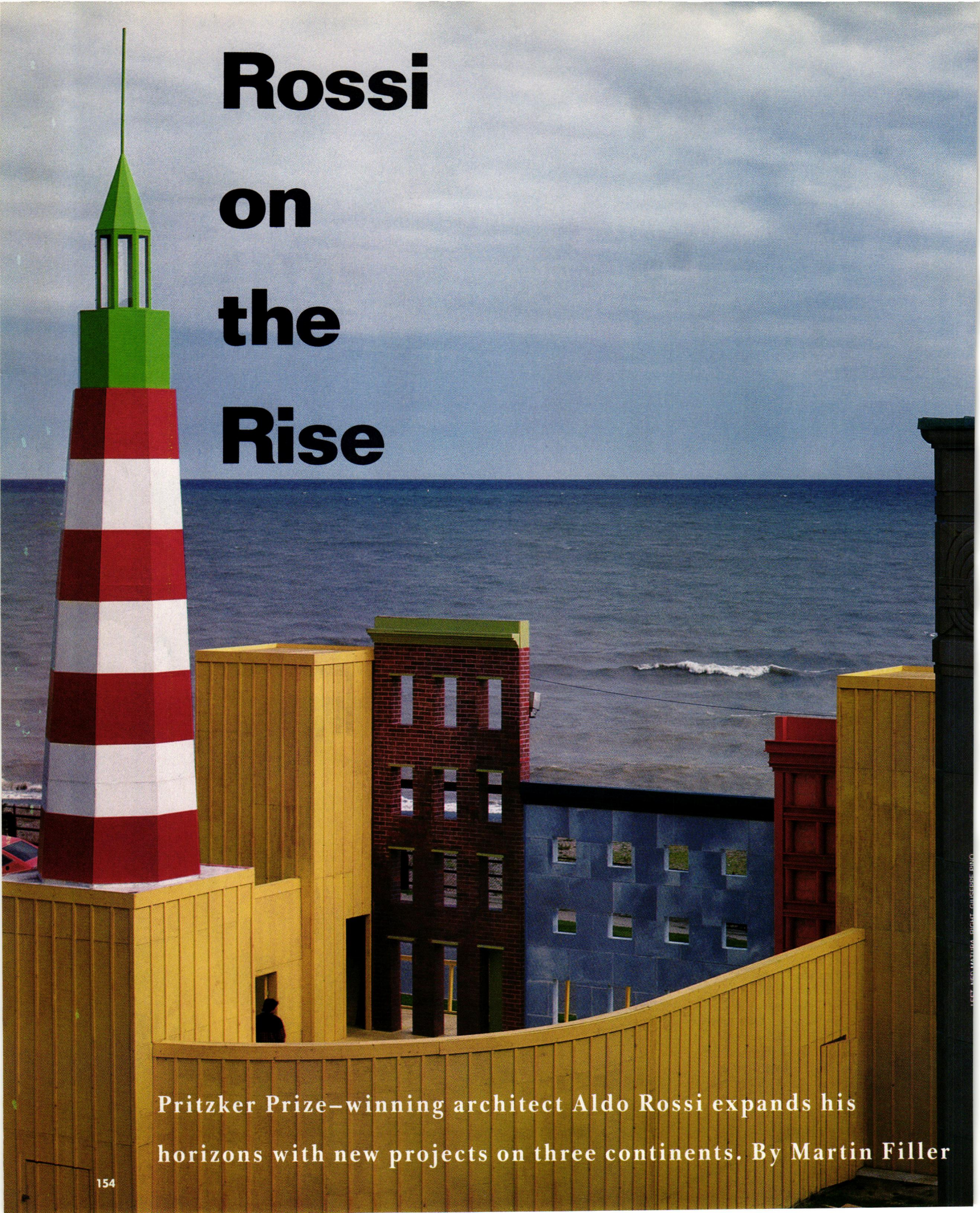
While Neas says he would "love to get his hands on a real French château," that's not the reason he recently moved part-time to France. "I decided to go to Normandy," he says, "to practice my first métier, decorative painting." In anticipation of his move, Neas taped a long list of French words, together with their English meanings, to the bathroom mirror of his New York pied-à-terre. By the time his bags were packed he had already learned that *efficace* means efficient and that *oser* means to dare. ♠ *Editor: Babs Simpson*





Neas created the illusion of greater height in the dining room, *above,* by extending the lacquered walls onto the ceiling. Robert Adam chairs surround a Louis XVI table. The far end of the room is furnished with a chesterfield sofa and reproductions of the brass bookcases Billy Baldwin made for Cole Porter. *Right:* Neas transformed a terrace into a sitting room he embellished with a trompe l'oeil ceiling and plaster walls that mimic Caen stone. *Opposite:* Peonies fill a delft tulipière in the salon.

Rossi on the Rise



Pritzker Prize–winning architect Aldo Rossi expands his horizons with new projects on three continents. By Martin Filler



The elusive Aldo Rossi takes temporary refuge behind one of the new folding chairs he designed for Alessi. *Opposite:* The architect's Toronto Lighthouse Theater, overlooking Lake Ontario, 1987–88.



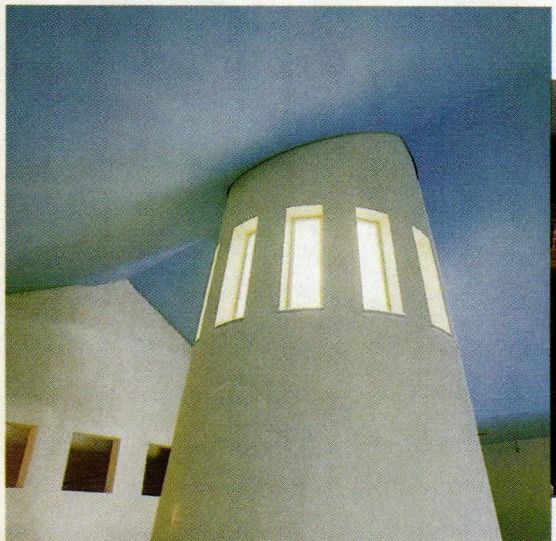
IF THE MOST COMPELLING ART ARISES from the tensions between opposites—order and accident, ugliness and beauty, timelessness and immediacy—then it is understandable why Aldo Rossi is now being acclaimed as one of the greatest architects of our time. Formal recognition of what has long been accepted as fact among his coprofessionals came in June at a ceremony in Venice where Rossi was presented with the Pritzker Architecture Prize, the self-styled Nobel of that field. Rarely has the prestigious award gone to anyone as deserving or as deceptively simple.

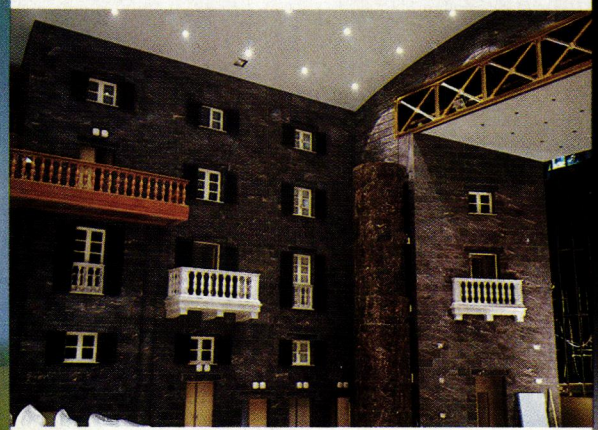
In his sixtieth year, the Milan-born Rossi retains the innocent appearance of an altar boy, but his earnest visage masks a mass of contradictions, both personal and professional. He has been at once a Catholic and a Communist, a puzzling pairing of beliefs for those not familiar with Italy's convoluted political landscape. For decades Rossi had been exceptionally ascetic, but at the onset of middle age, following a near-fatal car crash, an unexpected streak of hedonism began to emerge from his quiet nature. He was fired from his professorship at the Milan Polytechnic in 1971 for his political sympathy with protesting students and went into a voluntary three-year exile in Switzerland.

Although obsessively reclusive, he is the author of some of the most important autobiographical and philosophical writings by an architect since Frank Lloyd Wright. A dweller in the realm of architectural fantasy made visible in his incomparable drawings, Rossi is also the builder of some of the most brutally unsentimental structures during a period of extreme superficiality in architecture. His stark confrontation of death in his unforgettable cemetery buildings at Modena places his approach to the classical ideal in another league from that of his contemporaries. They tend to see that ancient tradition as an invitation to a merry picnic; for Rossi, classicism means participation in a weighty and unending historical drama.

Implicit in Rossi's Pritzker Prize is the acknowledgment that no present-day architect better understands how to incorporate the past into modern design. Rossi uses many familiar classical motifs—pediments and porticoes, cornices and colonnades—but stripped of decorative ornament and free from the cloying nostalgia into which historicism so easily descends. And he is quick to point out that he is no Gianni-come-lately postmodernist. "I began my research into tradition in architecture years before the term 'postmodern' was ever used," recalls Rossi in a rare interview,

Rossi's eight-story ossuary, *above,* and columbaria, San Cataldo Cemetery, Modena, Italy, 1971–84. *Below from left:* Two interiors in his new Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, 1982–90; model for Sapporo Tower, a restaurant in Japan, 1989; façade model for church in Cascina Bianca, near Milan, 1990; interior of El Dorado Bar, Fukuoka, Japan, 1989; Il Palazzo hotel and restaurant complex, Fukuoka, 1987–89.







TOP: TIMOTHY HURSLEY. BOTTOM FROM LEFT: FEDERICO BRUNETTI; DONATELLA BRUN; NED MATURA; STEFANO TOPUNTOLI; LUCY CHEN (2)



No present-day architect knows better than Rossi how to incorporate the past into modern design

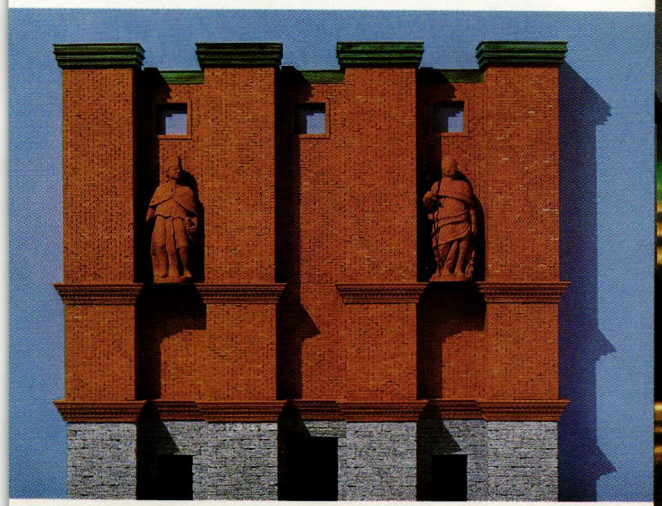
given in his University of Venice classroom not long before the Pritzker Prize was bestowed on him. His interest in tradition is not limited to the high style. He has been as much influenced by vernacular Italian farm buildings as by the great monuments of the masters. In fact, now that he is building on three continents, the question of how to deal with history—or even whose history—is raising issues that the uncommonly reflective Rossi did not have to confront during his long years of obscurity as an academic theorist and teacher.

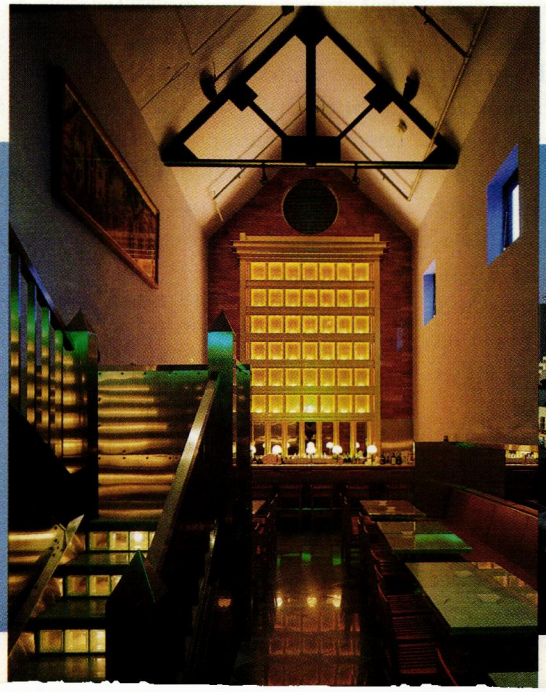
"I have always taken my ideas on architecture from every part of the world," he explains. "But at the same time I am very interested in understanding the country where I am working. For example, I've recently made some small houses in Pennsylvania. I tried to understand the American tradition, but in the end the houses are my own. I've made quotations from Palladio many times in my architecture, but if you go to Louisiana and see Palladian buildings there, it's really very different from Palladio."

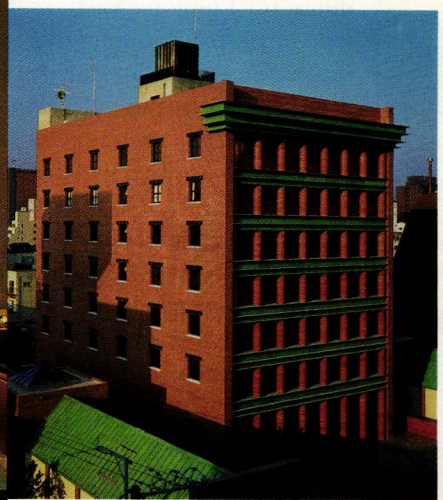
Even more of an indication of Rossi's burgeoning recognition around the world is the amount of new work he is doing in Italy, which has been notoriously inhospitable to its own best architectural talent. Among the projects Rossi has recently completed there is the new Teatro Carlo Felice in Genoa, a fountain in Milan, and a 300,000-square-foot regional government center for Perugia, the capital city of Umbria. The stately building in Perugia is not only one of his largest executed works to date but also the scheme that most resembles the paintings of Giorgio de Chirico, whose haunting surrealistic cityscapes have been a potent influence on Rossi's architectural imagery.

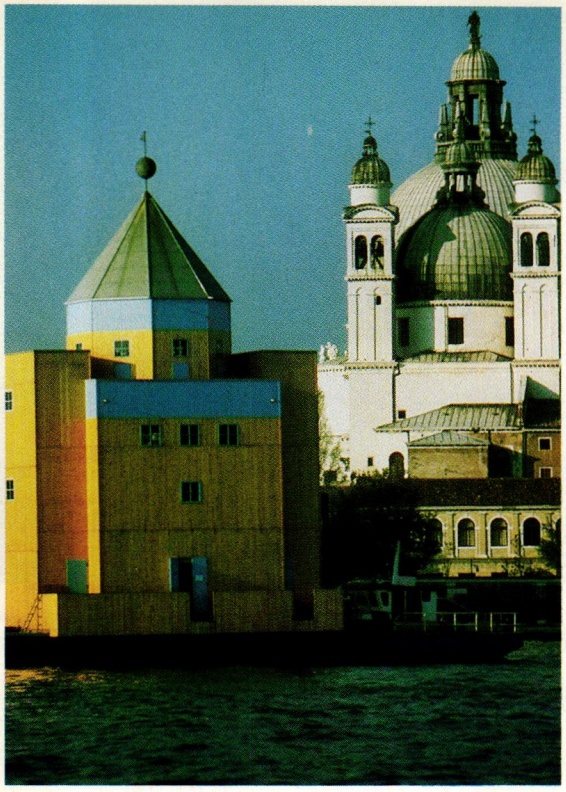
Indeed, like Chirico's dark and depopulated dream sets, Rossi's vision of metropolitan life is far from the festive atmosphere often summoned up by American architects who want us to believe that their open urban spaces will be as carefree as a sparkling midday on the Piazza San Marco. Rossi understands the pathos of daily existence in big cities—its visual bleakness, its social isolation, its spiritual alienation—and he does nothing to romanticize the harsh realities as he finds them.

On the other hand, his gentler sense of the enjoyment of domestic life, which is more acutely appreciated in Italy than almost anywhere else in the industrialized world, is uninhibited by









Does Rossi see his Florida scheme as the Epcot Center version of his own career?

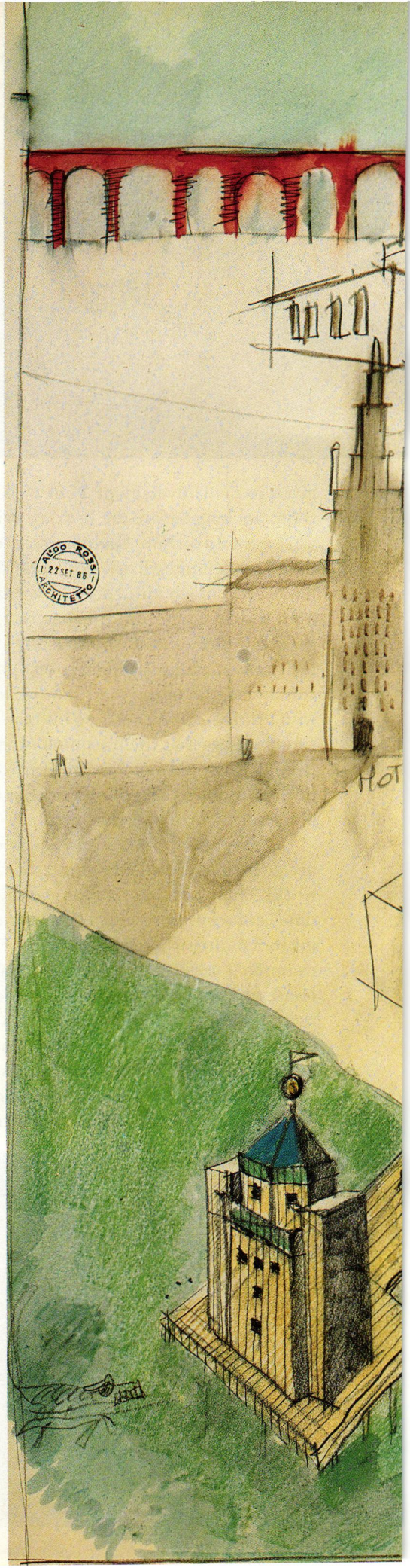
his brooding awareness of mankind's tragic tendencies. The contrast shows in his product design as it underscores those divergent points of view. "There is a continuity between domestic objects and architecture, but with a difference," says Rossi, who has designed both with equal success. "There is a difference from the point of view of feeling and spirit, but not of form."

That helps explain the monumentality with which Rossi invests his product designs, from his tea kettle and espresso maker for Alessi to his beach-cabana armoire for Longoni. Each, regardless of size, possesses a commanding architectural scale that in no way compromises its suitability, yet raises it above the decorative norm for such objects. To Rossi, the home is nothing less than stage and sanctuary in one, and his attention to its pleasures and protocols is as complete as it is in his work on the urban scale.

No less remarkable in their thoughtfulness are the architectural sketches that have made Rossi one of the most widely collected draftsmen of his generation. He is careful to draw distinctions between his capriccios and his depictions of works in progress. "They are two different mediums," he observes. "Sometimes I like to make a drawing just for its own sake, sometimes for construction. Those I make for construction are more real for me because they have more power. Not long ago in London I spent two days at the Royal Institute of British Architects looking at the drawings of Palladio, and I found them very instructive. The early Palladio, who didn't have much work, made many drawings. The late Palladio, who had much work, made fewer, but those are very full of feeling."

Rossi's gripping renderings have helped the architect, with less than a dozen built works to his credit until 1980, to convince clients around the world that he was capable of bringing his concepts to reality. Although Rossi follows the imperatives of place and moment in the genesis of architectural design, he also believes in the continuity of ideas that can unite very different sets of circumstances across geography and time. One of his most moving, and mobile, schemes is the Teatro del Mondo—Theater of the World—a temporary floating auditorium he designed in 1979 for the Venice Biennale. In that legendary city, amid some of the most resolutely unalterable sites in the world, he achieved the virtually impossible. He added, if only fleetingly, a structure that conveyed such authority and presence that after it was removed from its mooring at the Dogana, across from the Piazza San Marco, it seemed as though the architectural character of Venice had been permanently diminished.

The Teatro del Mondo might make a reappearance on our own shores. Rossi included *(Text continued on page 210)*



Rossi's 1986 drawing for his University of Miami School of Architecture, *right*, now under construction in Coral Gables, includes sketches for replicas of two of his most successful earlier designs. At lower left is the Teatro del Mondo, built in 1979, and, center opposite, his Segrate monument and fountain of 1965. *Above:* The floating Teatro del Mondo, when moored at the Dogana in Venice in 1979.

LEFT: MARIA IDA BIGGI. RIGHT: NED MATURA


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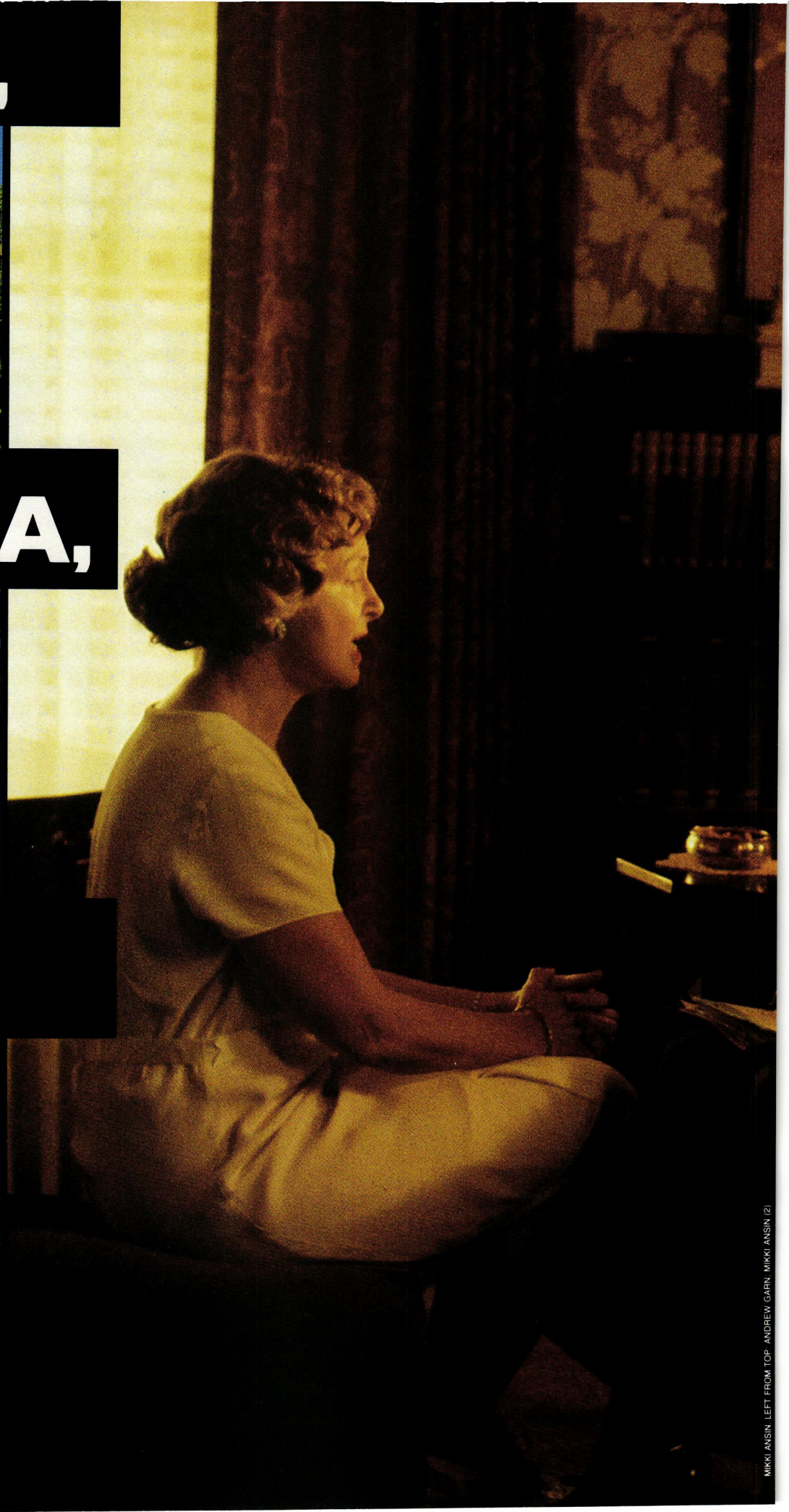
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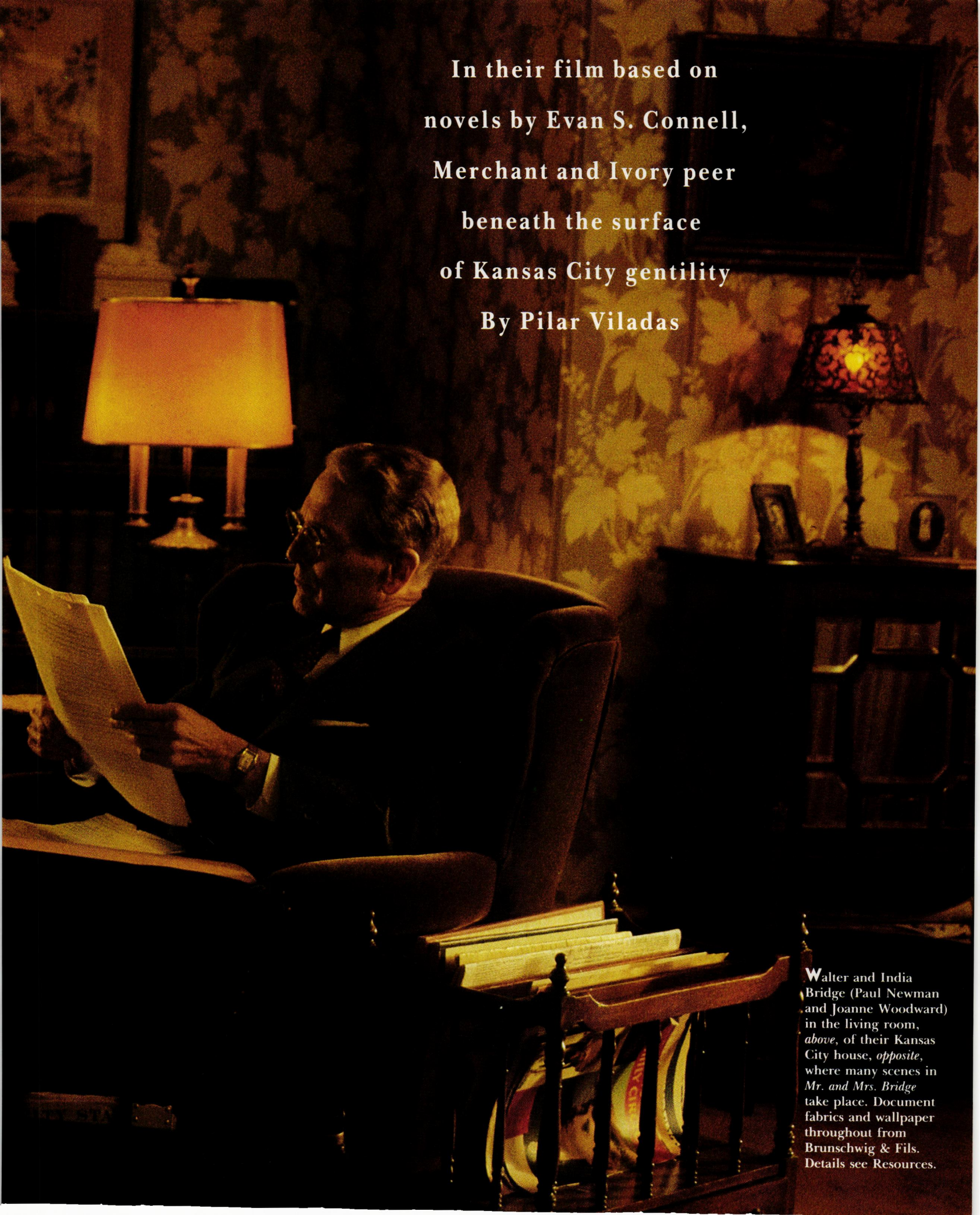
ROOM



MIKKI ANSIN. LEFT FROM TOP: ANDREW GARN; MIKKI ANSIN (2)

In their film based on novels by Evan S. Connell, Merchant and Ivory peer beneath the surface of Kansas City gentility

By Pilar Viladas



Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) in the living room, *above*, of their Kansas City house, *opposite*, where many scenes in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* take place. Document fabrics and wallpaper throughout from Brunschwig & Fils. Details see Resources.

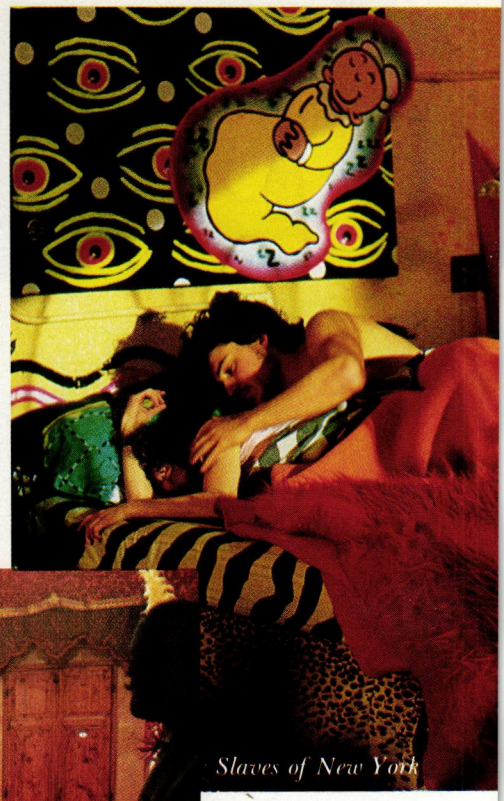
ON A QUIET TREE-lined Kansas City street, a white clapboard house sits primly atop a generous rolling lawn. Roses climb the trellis at the front door. Inside, the morning mail is stacked neatly on the hall table. Honey-colored sunlight pours through the windows of the tasteful but slightly frumpy living room. In one corner, comfortable armchairs—brown mohair for the man of the house, floral-printed cotton with a crocheted antimacassar for the lady—are placed near a large radio console.

Upstairs in the girls' room, cabbage rose wallpaper and checked curtains vie for attention with knickknacks, perfume bottles, and mementos; the inside of the closet door is plastered with a collage of movie star photographs. In the boy's room, wooden model airplanes hang from the ceiling, and one wall is covered with a map of the United States with airline routes marked by tacks and string. A catcher's mask hangs on the closet doorknob, and Hardy Boys mysteries are neatly stacked in the bookcase upon which sits a sign that reads BUSTER BROWN SHOES ARE SOLD HERE.

Welcome to the Bridge house. Never mind that the roses are artificial, the furniture is borrowed, the sunlight's golden hue comes from colored gels stuck to the windows, or that the dining room has a large ungainly photographer's light affixed to the ceiling instead of a chandelier. It may only be a movie set, but to anyone who has read *Mrs. Bridge* and *Mr. Bridge,* Evan S. Connell's semiautobiographical novels of upper-middle-class Kansas City in the 1930s and '40s, it is so powerfully evocative that you feel suddenly transported into the books themselves, as if Walter or India Bridge could appear at any moment.

In fact, it is Paul Newman or Joanne Woodward who could appear at any moment, because they are playing the unflaggingly proper, emotionally distant protagonists of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge,* Merchant Ivory Productions' soon-to-





The Bridges in the country club dining room, *above. Opposite:* Producer Ismail Merchant, at left, and director James Ivory. *Right* and *below:* A retrospective of Merchant-Ivory films.

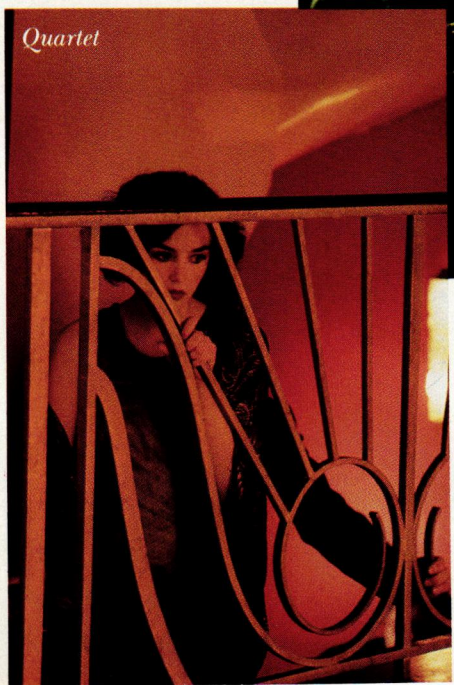


A Room with a View

Slaves of New York

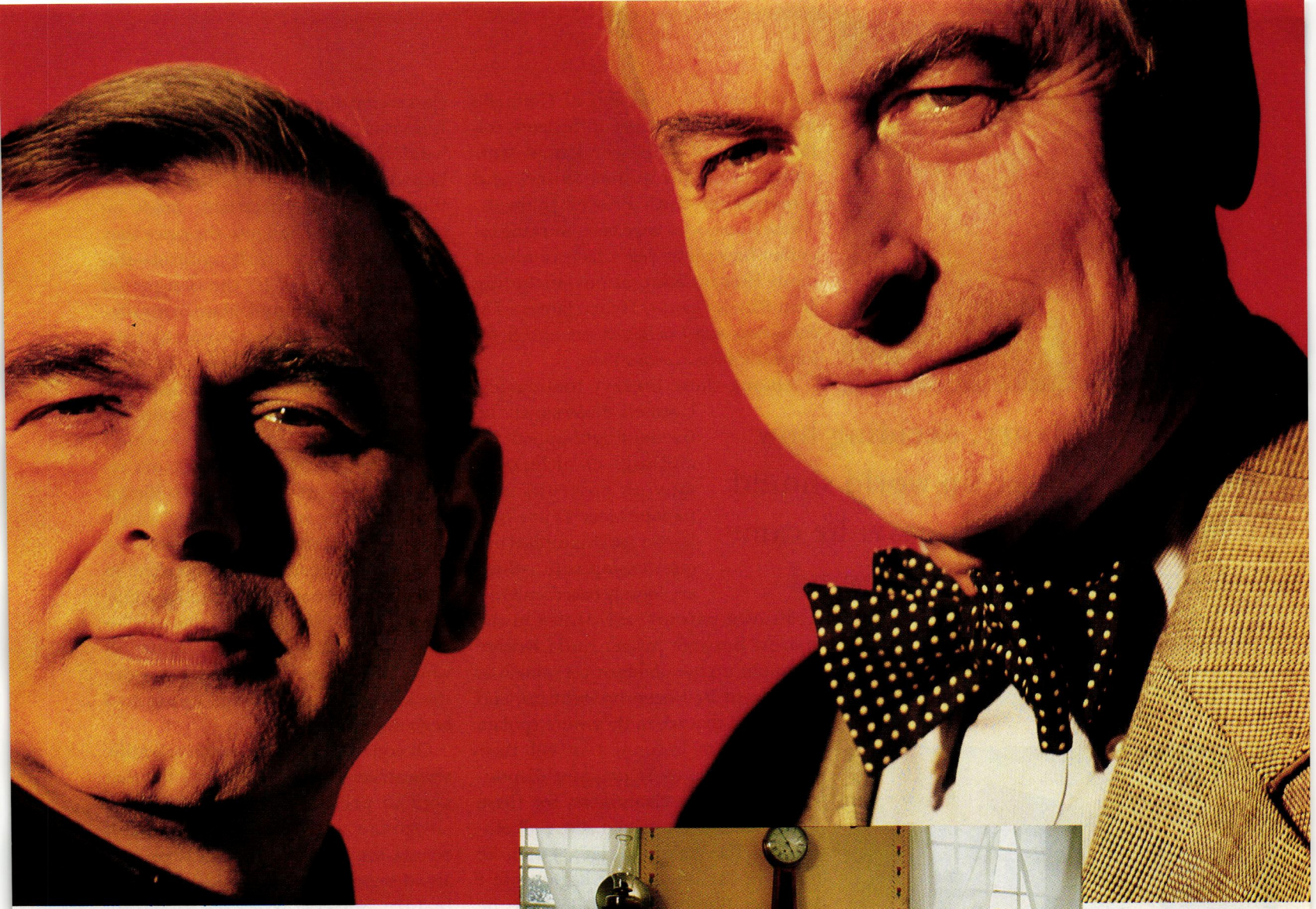


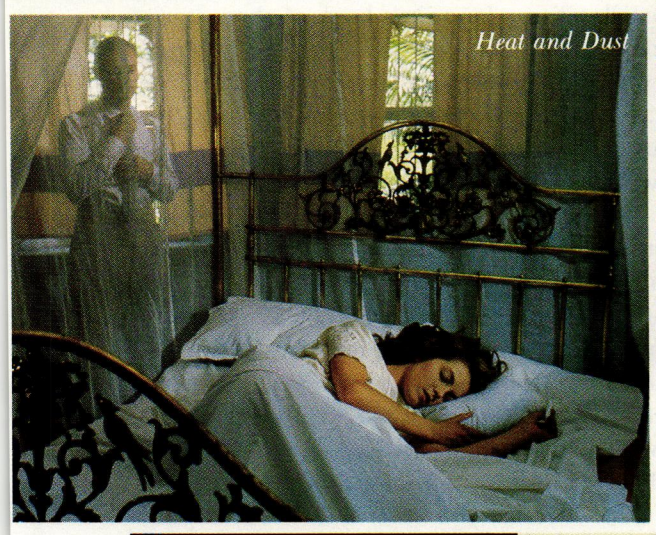
Maurice



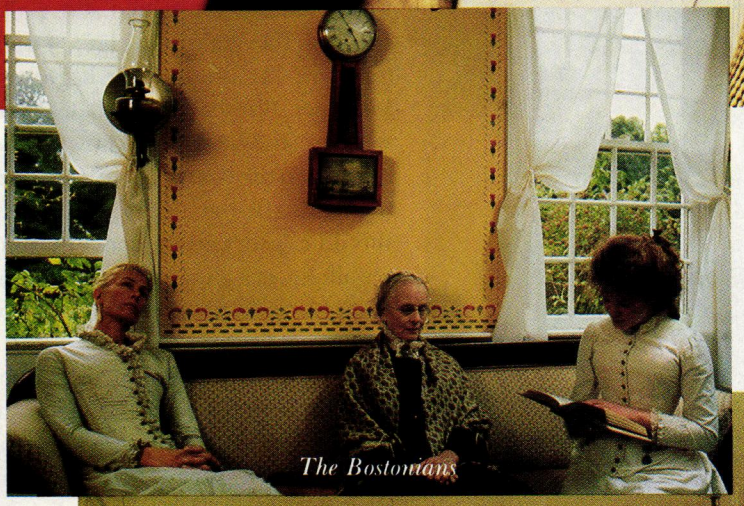
Quartet

FROM TOP: ANDREW GARN; JOEL WARREN; SARAH QUILL; JON GARDEY; ASSOCIATION DES AMIS DE JACQUES-HENRI LARTIGUE, PARIS





Heat and Dust



The Bostonians

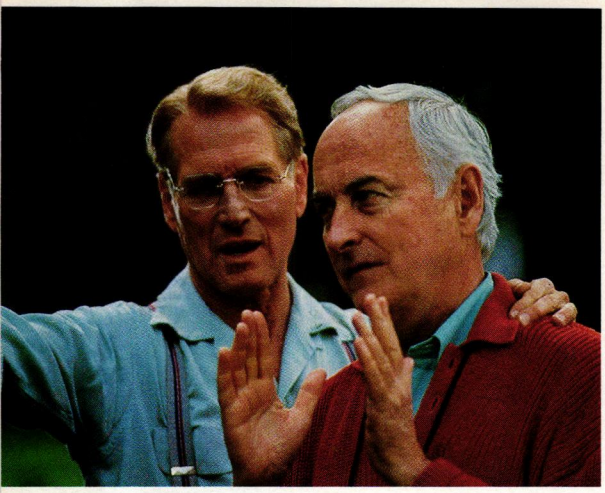
The Europeans





Bombay Talkie

GROOMING: RICKY QUESADA FOR VICKI COLE; KARAN KAPOOR; CHRISTOPHER CORMACK; COURTESY MERCHANT IVORY PRODUCTIONS; CHRISTOPHER CORMACK



be-released film version of Connell's novels and the product of the latest collaboration of producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory, and screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. These three, who have been working together for over 25 years, have produced many literary adaptations, including Jean Rhys's *Quartet,* Henry James's *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians,* and E. M. Forster's *A Room with a View.*

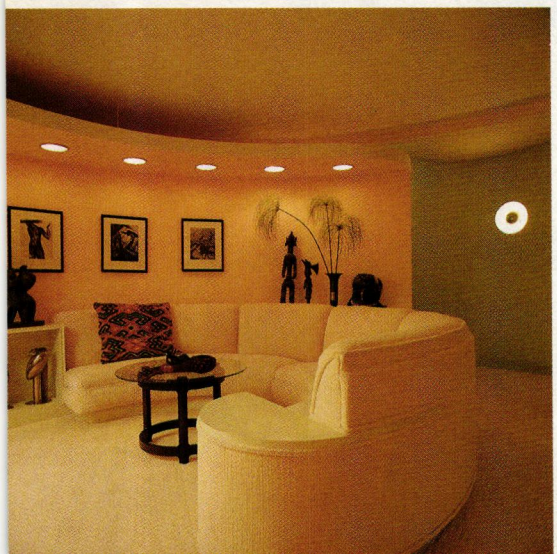
Among these literary luminaries, Connell must surely be the most tight-lipped; his chilling yet ultimately moving portraits of a prosperous repressed lawyer and his dutiful unquestioning wife (which are loosely based on Connell's own parents) are drawn in the sparest possible prose. India Bridge "brought up her children very much as she herself had been brought up, and she hoped that when they were spoken of, it would be in connection with their nice manners, their pleasant dispositions, and their cleanliness, for these were qualities she valued above all others." As for Walter Bridge, "Often he thought: My life did not begin until I knew her. She would like to hear this, he was sure, but he did not know how to tell her. . . . So the years passed . . . and eventually Mr. Bridge decided that his wife should expect nothing more of him. After all, he was an attorney rather than a poet; he could never pretend to be what he was not."

For James Ivory, deciding how this stiff-upper-lip world should look was relatively easy; he came from just such a background



James Ivory, a former architecture student, is a director who takes an extraordinary interest in the design of his movies. Deciding how this appearances-are-everything, stiff-upper-lip world should look was relatively easy; he came from just such a background. "I grew up in a small town in Oregon, but middle-class society there was exactly like that of Kansas City," he explains. On the other hand, although Merchant and Ivory are known for their sumptuous period films—which are invariably made on impossibly small budgets, the price they pay for complete artistic control—this one was different. "It's the first period film I've done that took place in my lifetime," Ivory says. "It was harder to make decisions because I was able to be more critical. When you're dealing with the 1850s, it has to be an approximation, but there's such a record of what the world was like in the 1940s." In fact, Ivory refers to the design of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* as a "scientific reconstruction," which meant, for example, finding a house that was architecturally appropriate to the mood of the story—"something buttoned-up and New England–looking"—and then finding another house in which to shoot the kitchen scenes, since the kitchen in the Bridge house had been modernized.

Of course, there's art in this scientific reconstruction, and the credit for that goes to production designer David Gropman and art director Karen Schulz, the husband and wife team who also designed Merchant and Ivory's last feature, *Slaves of New York,* based on Tama Janowitz's book of short stories. (Also responsible for the look of *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* are cinematographer Tony Pierce-Roberts, who worked on *A Room with a View* and *Slaves of New York,* and costume designer Carol Ramsey, another *Slaves* veteran.) "It is difficult to represent a family that is conservative in both taste and spending habits," explains Gropman. "If the house looks a little stodgy and simple, it's an accurate reflection of the period and the family." Inevitably, he walked a fine line between understatement and overstatement. "In movies you usually have to overdesign, because you never know what the camera is going to see and how much is going to make it onto the screen. But in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge* you could take this idea too far. For instance, though we made sure to include all the objects of everyday life, we couldn't leave personal items lying around in the rooms, because Mrs.

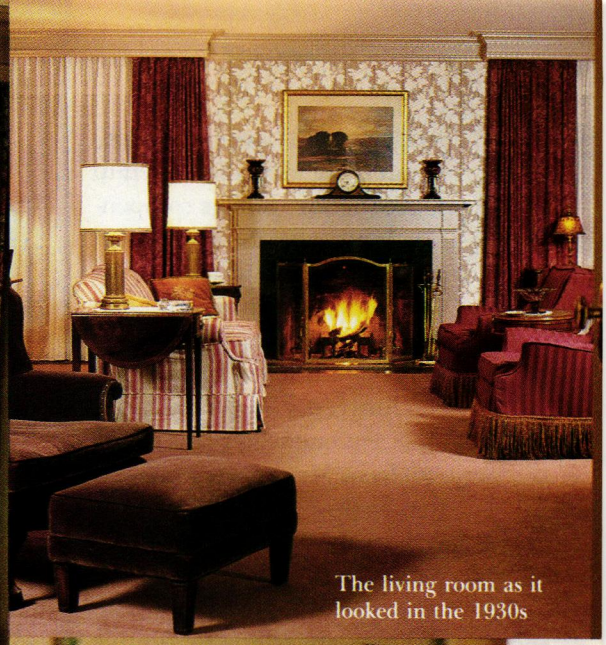


Paul Newman and James Ivory, *top left. Above left:* A 1937 Kansas City house serves in the film as the house of psychiatrist Dr. Sauer. *Left:* The interior retains architect Kem Weber's original built-in seating. *Opposite:* In the Bridge house, production designer David Gropman sought to capture the atmosphere of an upper-middle-class household in the 1930s and '40s, redecorating the living room to reflect each decade's taste.

LEFT FROM TOP: MIKKI ANSIN; ANDREW GARN (2). RIGHT: ANDREW GARN



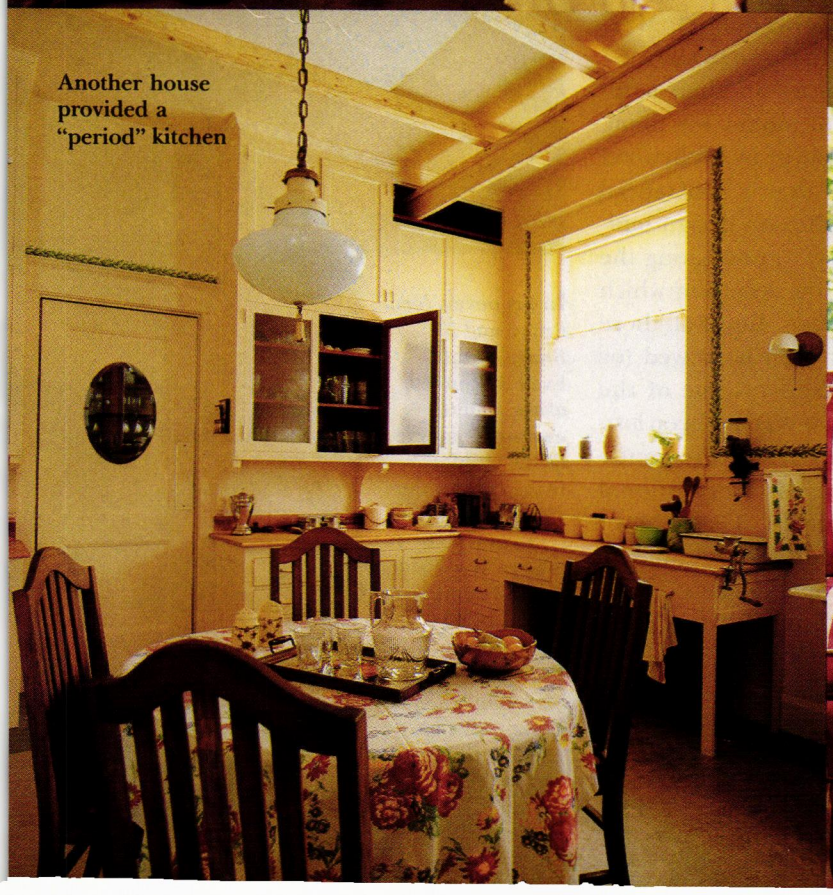
The living room in the 1940s



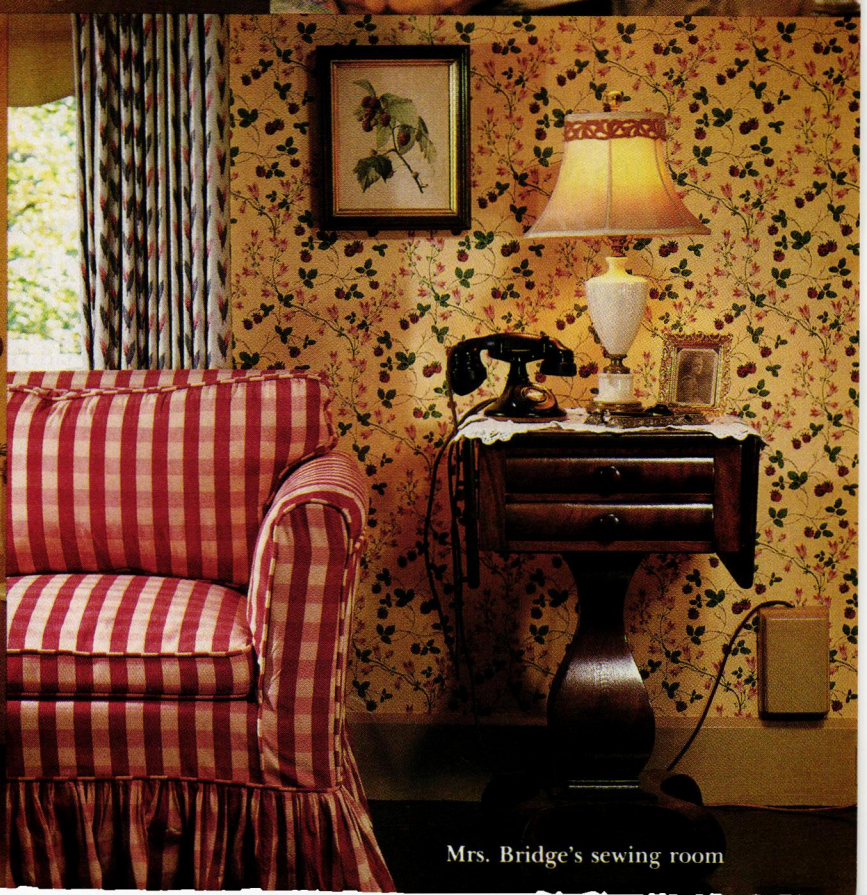
The living room as it looked in the 1930s



Production designer David Gropman



Another house provided a "period" kitchen



Mrs. Bridge's sewing room



Bridge would have immediately put them away. So I tried to make the furnishings compensate for that. In the living room corner, his chair is near the radio; hers has knitting left on it. There are two small bookcases; hers has a whole shelf devoted to children's books, because she's the one who reads to the children. Mr. Bridge's has history books."

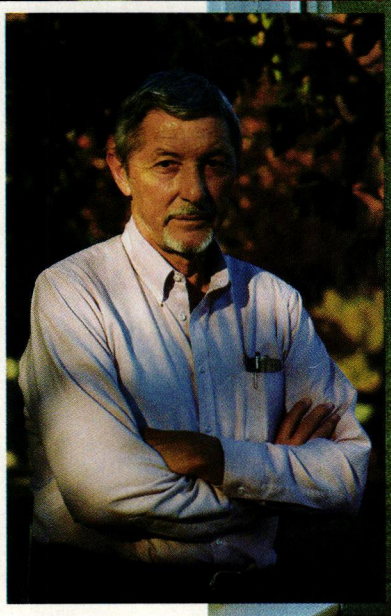
Since the movie spans two decades, it was important to change with the times. The Bridges abandon the double bed they share at the beginning of the film for the more "modern" twin beds of the 1940s (these also symbolize the vagaries of conjugal bliss over the course of twenty-some years of marriage). Gropman redecorated the living room to reflect the change in taste from the thirties to the forties: a restrained palette of burgundy and gray gives way in the next decade to more cheerful, although slightly less elegant, greens and yellows. "The textbook design of the thirties was very simple, in continued reaction to the Victorian era." Moreover, explains Gropman, Ivory didn't want the film to have the "quaint charming look of so many period films. It takes you out of the movie,

"In movies you usually overdesign, because you never know what the camera is going to see"

and all of a sudden you're thinking, where can I get a chair like that?"

Gropman and Schulz did extensive research in books, magazines, and showroom brochures, and they looked at numerous photographs of houses, including the one nearby in which Evan Connell grew up. The fact that the film was shot in the same Kansas City neighborhood added extra layers of meaning to its design. A lamp in Douglas Bridge's room was made by Evan Connell as a boy, some of the borrowed furniture belonged to people who knew the Connell family, and much of Mrs. Bridge's treasured silverware belonged to Connell's mother. It was lent by his sister, Barbara Zimmermann, who became an unofficial arbiter of authenticity on costume as well as set design.

The reason that so much was borrowed for the film was budget. Merchant and Ivory had more than $7 million to work with—an almost unheard-of amount of money for them, but still a slender purse by Hollywood standards. And of that, a substantial portion of the production design budget went, says Ivory, to re-creating the Moulin Rouge for the scenes in which the Bridges go to Paris. But if all those furnishings hadn't been borrowed (or bought in thrift shops), some of the film's atmosphere would have been lost. "There's something about the gentle wear and tear that has an emotional quality," explains Schulz. "That's true of locations, too." Indeed, some of the film's other locations—historic Longview Farm in Lee's Summit, Missouri (a mansion which became the country club on screen), the long-abandoned but intact Aztec Room at the President Hotel (also the *(Text continued on page 210)*





In his novels *Mrs. Bridge* and *Mr. Bridge*, author Evan S. Connell, *above*, paints evocative pictures of the children's lives. *Top:* In the film, Ruth and Carolyn's room (where Mrs. Bridge sits with Ruth, played by Kyra Sedgwick) is filled with young girls' mementos. *Right:* Douglas Bridge's room is all boy.

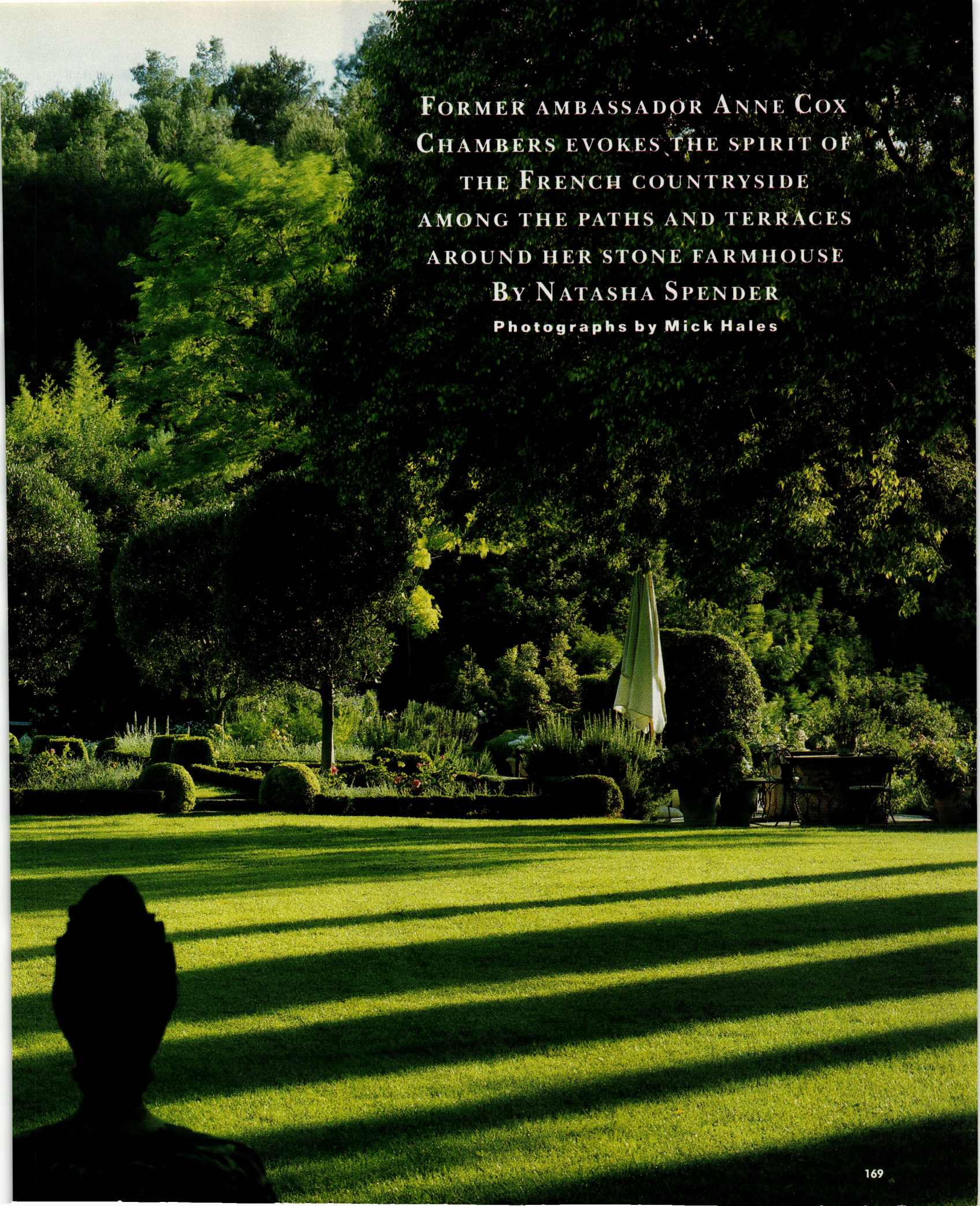


CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT. MIKKI ANSIN. ANDREW GARN (2)



Outside the house a cypress allée climbs to a hidden swimming pool. Rosemary Verey's round topiary olive trees punctuate a formal rose garden laid out by Anne Cox Chambers with Peter Coats and the late Roderick Cameron.

Shades of Provence



Former ambassador Anne Cox Chambers evokes the spirit of the French countryside among the paths and terraces around her stone farmhouse

By Natasha Spender

Photographs by Mick Hales



AS SHE NEARED THE END OF HER years as United States ambassador to Belgium, Anne Cox Chambers found herself reluctant to leave the French-speaking corner of Europe she had always loved and set about looking for a permanent home in southern France. Knowing that the unquiet life of the Côte d'Azur was not for her, she decided to explore Provence. On her first visit she was met by a real estate agent bearing an album of gloomily grandiose châteaux, the French stereotype of American taste abroad. This was not at all what Anne had in mind, and to her relief the agent returned with examples of the old farmhouse, or mas, characteristic of the region. An initial foray to view properties near Aix-en-Provence discouraged her: despite memories of Cézanne's Mont-Sainte-Victoire, the gaunt unyielding landscape with its rash of modern houses proved disappointing. She was tempted to abandon the quest, but politeness toward her eager young guide prevailed.

Then, returning via Cavaillon to Saint-Rémy-de-Provence, Anne saw the dramatic jagged peaks of the Alpilles—the limestone mountain range beyond which the wide flatlands of the Crau and the Camargue stretch to the Mediterranean—and the landscape cast its spell. At the western tip of the Alpilles, a stone's throw from the Romanesque chapel of Saint-Gabriel, the agent drove up a steep rutted lane until he reached the hidden enclave of Le Petit Fontanille, a simple spacious mas with a large barn. The ancient site (a Roman aqueduct and coins had been found there) was completely encircled by mountain slopes except on the northwest, where a view opened far across the plain to Tarascon. Looking away from the house

Anne Cox Chambers, *left,* with plantsman Ryan Gainey. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* The front door of the mas is flanked by topiary bays and shaded by grapevines. Stone walls enclose a potager and cutting garden inspired by a 17th-century English plan. Pots of oleander stand outside the pool pavilion, formerly a French village laundry. From the garden terrace one can see as far as Tarascon. A pair of antique urns mark the summit of the cypress allée. Wildflowers are sown annually in the meadow.

NOËLLE HOEPPE













back into the Alpilles, Anne faced an allée of slim towering cypresses ascending to a wild maquis-clad ridge, but leading apparently nowhere. Her imagination was immediately kindled. Here could be a focal point, a statue perhaps, or an obelisk, with maybe another approach along a meandering path. Le Petit Fontanille presented an irresistible invitation to create a garden.

No sooner was Anne in possession of the property than she invited the English garden designer Peter Coats to advise her. "Well, it's no Versailles," he remarked, "and you can't make it one, but you have beautiful trees." All garden designers crave the bonus of mature trees. And there were tall graceful acacias, *Sophora japonica,* gleditsia with its feathery pale green spring foliage, and the deeper toned micocoulier, the tree that shadows the public gardens at Arles, painted by Van Gogh. The trees are underplanted with the strong sculptural shapes of palm and yucca, *Fatsia japonica,* and ligularia.

Anne and Peter's first project was to turn an arid tract in front of the house into a spacious lawn and to transform the unkempt barnyard into a stone-paved terrace. They made a small formal rose garden that leads to a circular stone basin, bordered in spring with cream and pale pink tulips. Shallow grassy steps were made on the slope of the allée, near which Anne and Peter added more clumps of cypresses, two marking the entrance to a new serpentine walk through quietly contrasting foliage. The ice gray leaves of the oleaster 'Olivier de Bohême' and eucalyptus have airy phantomlike tones, especially at dusk. Darker accents of *Prunus pissardii,* purple berberis, rich blue ceanothus, and glossy choisyas glow against pale roses, banksia, *Hibiscus syriacus,* and small crape myrtles, whose trunks shine like twisted skeins of beige silk. On a blazing summer day this inspired subtle planting *(Text continued on page 212)*



Clipped ribbons of gray and green santolina frame beds of herbs and vegetables in a potager enclosed by walls and latticework. To the left of the far wall, bushy rosemary hedges parallel neat rows of lavender.





London textile and antiques dealer Christopher Hodsoll is at home with the past in his flat in Warwick Square

By Andrew Solomon

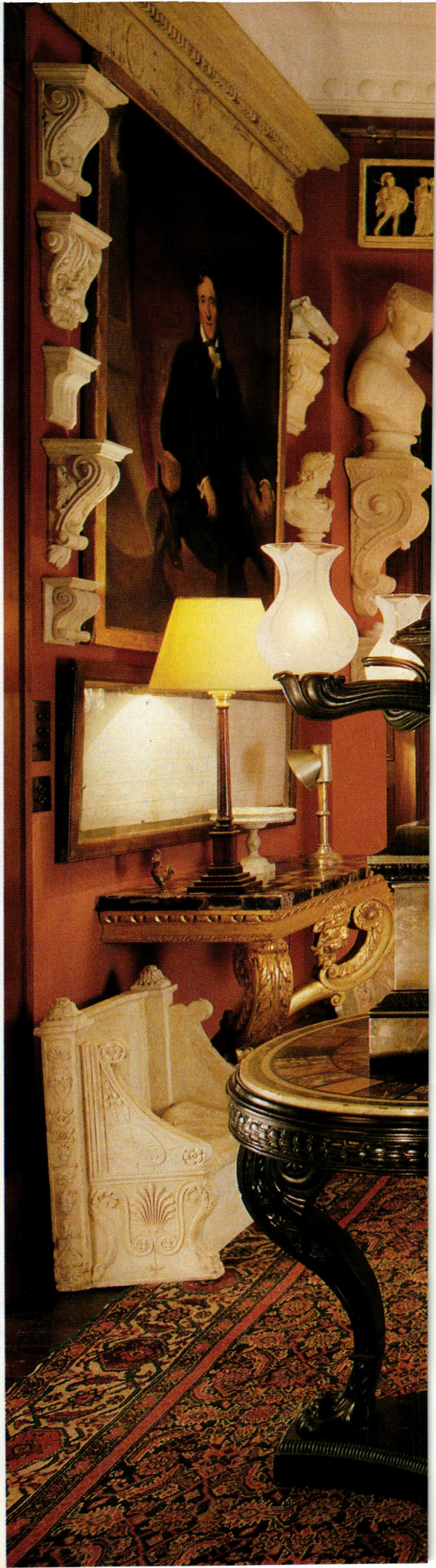
Photographs by James Mortimer

Remaking History

CHRISTOPHER HODSOLL'S FLAT IN WARWICK SQUARE IS rather grand. Everything in it is chunky and faded and satisfying: big comfortable chairs upholstered in worn sienna red leather, large oak bookcases with plaster busts on the shelves and rings from glasses on the wood, huge paneled double doors to every room, and enormous time-misted mirrors over the fireplaces, reflecting everything—including yourself—as though through the haze of memory.

Hodsoll is not unlike his furnishings—easygoing, overstuffed, comfortable, but visibly aware of his impressive station. The owner of Bennison, the antiques shop on Pimlico Road where Geoffrey Bennison delivered his definitive judgments on British grandeur for almost twenty years, as well as Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, a textile shop just down the street, Hodsoll regularly resorts to the word "cozy" to characterize both his shops and his apartment. It is not a word that springs immediately to mind to describe rooms with twenty-foot ceilings, fireplaces larger than many London kitchens, and desks with tops the size of skating rinks. And yet it is not an inapposite word. The effect of these rooms is human and intimate even when they seem to ooze history from their vast surfaces; one understands how Hodsoll and Sarah Bradley, with whom he lives, can let their two-year-old daughter, Georgiana, run merrily through their elegant apartment.

When Hodsoll bought the flat, it was, except for the bedroom, a shell. All the period details have been restored, reconstructed, or imported. The fireplaces are old ones, but



The rooms of Christopher Hodsoll's London flat are grand but inviting. Hodsoll, with his girlfriend, Sarah Bradley, *above*, characterizes the entrance hall, *right*, as a "rip-off of the Soane Museum." Its sienna red walls set off plaster casts of ancient details, and a disc motif in the custom molding is elaborated by round forms such as the inlaid tabletop and Atlas's globe. Details see Resources.




MOTOR SPORT



An assortment of crackled leather furniture from the 1840s converses in the drawing room, where golden hand-stenciled walls help to avoid an oppressive feeling. *Opposite:* The shelves contain such curiosities as a blowfish and a stuffed mole.



The effect of these rooms is human even when they seem to ooze history

they came from a dealer; the doors are old ones, but the doorframes were built to suit them. The ceiling moldings were made to Hodsoll's own design, a series of discs on a flat ground below a simple cove, as though someone had glued a row of giant M&M's around the top of the room and painted them white. The motif of the disc recurs everywhere. There are ebonized circles at the corners of the doorframes and rosettes at the corners of the Victorian fireplace in the dining room. Three round dots, like an ellipsis, run across the backs of the reproduction dining chairs. The disc is echoed more subtly by the orb on Atlas's shoulders in the entrance hall, by the globe and the round mirror in the drawing room, and by circular end tables everywhere. The shape is an emblem of fullness and of balance, and fullness and balance are hallmarks of the place.

The entrance hall—"an out-and-out rip-off of the Soane Museum," says Hodsoll—is painted sienna red and covered in architectural fragments. These are mostly nineteenth-century plaster casts of ancient details—the capital of a pilaster here, the toe of a caryatid there, a nose or a bracket or a piece of a frieze in studied contrast to an acanthus leaf or a lion's paw. At the center of the room is an inlaid table, and in one corner the brooding figure of Atlas, his shoulders hunched forward and the world balanced in the crook of his neck. The hall is at the center of a radiant plan: the drawing room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, and a guest bathroom are all accessible from it.

In the drawing room, the walls have been hand-stenciled in a giant pattern of the flocked wallpaper/Victorian brocade variety, but this has been done in golden yellow on cream, pigments brought back from Morocco, and it is part of why the room, for all its heavy furnishings, is so appealing. It has the breath of history upon it but is never too formal, never oppressive. The bookcases are devoid of books and full of Victorian quiddity: a collection of crystals mounted on a wooden stand, a blowfish preserved by some miracle of nineteenth-century science, a marble miniature of the Arch of Constantine brought back from a grand tour. There are quasi-ancient vases with big handles and narrow necks and there are lumps of coral and there are shells. An albino mole is taxidermized in a box with a tuft of grass and a little panorama. It's like a cross between a Wunderkammer and a child's fantasy, a combination of the exotic and the bizarre.

The dining room is marginally more restrained. Here the bookcases are full of books, but there are all manner of items piled on the mantel. The table, made by Robert Jupe in the mid-nineteenth century, is a massive oaken number that can extend to seat fifty. We had lunch in the dining room, served on big plates, the silver weighty and satisfying to hold, the cut-glass goblets helping the pale yellow wine refract afternoon light from the Warwick Square *(Text continued on page 212)*





Another view of the drawing room, *above*, shows curtains in handwoven fabric from Hodsoll McKenzie. All fabrics in the house are available through Clarence House. *Right* and *opposite:* The dining room features an oak table that extends to seat fifty and Hodsoll-designed chairs from Bennison, London, with inlaid ebony rondels that continue the disc theme. *Below:* Unpainted plaster walls lend a restrained effect to the bedroom and complement a mid 19th century opera design and an early 18th century Chinese watercolor of a bank. Ziegler rugs from the 19th century grace rooms throughout the house.



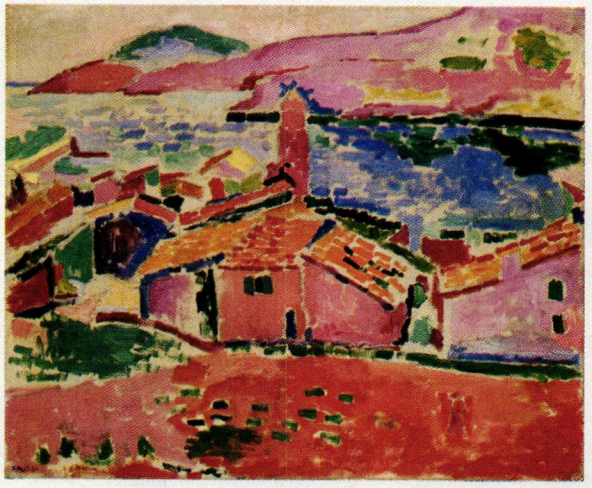




Brush Fire

For a brief moment, the fauve painters shed a new light on the landscape in art

By Rosamond Bernier



IN THE SUMMER OF 1888, IN A LETTER TO HIS YOUNG PAINTER friend Émile Bernard, Vincent van Gogh said something that has resounded throughout the twentieth century: "More and more it seems to me that the pictures which must be painted to make present-day painting completely itself and raise it to a height equal to the serene peaks which were attained by the Greek sculptors, the German musicians, and the French novelists, are beyond the power of one isolated individual. They will therefore probably be created by a group of men combining together to execute an idea held in common." This was to be true of cubism, of German expressionism, of dada and surrealism, of Russian constructivism, of American abstract expressionism, and of much that has happened everywhere since the end of World War II. And nowhere was Van Gogh's pronouncement more immediately borne out than in the work of the fauve painters.

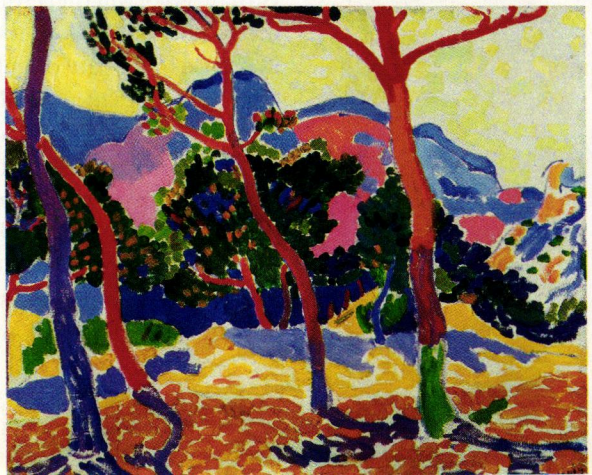
What happened is the subject of an exhibition, "The Fauve Landscape," which

Matisse painted *View of Collioure, above,* in 1905, the year the fauves exhibited together at the Salon d'Automne. *Left:* Color explodes in a detail from the same landscape.

HERMITAGE MUSEUM, LENINGRAD. BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ARS, NEW YORK. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Braque's *Boats on the Beach, L'Estaque,* 1906, *above.* Derain's *The Trees, below,* and detail, *opposite,* epitomizes the fauves' arbitrary way with color

opens October 4 at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (the show will later be seen at the Metropolitan Museum in New York February 19–May 5 and at the Royal Academy in London June 10–September 1; the catalogue will be published next month by Abbeville Press). The artists include Henri Matisse, André Derain, Raoul Dufy, Georges Braque, Henri Manguin, Albert Marquet, and Maurice de Vlaminck, and the exhibition is above all an ecstatic and delirious explosion of color. Fauve landscape is about headlong spontaneity, about heightened sensation, about simplified imagery, and about color set free from the drudgery of description. Every visitor to the show can count on leaving it in a state of exhilaration.



It is important to know that fauve is the French word for a wild and dangerous beast. When the painters in question were shown together at the Salon d'Automne in Paris in 1905, a critic thought that, far from being a part of the Parisian art world of the day, they were like wild beasts straight from the jungle. So he called them "les fauves." The name stuck. Fauves they are to this day. And between 1905 and 1908 they saw to it that, in one important aspect at any rate, painting did truly become "completely itself." In fauve painting the role of color was not to identify or mimic the achievements of nature. Color

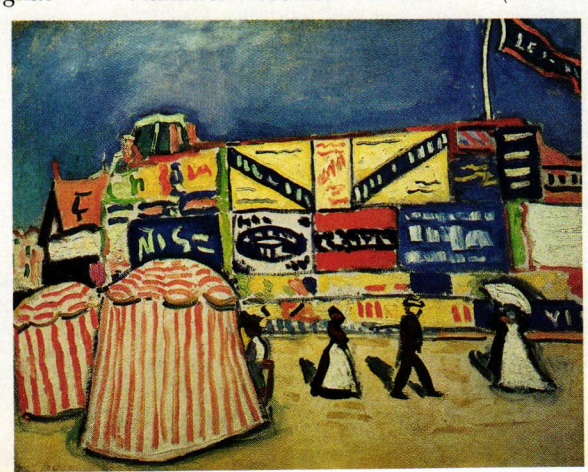
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was set free to lead its own life, and the effect of that uncorseted liberty is not yet exhausted.

It was not a new ambition. Paul Gauguin had already urged it upon colleagues in 1888, when he was working at Pont-Aven in Brittany. "Don't copy from nature too much," he advised. Color could speak a language of its own, he said, and it would be for his successors to bring that about. And there were Georges Seurat and his friends—above all, Paul Signac—who believed that they had cracked the secret of color with their use of the dot as the unit of painterly expression. "The triumphant colorist has only to appear," Signac had said. "We have prepared his palette for him." But the fauves were not interested, as Gauguin had been, in elaborate symbolism or in the expression of esoteric inward states. They were not interested in Signac's beloved dot. Nor did they work as members of a blood brotherhood, as Signac and his circle had done.

Matisse was all the more open to fauvist ideas because he had spent a summer near Signac in 1904 and did not feel, as Signac did, that the future of painting would spring entirely from the painstaking use of the color dot. "One cannot live in a house that is too well-kept, a house tended by country aunts," Matisse said later. "One has to go off into the jungle." For reasons such as this, he had become close to André Derain and Maurice de Vlaminck in 1901. Derain and Vlaminck were best friends. *(Text continued on page 208)*



In works such as his 1906 *Landscape near Chatou, above,* Vlaminck pressed paint right from the tube onto the canvas. Painted the same year, Albert Marquet's *Posters at Trouville, left,* and detail, *right,* was inspired by the passing scene.

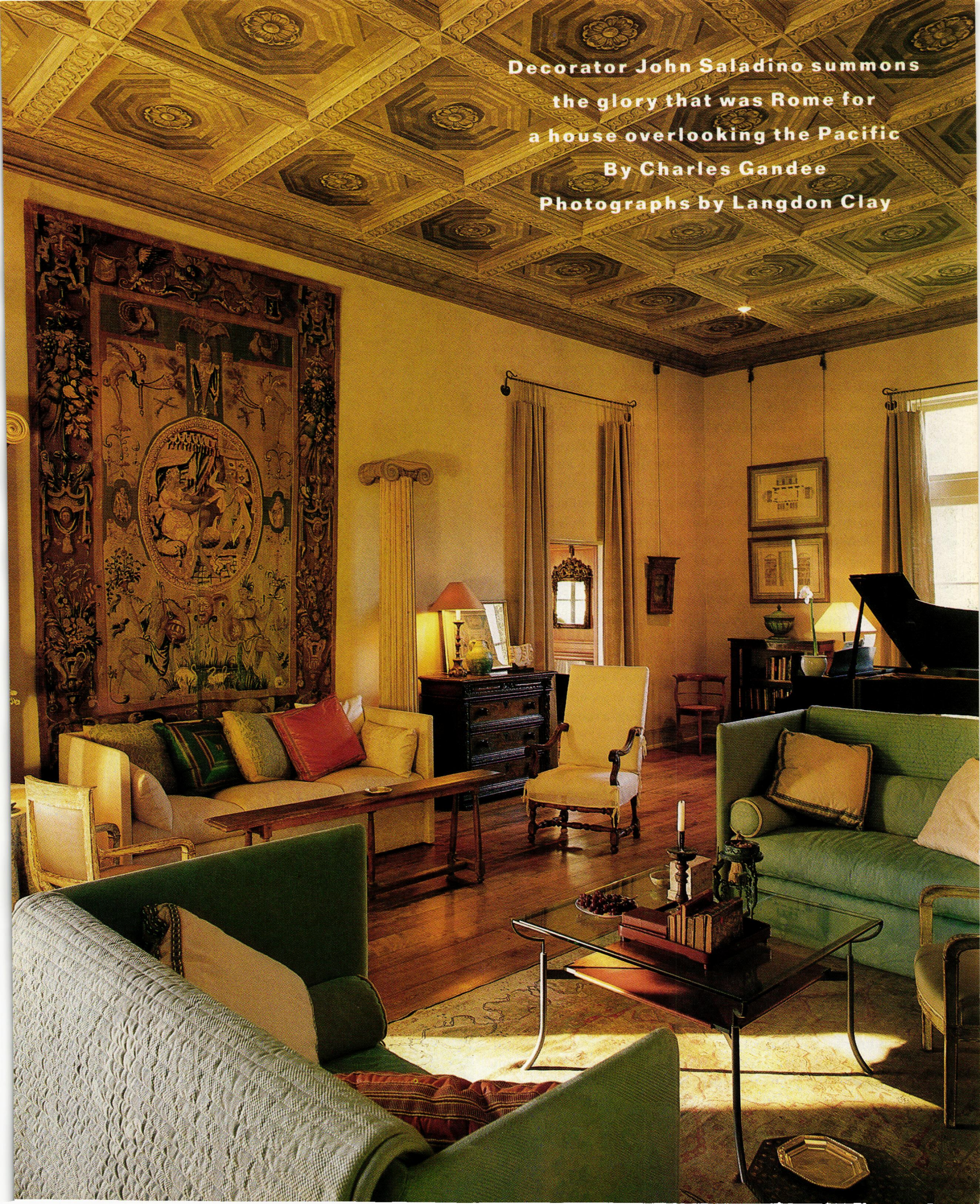
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Classical Order

Built on a hill in Montecito, California, Las Tejas draws its inspiration from Vignola's 16th-century Villa Farnese outside Rome. Designer John Saladino restored the house to its original splendor and outfitted the vast interiors, such as the drawing room, *opposite*, with a mix of antiques and furniture of his own design. Details see Resources.



Decorator John Saladino summons the glory that was Rome for a house overlooking the Pacific

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Langdon Clay

THREE YEARS AGO THE CHARACTERISTICALLY very composed John Sa'adino received a call from the new owners of a venerable Mediterranean-style villa in Montecito, California, which made him react in a way surprising to anyone who has ever met John Saladino. He became giddy. "I was like one of those fanatics who have been to too many Bette Davis movies," recalls the bicoastal designer. "I knew each room in advance of their describing it."

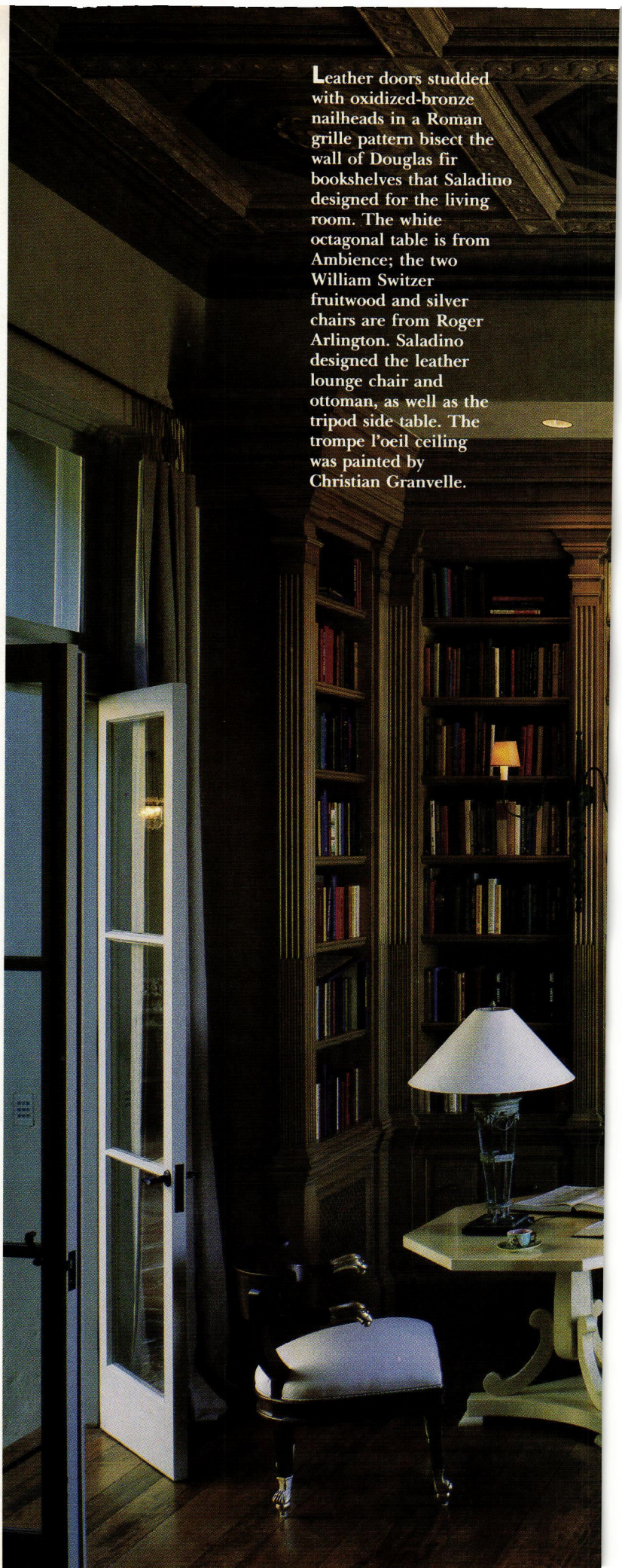
Saladino's intimate acquaintance with the house, as well as his giddiness, can be explained by the fact that he had put in a bid to buy it himself. And though he'd lost Las Tejas, as the great tile, stucco, and stone pile is known, the commission to restore it wasn't such a bad consolation prize. Built in increments by three different architects between the 1880s and the 1920s, the house harks back to a time more glorious than our own. Perhaps because Francis W. Wilson, who remodeled the house in 1917, had looked east, not west, for his aesthetic inspiration—to Caprarola outside Rome, to be precise, where architect Giacomo da Vignola built the Villa Farnese in the mid sixteenth century for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, the grandson of Pope Paul III. By coincidence, Saladino has been looking in the same general direction for his aesthetic inspiration since 1967, when he spent a year working in Rome.

While some designers might have been intimidated by Las Tejas, Saladino was not. One of the mainstays of his career has been a reliance on classical references and allusions to the glory that was. So the house's scale and theatricality, its links to an opulent past, appealed. In short, the designer felt right at home. "Why are we so afraid of the word 'theater'?" he asks. "Because we come from this puritanical background that says if it doesn't keep you warm and you can't eat it, you should throw it out. I think houses should cater to our emotional needs. I always tell clients, 'If you walk into a room and it does not move you, then the room is a failure.'"

Reliance on the past notwithstanding, Saladino lives in the present. Which meant that his job in Montecito was what he calls "a tightrope walk—I wanted to maintain a respect for classical architecture and for the golden era of Montecito when the Mediterranean style was at its apotheosis, and yet I didn't want to create a mausoleum." In other words, he was willing to be faithful but not fawning.

Saladino was intimately acquainted with the house—having put in a bid to buy it himself

Although there is no mistaking the vintage of Saladino's decorating—his signature mix of antiques and contemporary upholstered pieces, mostly of his own design, addresses issues of both appropriateness and comfort—there is, at times, some confusion as to where Francis W. Wilson stopped and John Saladino started. Which, of course, the latter designer intended. It was, after all, his intention to insinuate himself into the pattern he had inherited—if not



Leather doors studded with oxidized-bronze nailheads in a Roman grille pattern bisect the wall of Douglas fir bookshelves that Saladino designed for the living room. The white octagonal table is from Ambience; the two William Switzer fruitwood and silver chairs are from Roger Arlington. Saladino designed the leather lounge chair and ottoman, as well as the tripod side table. The trompe l'oeil ceiling was painted by Christian Granvelle.



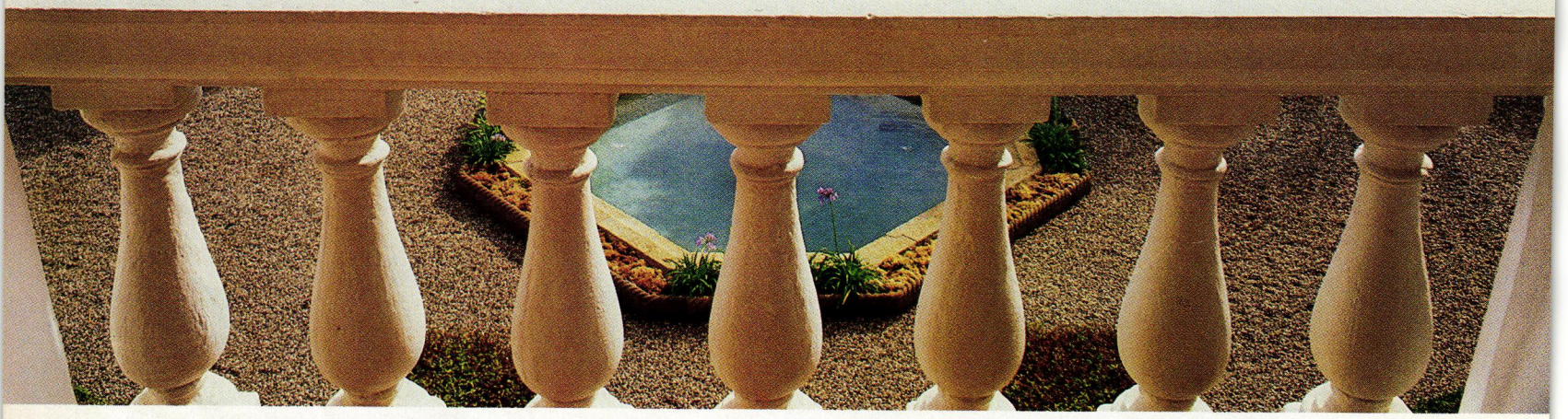


In the luminous atrium at the heart of the house, Saladino, *above*, replaced original corkscrew columns with simpler Tuscan columns, *right*, and added an impluvium and rojo alicante marble floor. The new glass and steel roof opens at the flick of a switch. The club sofa and chair, in a Grey Watkins fabric, are by Saladino, as are the two straw chaise longues.

MARK SELIGER







From the south terrace, *above*, the view stretches past a water stair to a small casino and the Pacific. *Below:* In the dining room, trompe l'oeil murals depict the view from an Italian loggia. The sycamore and lacquer table is a Saladino design; the chairs are covered in Lee Jofa taffeta. *Opposite:* At one end of the gallerylike entry, pedestals support 17th-century alabaster urns from Quatrain, L.A. The 18th-century Italian console and Régence-style stool are also from Quatrain.



seamlessly at least unobtrusively. Though no surface was left untouched, Saladino's hand is nothing if not discreet. "I don't like new surfaces," he explains. "And I don't like terribly strong colors. I prefer metamorphic, elusive colors—'Is that celadon, or is that gray? Is that beige, or is that taupe?' That kind of thing." It is precisely that kind of thing that enabled the designer to update the house without destroying it.

In the living room, for example, Paris-based painter Christian Granvelle's trompe l'oeil ceiling could be an ornate testimonial to an earlier era's artistry. Similarly, a wall of new bookcases punctuated by pilasters and a massive pediment crowning a pair of studded leather doors appears to have made the journey from then to now without so much as a nick. And nearby in the light-filled central atrium, a new gurgling impluvium and new Tuscan columns extend the illusion of meticulously preserved architectural artifacts.

Such deferential treatment may be less than pervasive in the current be-creative-at-any-cost climate, but Saladino is confident his tack is the appropriate one: "I am not interested in inventing every new form. I am not interested in being trendy. I don't want cyclone fencing in my living room. I am conservative. Frankly, I don't think I can improve on the Doric order. The greater challenge is to use classical elements in inventive ways—not to try to reinvent the column." ▲

"I wanted to respect the past, but I didn't want to create a mausoleum"









White parachute nylon billows along the south loggia, *right,* where a travertine and iron table is surrounded by wrought-iron chairs. *Opposite above:* In the master bedroom, silk from Gretchen Bellinger hangs from the steel-frame bed and an 18th-century Italian sofa from G. R. Durenberger, San Juan Capistrano, is upholstered in linen. The three-legged table is by Saladino. *Opposite below:* In a guest bedroom, an 18th-century French bull's-eye mirror hangs above a love seat upholstered in Fortuny cotton. The walls are covered in a patterned toile from Lee Behren Silks. The Portuguese needlepoint carpet is from Stark.

Photography: Toscani


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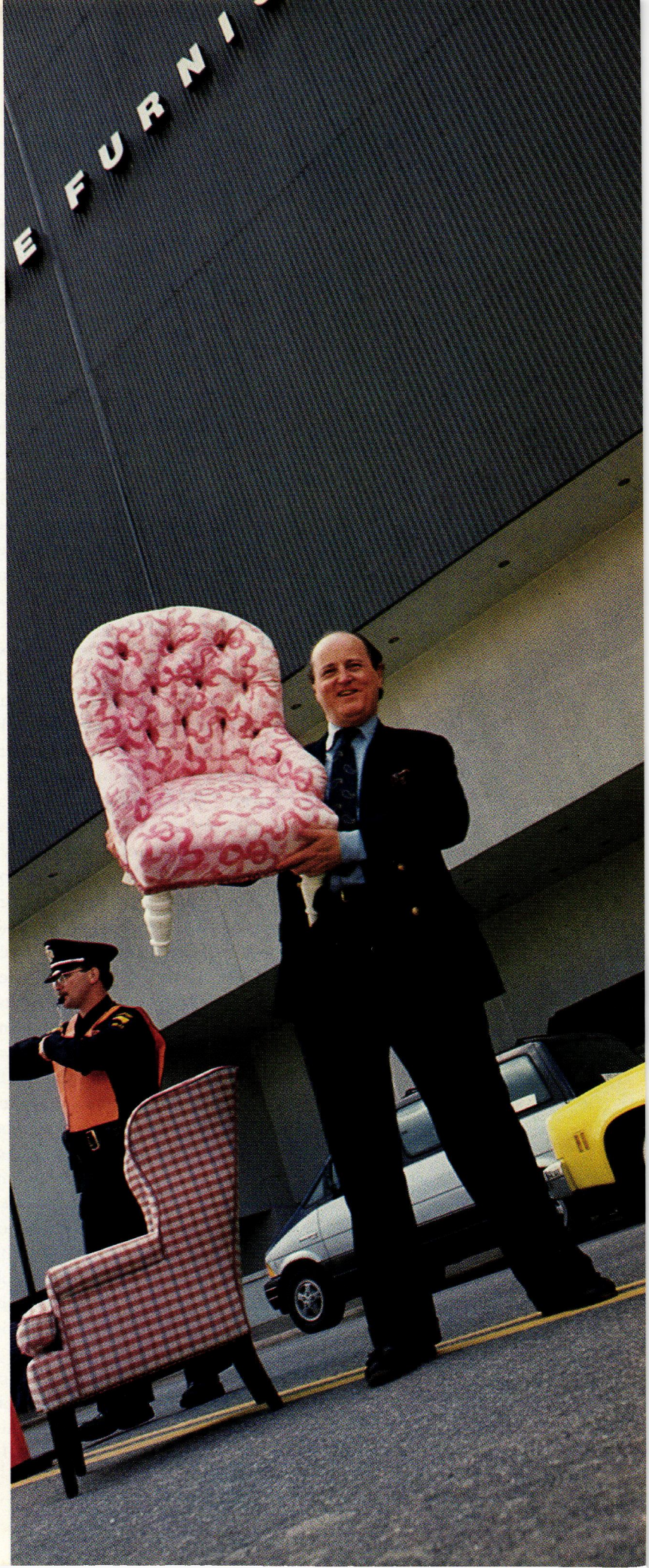
great ideas



Every October and April, the sleepy town of High Point, North Carolina, is transformed into a mob scene of wholesalers, retailers, designers, decorators, and journalists, all with comfortable shoes on their feet and furniture on their minds. They arrive from points as far away as Tokyo and Tel Aviv, and as nearby as Greensboro, to size up the goods—the thousands and thousands of chairs, sofas, chests of drawers, and occasional tables—that companies display across six million square feet of showroom space inside the International Home Furnishings Market buildings, the world's largest furniture center. Destined to be sold in department stores, advertised in catalogues, and dangled in front of contestants on television game shows, the designs that surface at High Point must have broad appeal. In the past that meant traditional American comfort rather than trendsetting style, the mass-produced rather than the custom carved and stitched.

But all that is quickly changing. In recent years manufacturers have begun ambitiously upgrading levels of workmanship and looking to more sophisticated sources of design. These days much of the furniture and accessories on parade at High Point bears the imprint of design-world heavyweights, including Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, Charles Pfister, and Lee Mindel, all of whom once catered solely to a private clientele. Their new influence in the commercial marketplace means that the time it takes for an idea to make its way from the sketch pads of the design community to the showrooms at High Point has been radically cut.

The 55,000 people who convened at High Point last spring were greeted



Mario Buatta, *right*, stopping traffic at High Point with his children's designs for John Widdicomb. *Above:* Vladimir Kagan's chair for Directional. Details see Resources.

ANDREW GARN



Great ideas

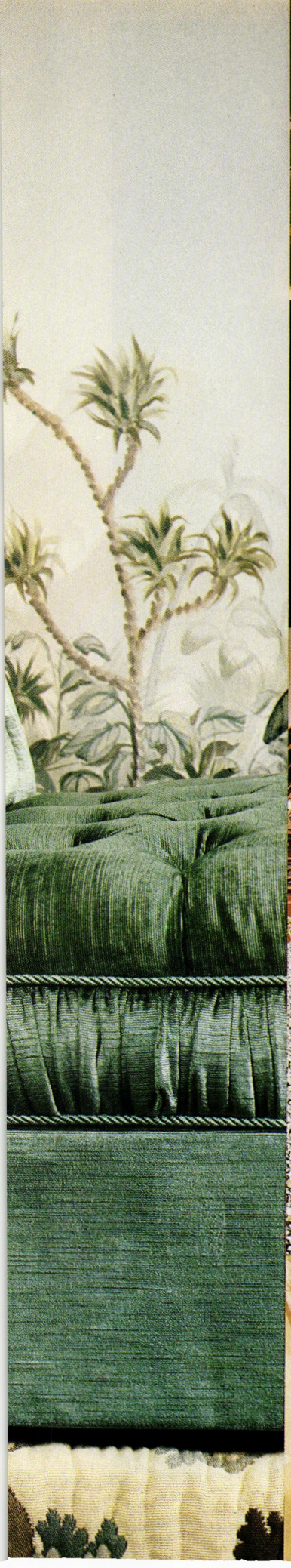


Design at High Point once meant traditional American comfort rather than trendsetting style. But all that is quickly changing by an abundance of furniture with hand-carved, gilt, and painted details. Upholstered pieces from sources such as Henredon, Sherrill, Drexel Heritage, and Dapha boasted dressmaker flourishes in the form of pleats, ruffles, and crisply tied bows. Flexibility was a new and noteworthy selling point. If retailers preferred to have their corner cupboard treated with a teal-colored milk paint rather than a woodsy green or their club chair covered in a bold stripe rather than a rose chintz, in most cases they only had to ask.

"People are more aware of high styles, and they're much more image-conscious," notes Michael Greengard, president of John Widdicomb, the company that summoned Mario Buatta to its front line. "In the forties, fifties, and sixties, when people got married, the first thing they did was furnish the bedroom. Now they go right for the living room." Catering to this all-frills consumer is a group of North Carolina–based companies—some of which have been owned and run by the same families for years—that are fast expanding their repertoires under the leadership of a younger, savvier generation. "We know that people aren't just looking to buy matched suites of furniture anymore; they're willing to be much more daring," says Nancy Dowdy of Century Furniture, a business that her father founded in 1947. Last spring Century unveiled a line of labor-intensive Smithsonian reproductions—each of their Philadelphia Chippendale highboys takes 225 hours to complete—alongside a group of Jay Spectre's flashy Hollywood-style designs. Similarly Baker, long a leading manufacturer, has introduced a collection by McMillen, the blue-chip decorating firm that Jacqueline Kennedy put to work at Blair House, as well as a group of uncluttered contemporary designs by Charles Pfister.

"People are more aware of the design world than they've ever been before," says Mark Hampton. "They've been exposed to different looks in magazines, books, and movies, and now they're responding." One consistent response on the part of consumers has been a call for the tried and true. "These days everyone wants to live with antiques," says Buatta, "but the best examples have gotten so expensive they're out of everyone's price range. By designing copies, we fill a gap. And, after all, if I am designing one of something, why not make sixty-one of it?" Buatta isn't the only one borrowing free-

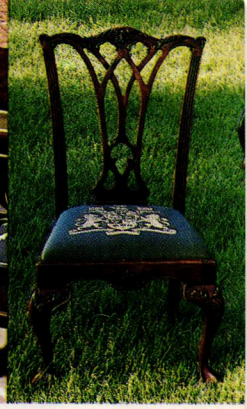


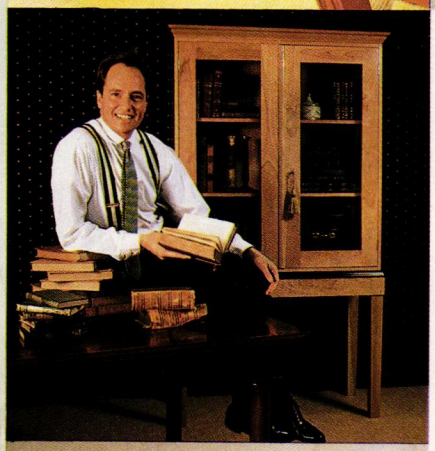


















ly, and imaginatively, from the past. For Ashley Manor, New York decorator Charlotte Moss invented her own versions of the classic overstuffed armchair, dressing-table bench, and upholstered dining chair and urged High Point audiences to envision Coco Chanel, Wallis Simpson, or Lady Colefax sinking happily into her designs. Hickory Chair's Mark Hampton Collection—a broad array of sophisticated, eminently useful furnishings, many of which were culled from the decorator's work for private clients—features Gothic-style wall brackets, an Adam-style dining chair, and a Regency-inspired center table supported by a trio of gilded dolphins (to commemorate, lest we forget, Lord Nelson's victory at the battle of Trafalgar). Henredon's Natchez line focuses on gracious antebellum living, and John Widdicomb's Russian series mimics Catherine the Great–style splendor.

More of the past seems to be what's in store for the future—and it's not just a question of taste. "Consumers will continue to clamor for products with lasting value," predicts Rod Kreitzer, president of Baker. "We'll be seeing more classics and less freakish furniture," adds Buatta. After all, the antique—whether authentic or reproduced—has proven to be an investment with reliable returns. Within weeks of unveiling their Smithsonian highboy at High Point, Century sold its entire inventory at $12,300 a piece. GERALDINE FABRIKANT

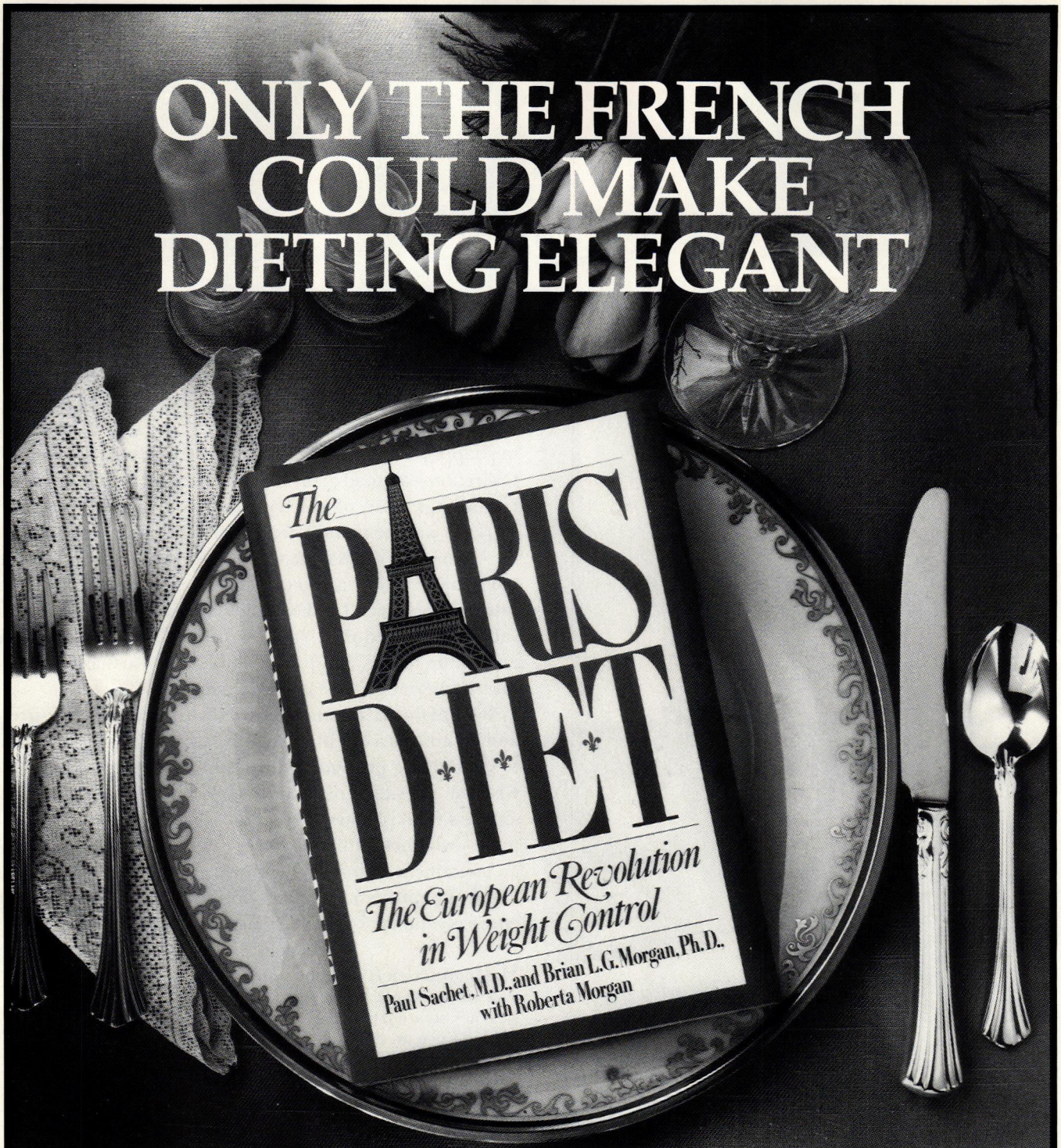
Editor: Anne Foxley



Highlights from High Point, *clockwise from right:* Karges's Regency-style chaise; tea-washed linen on a Mark Hampton–designed dining chair from Hickory Chair and an armchair from Pearson; Harden's painted pine table; detail of Century's Smithsonian highboy; architect Lee Mindel with Shelton, Mindel's library table and bookcase designed for Union-National; leather ottomans from Bernhardt; Charlotte Moss–designed dressing-table bench from Ashley Manor; lamp table from John Widdicomb's Russian Collection; dining chair from Drexel Heritage. *Far left:* Renaissance revival–style chair from Henredon. *Opposite top:* Baker's reissue of Finn Juhl's 1950 armchair.

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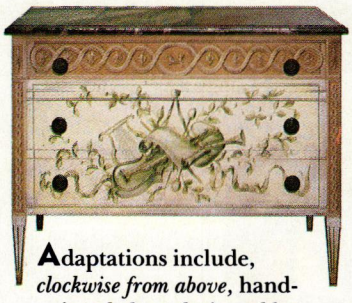
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HG ZEROS IN ON STYLE By Anne Foxley

Forecasts

Scores of fall fabrics and furnishings take musical motifs as their keynote



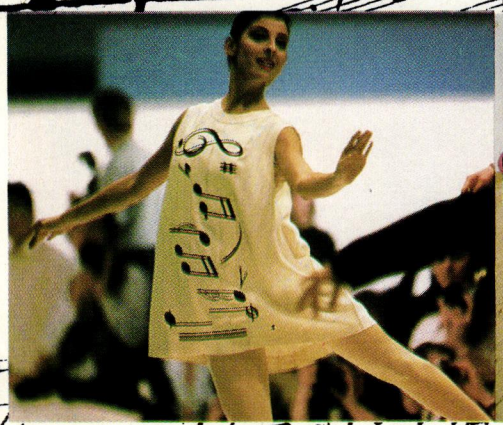


Adaptations include, *clockwise from above*, hand-painted chest designed by Florence de Dampierre for Patina. China from Boutique Rochas. Mark Hampton's neoclassical end table for Hickory Chair Co. Steel chair with lyre back by Mark Brazier-Jones. Azulejos cotton print from Brunschwig & Fils. Lyre series chair by Jack Lenor Larsen on Lyle & Umbach's hand-painted sisal from Luten Clarey Stern. Grand piano by Fred Baier. Rayon note tunic from Moschino Couture. Enamel umbrella stand by Piero Fornasetti for Norton Blumenthal. Hand-tufted wool rug from Schumacher. *Background:* Descamps bed linens. Details see Resources.

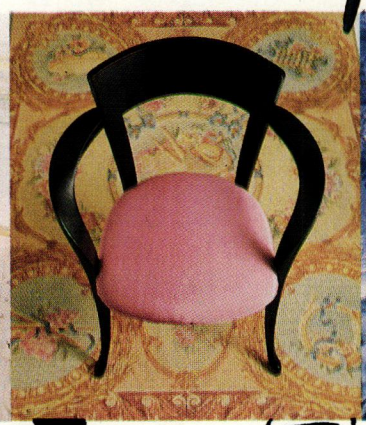




CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ELEANOR THOMPSON; DAVID SCHILLING; LUCIANO DANIELI; ANDREW GARN; JEAN LOUIS BATT; MONICA STEVENSON (2); PHILIP GRAY; MOSCHINO COUTURE; MONICA STEVENSON. BACKDROP: MONICA STEVENSON










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Resources

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Page 18 Empire-style mahogany side table with burl mahogany/walnut veneer top, brass details, by Michael Craig, $3,800, from M. Craig & Co. Cabinetmakers, for dealers (803) 254-5994.

PEOPLE
Page 48 Oak Twig on chairs, by Colefax & Fowler, 48" wide, $67.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **50** Versailles for curtains, on bed, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488.

ANTIQUES
Page 114 Planter, similar to the trade at John Rosselli, Ltd., NYC (212) 737-2252. Baskets, $200 (rectangular), $85 (oval), at Pantry & Hearth Antiques, NYC (212) 532-0535 by appt. Armchair, $800, settee, similar at Barbara Israel Enterprises, Katonah (914) 232-4271 by appt. Birdcage, similar at Aileen Minor Antiques, Princess Anne (301) 651-0075. More wirework sources: NEW YORK Cynthia Beneduce Antiques, NYC (212) 645-5037; Kelter-Malcé, NYC (212) 989-6760; Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. CALIFORNIA Consignment Cottage, Los Angeles (213) 462-8866; Indigo Seas, Los Angeles (213) 550-8758. GEORGIA Smithsonian Institution wirework reproductions, to the trade at Garden Source Furnishings, Atlanta, for stores (404) 351-6446.

DECORATORS' PRIVATE DOMAINS
Page 120 Charme Taffeta, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Raphael Damask on chaise, sofa, bench, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Mexican Stripe on chairs in foreground, to the trade at Trade France, NYC (212) 758-8330. Damas de Paris as border, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Balzac on bed, 1.3 m wide, Fr750 m, from Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. **121** Jacobean Print on left wall, Indian Print on sofa (reverse side), to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Stenciling on right wall, valances, by Gail Leddy of Oasis Studio, NYC (212) 247-0915. Lee Jofa's Indian Print for curtains (see above). **122–23** Sea grass carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Custom twist-leg table, similar to order from Mark Sciarrillo, Southport (203) 576-0717. **124** Dart vases, Empire candelabra, 18th-century urn, Louis XVI vases on windowsill, at Ingrao, NYC (212) 758-2770. Center table, a Michael Gaines design, through John Barman, NYC (212) 838-9443. Mohair Supreme on chairs, at Maharam & Vertical Surfaces, to order (800) 645-3943. Damasco Borgia on pillow, chair, 49 ½" wide, $297 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Canterbury Check, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (800) 423-5881. **125** Large Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Leopard carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000.

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Pages 126–27 Borgia silk for curtains, from Decour, Paris (1) 45-53-15-24. **128** Bustier, $550, at Martha International, NYC, Palm Beach. Earrings, from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC (212) 988-3821. **130** Glicine 48"–51" wide, $237 yd, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. **131** Decorative painting by Christian Granvelle and Archeos, Montecito (805) 969-9080.

REGENCY SWAGGER
Pages 138–39 Turkish Reversible carpet (unpainted) to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Buckingham Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Gauze Taffeta for curtains, custom fringe, Via Appia Plaid on chairback, Midlands on sofa, Francesco Taffeta on armchair seat, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Satin Stripe on armchairs, to the trade at J. H. Thorp, division of Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. Turgot Horsehair Texture on méridienne, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **140** Large Greek Key wallpaper border, $9 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). **141** Gallier Diamond wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **142** Berries carpet, from Bouclé Collection, to the trade at Stark (see above). **143** Cantate Taffeta, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Custom fringe, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Grand Galon Athénée border on curtains, $12 yd, Horsehair on chair, approx 25" wide, $307.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48).

THE ESSENTIAL D'URSO
Pages 144–45 Sailcloth, 57" wide, $24 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 626-8332. Aztec sisal, 12' wide, $45 yd, to the trade from Sanford-Hall, NYC (212) 684-4217. Shelton, Mindel cocktail table, adapted by D'Urso, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. Eames stool (#413), from Herman Miller, for dealers (800) 851-1196. Floor lamp, base (#BB3), $236, shade (#55DD), $126, by Noguchi, from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **146** Bench, similar to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316. Berenice reading lamp, $390, at Artemide, for dealers (516) 694-9292. Czech & Speake faucet, handles, from P. E. Guerin, NYC, for showrooms (212) 243-5270. **146–47** Maurer's Flischi lamp, $444, at Light, NYC (212) 838-1130. Table, similar at Philippe Farley, NYC (212) 472-1622. Bed, similar at Hob Nail Antiques, Pawling (914) 855-1623. Breuer table, similar at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208. **148** Chairs, similar to the trade at Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308. **149** Gaggenau stove top, for stores (617) 255-1766.

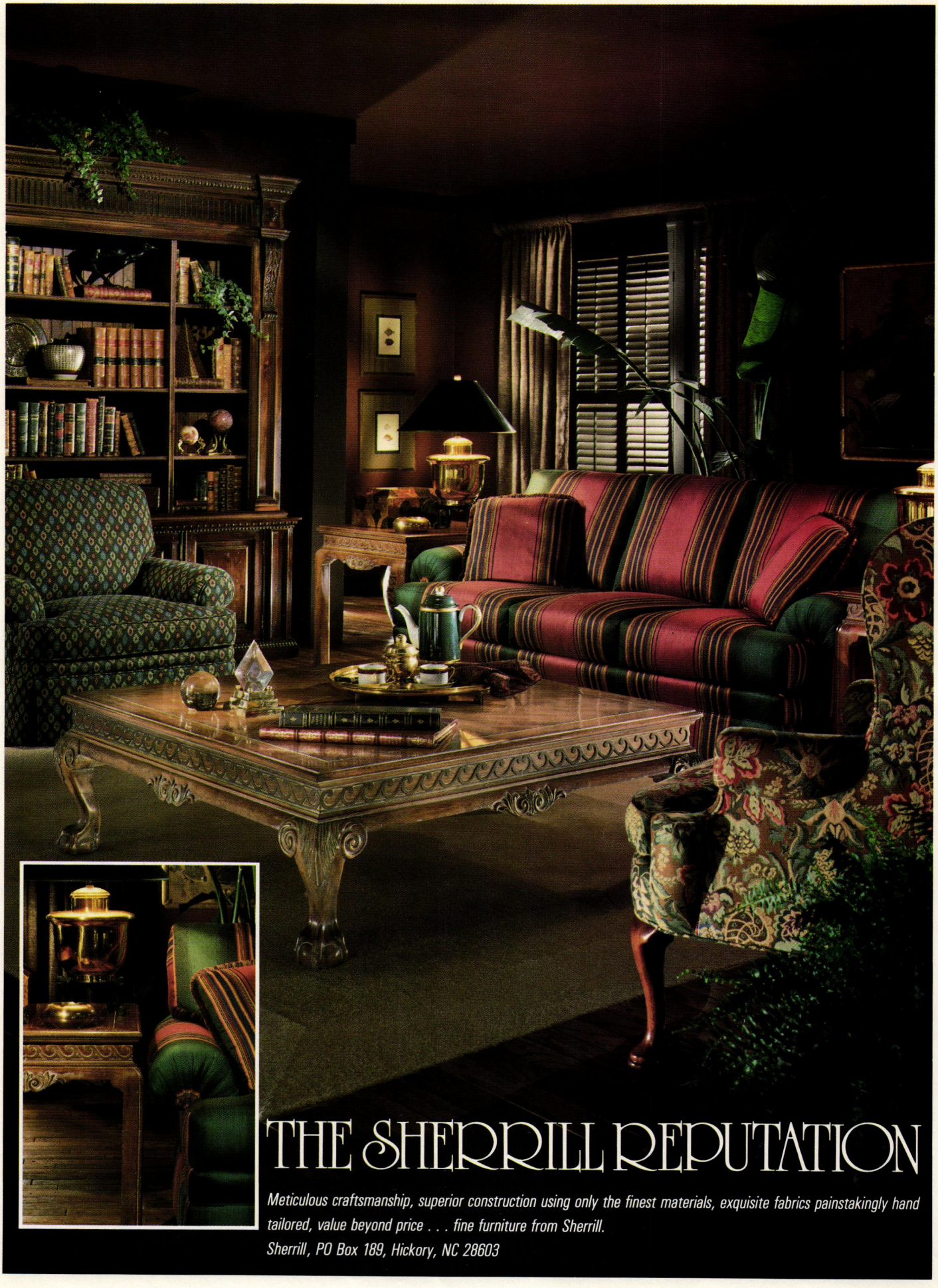
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Pages 150–51 Carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. Soligny Texture, Dabo Texture on right sofa, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Cornsilk for shades, 36" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. **153** Diaghilev for curtains, 51" wide, $210 yd, Vitello leather on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Trompe l'oeil painting, by James Alan Smith, NYC (212) 876-4660. Rangoon on chairs and sofa, 55" wide, $119 yd, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, LIVING ROOM
Pages 160–66 All materials, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). **160–161** New Hambledon Wool Damask on walls. **162** Harrow Damask Chintz, in *A Room with a View* set. **165** Courtnay Strié wallpaper, Verdure Cotton/Linen Print for curtains, Scala Metisse on chairs, in 1940s living room. Hardwick Cotton/Linen Print for curtains, Thistle Sheer for undercurtains, Serge Woven Stripe on sofa, Hogarth Wool Stripe on armchairs, Traviata Large Fringe on armchairs, Metropolitan Mohair Velvet on lounge chair, in 1930s living room. Palmiers wallpaper border in kitchen, Ormseby Chintz for curtains, Framboise wallpaper, Carsten Check on sofa, in sewing room. **166** Bagatelle wallpaper.

REMAKING HISTORY
Pages 174–75 Copies of classical to 18th-century details, £100–£1,200; Hodsoll-designed column cabinet, £2,000 pr; Hodsoll-designed column lamps, £650 pr, from Bennison, London (71) 730-

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Resources

3370. **176–77** Hand-stenciled walls, by Nicolette Meeres, London (71) 730-4043. **178** Hodsoll-designed chairs, £950 ea, table, copies of 19th-century plaster heads, £380 ea, Hodsoll-designed bookcases, £14,000 pr, chafing dish, candlestick, Ziegler rug, from Bennison (see above). Wool Stripe fabric, by Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, to the trade to order at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). **179** Florentine wool for drawing room curtains, Fiesole wool for dining room curtains, both by Hodsoll McKenzie Cloths, to the trade to order at Clarence House (see above for pg 48).

CLASSICAL ORDER

Page 187 Ruspoli Viscose on sofas, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Chintz Uni red cotton on pillows, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. Courtisane Silk Stripe on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Quadrant steel/glass/mahogany table, by John Saladino, antique wood columns, Italian bench, Louis XIII armchair, Renaissance chest, Directoire fauteuils, similar to the trade at Saladino Furniture, NYC (212) 838-0500. **188–89** Woodwork, designed by Saladino, executed by Karl Springer Woodworking (to the trade), Long Island City (718) 361-9780. Octagonal table, to the trade at Ambience, for showrooms (212) 688-0170. Chairs, to the trade at Roger Arlington, for showrooms (212) 752-5288. Tripod steel/glass table, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Ducale velour leather, on chair and ottoman, to the trade at Spinneybeck, a Knoll company, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Pompeian ram's-head lamp, from Lyle & Umbach, to trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. **190–91** Renshaw, to the trade at Grey Watkins, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. Club sofa and chair, Tube floor lamp, all by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Etrusche-line coffee table, bench, at John Good Imports, Los Angeles (213) 655-6484. Sunglow on chaise longue pillows, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, for showrooms (718) 706-7000. Silk braid trim on pillows, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Petal wrought-iron/rattan bench, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). **192** Versailles Taffeta, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. Jennifer on table, to the trade at Grey Watkins (see above). **193** Urns, console table, stool, similar at Quatrain, Los Angeles (213) 652-0243. Profile, similar at R. M. Barokh Antiques, Santa Barbara (805) 965-8685. **194** Isadora, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (718) 729-2850. Sofa, similar at G. R. Durenberger Antiquarian, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Tripod steel/glass table, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). Titian on sofa pillow, to the trade at Boris Kroll, for showrooms (212) 755-6660. Cotton Velvet on chair, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). Rococo fauteuil, similar at Quatrain (see above). Rolling Hills carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Alberelli on love seat, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Cromwell Bench love seat, by John Saladino, to the trade at Saladino (see above). La Liberté Américaine, to the trade at Lee Behren Silks, division of Decorators Walk, for showrooms (212) 355-5300. Carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Commode, c. 1790, similar at R. M. Barokh (see above).

GREAT IDEAS

Page 199 Child's lounge chair, Higgins junior wing chair, $900 COM, both by Mario Buatta for John Widdicomb, for dealers (616) 459-7173. Cecily's Ribbons Chintz on lounge chair, Deauville Plaid on wing chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Astro chair, by Vladimir Kagan, in Lamous man-made suede, $1,575, $922 COM, for dealers (919) 841-3209. **200–01** Regency-style handcarved chaise in antico bollo leaf, $4,980 COM, from Karges Furniture, for dealers (812) 425-2291. San Valentino on chaise, 50 ½" wide, $144 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 48). Adamesque dining chair in cream/gilt finish and linen (#758–99), by Mark Hampton after chair in his collection, for Hickory Chair, $1,370, for dealers (704) 328-1801. Tufted slipper chair in Clichy linen/cotton, $1,214, from Pearson, for dealers (919) 882-8135. Console/server, from From Country Inns Collection, $862, from Harden Furniture, for dealers (315) 245-1000. Smithsonian Collection Philadelphia highboy, $12,300, from Century Furniture, for dealers (800) 852-5552. Library table, $4,500, book pedestal cabinet, $3,750, both by Peter Shelton, Lee Mindel, and project architect Michael Gray for Union-National, for dealers (716) 487-1165. Leather-covered ottomans, from Bernhardt Furniture, for dealers (800) 345-9875, in NC (704) 758-9811. Wallis Bench in silk stripe (3545-7663), by Charlotte Moss for Ashley Manor, $1,350 COM, to order at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320, for Ashley Manor dealers (919) 882-8131. Russian lamp table with inlaid granite top, verre eglomisé side panels, by Chad Womack for John Widdicomb, $2,800, for dealers (616) 459-7173. Heirloom Collection Chippendale-style dining chair, $850 COM, in cotton/spun rayon (#652755), 54" wide, $24 yd, from Drexel Heritage Furnishings, for dealers (800) 447-4700. Natchez Renaissance revival-style chair in linen velvet, $1,455 COM, from Henredon, for dealers (800) 444-3682. Finn Juhl armchair not available; for inquiries write Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. 60654

FORECASTS

Page 204 Firenze Musica chest, by Florence de Dampierre for Patina, $4,950, for dealers (800) 635-4365. Hand-painted Cors de Chasse plate, edition of 250, Fr1,200, from Boutique Rochas, Paris (1) 47-23-54-56. Lyre end table, by Mark Hampton for Hickory Chair, $1,199, for dealers (704) 328-1801. Lyre chair, to the trade at Mark Brazier-Jones Decorative Arts, London (71) 638-7550 or Craig Lynn, Los Angeles (213) 859-5590. Azulejos Cotton Print, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 120). Lyre Series armchair with European beech frame (#6363), to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Les Fleurs de Musique rug, by Lyle & Umbach, hand-painted by Michael Stromar, 5'x7', $5,775, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Mario Villa, Chicago, New Orleans; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Vermillion II, Los Angeles; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco. Grand piano, by Fred Baier, one of a kind, from $33,000, similar to order, to the trade at Fred Baier/Tim Wells (607) 844-4095. Rayon tunic with embroidered notes, $910, by Moschino Couture, from Neiman Marcus; Bacci's, Vancouver. Umbrella stand, hand-enameled by Piero Fornasetti, $1,075, to the trade at Norton Blumenthal, for showrooms (212) 752-2535. Trombone rug, to the trade at Schumacher, for showrooms (800) 672-0068. Nocturne music-motif queen-size bed linen, flat $58, duvet $109, sham $26, at Descamps, NYC (212) 874-8690.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

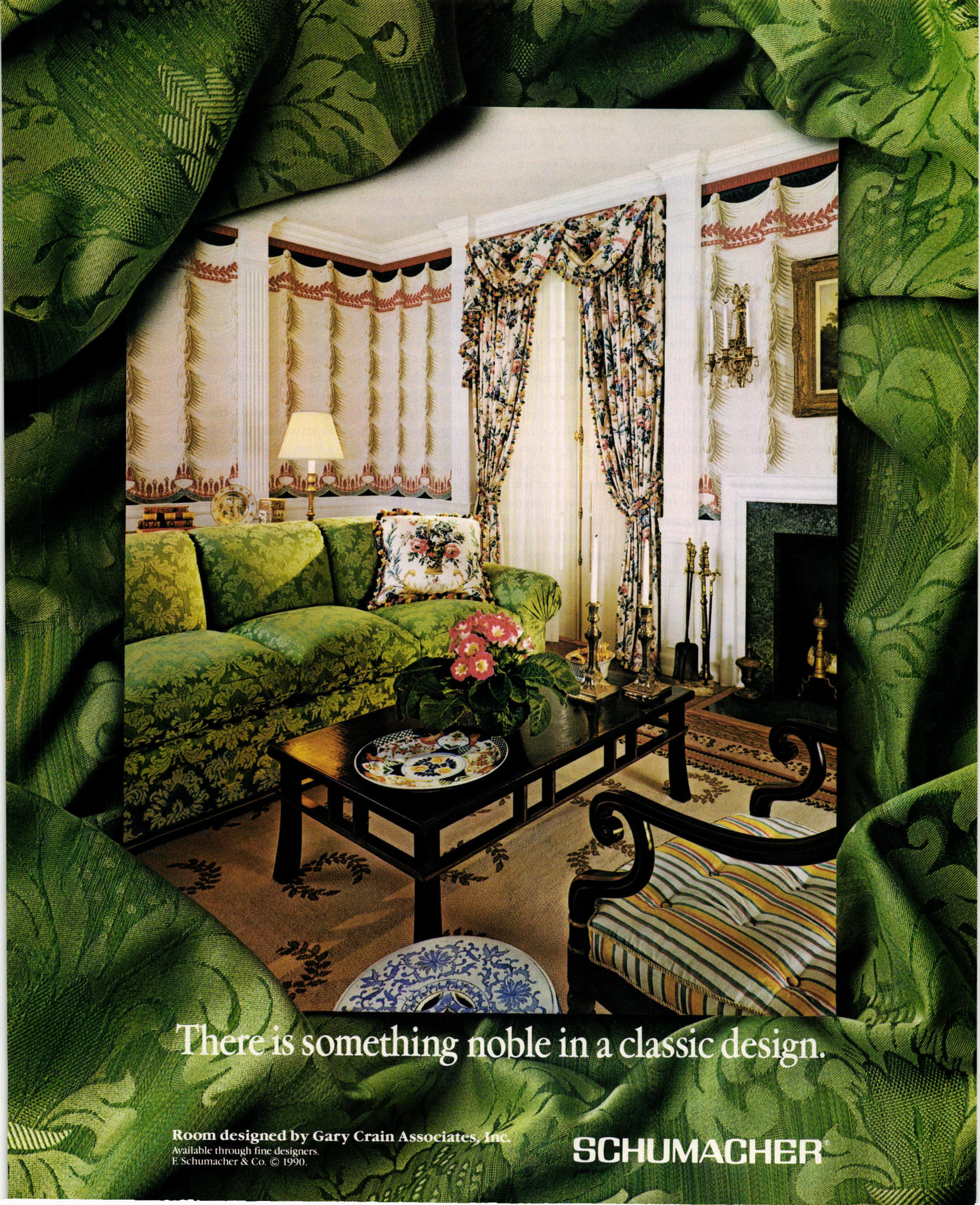
Brush Fire

(Continued from page 184) Hell-raisers in a little suburb of Paris, overenergized bikers and oarsmen, they came on like bohemian rednecks. Vlaminck, in particular, was for trashing the museums entirely and starting art all over again. Matisse was in his thirties at the time, and his new confrères were younger and wild to an extent that made even him nervous. "Painting will drive me crazy," he wrote to Henri Manguin in 1904, "and I shall try to get out of it as soon as I can." Matisse was therefore agreeably surprised to find that when Derain joined him at Collioure in the summer of 1905 he behaved like a thoroughly civilized man (Derain was then 25) who knew his museums and could hold his own in discussions of every kind.

Of course, Matisse never "got out of it." If he stayed right in, it was in part because the fauve moment was to serve him, as it was to serve the others, as an indispensable way station in the course of a very long career. In later life they had nothing in common except the year or two in which they had raced forward, as an art critic once said, "like an army that had got ahead so far and so fast that it had run out of supplies, and run out of gas, and lost contact with headquarters. Color had been set free, but in such a way that it had nowhere to go but backward."

Fauvism as such was bound to be short-lived. Whether in Le Havre, in Paris, or in Collioure on the Mediterranean coast, fauve landscape was the work of men who took fire from one another and stayed together until the job was completed. After that, each was on his own. Fauvism was in essence an art of maximum statement. But it was not in Matisse's nature or in Braque's or even in Derain's to squeeze paint straight from the tube onto the canvas. The major fauve painters took from the ecstatic moment what each one of them wanted, and thereafter—in three or four years, at most—they moved on.

The traditional public of the Salons in Paris knew nothing of these hesitations and qualifications. To them the fauves really did seem like wild beasts. Matisse's *Woman with the Hat* was denounced as a calculated insult to French womanhood—Matisse had to forbid his wife to go into the


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Brush Fire

room at the Salon where the painting was on show. But then the human figure was a sensitive subject for Salon visitors. Landscape touched them less closely, and it was in landscape, harborscape, and townscape more than anywhere else that the fauve painters were completely at home.

In being so much at home they taught us to see London in a new way, and Antwerp and Sainte-Adresse (made familiar in earlier times by Monet) and L'Estaque in the south of France (previously sacred to Cézanne) and the big, strong, heavy profile of the harbor town of Collioure. As to what they did in all these places, the upcoming show is the best guide that we could wish for. Make no mistake, this was a crucial moment in modern art. The fauve painters raided art history for sites already familiar, and they raided idioms adumbrated a generation earlier and put them to their own uses. But they also made their own contribution, and that contribution set their successors free. ♠

Merchant and Ivory

(Continued from page 166) Aztec Room in *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*), and the venerable Savoy Bar & Grill (the Muehlebach Hotel dining room, where Mr. Bridge lunches)—only add to the film's richness.

Some things, however, couldn't be borrowed, and they were too expensive to be bought. Brunschwig & Fils donated document fabrics and wallcoverings after they were approached first by Gropman and then by Merchant, whose powers of persuasion are legendary. According to Murray Douglas, Brunschwig's senior vice president, "We don't usually do this sort of thing, but the kind of production Merchant-Ivory does is so wonderful and creates such a sense of real people living—that's what *we* like to do." Benjamin Moore donated 100 gallons of paint. Even London tailor Gieves & Hawkes got into the act, providing suits for the male characters.

Gropman affectionately recalls Ivory's stickler-for-detail approach to design. "If you didn't set the table properly, with absolutely correct silver, etcetera, Jim would go into a tirade: 'Am I the only person around here who was brought up properly? Doesn't anyone around here know how to *live*?' " Ivory himself admits, "I've been a pain in the neck to art directors, but since our films are so domestically situated, I have to be very precise about what I want done." Gropman says: "It's much better to have a director who knows what he wants. Someone who lets you do whatever you want is the kiss of death."

Now that the story of the Bridges has been told, Merchant and Ivory are looking to the future. They have a script for another Forster book, *Howards End.* And they hope to begin production soon on *Jefferson in Paris,* an account of Thomas Jefferson's five years as the American ambassador to France. "It's a tremendous challenge," says Ivory. "It's a hundred years earlier than *The Bostonians,* which makes it a hundred times more difficult. And," he adds, "there are so many sets." ♠

Forgotten Season

(Continued from page 135) Thaxter all found fall the best time of the year. In "Evangeline," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow hailed autumn as "that beautiful season . . . the Summer of All-Saints!"

The differences between the poetry that autumn has inspired in Great Britain and in America are not the product of differences in national character. They are simple matters of latitude. Every part of the United States except Alaska lies well to the south of all of the British Isles. Our intuitive geography may place London due east of New York City, but our intuitive geography is out of whack. England lies east of Labrador. Its benevolent climate comes courtesy of the Gulf Stream, moderating what otherwise would be ferociously cold winters. Latitude, however, is absolute, and latitude governs the hours of daylight.

At the autumn equinox, London and New York, Edinburgh and Atlanta, and every other spot on the globe have the same day length. After that, England plunges swiftly toward the darkness of the winter solstice. Our own days shorten as well, but less precipitously, and the farther south one goes, the greater the remaining minutes of daylight. Plants keep on blooming and gardens continue to be beautiful, with a wealth of perennial salvias, verbenas, hardy cyclamens—a host of plants to continue many weeks for our delight.

We need to take more advantage of our southerly latitude, to learn to be autumn gardeners instead of paying court to spring and summer alone. The possibilities are enormous and the pleasures almost boundless. ♠

Adapted from The Garden in Autumn. *Copyright © 1990 by Allen Lacy. To be published next month by the Atlantic Monthly Press.*

Rossi on the Rise

(Continued from page 158) a reproduction of it in his preliminary plans for the University of Miami School of Architecture in Florida, now under construction on Lake Osceola. In the plans for the multibuilding complex Rossi had also included a replica of one of his best early works, the 1965 fountain and monument to the anti-Fascist resistance in the northern Italian town of Segrate. That idea is much less appropriate for Florida, and it makes one wonder if Rossi thought of this commission as a kind of Epcot Center version of his own career.

While requests for designs pour in as a result of his new celebrity, Rossi is now at work on his first church, that most difficult of building types for contemporary architects. Is a strong sense of faith like Rossi's required to design a church? After all, Le Corbusier, creator of the pilgrimage chapel at Ronchamp, one of the most awe-inspiring religious spaces of this century, was hardly a true believer. But Rossi makes no claims for divine inspiration, only architectural freedom. "A church is a building like any other building," he asserts. "You are free to make of it what you like. Here, in a suburb of Milan, I have tried to express the world of suburbia as well as the continuity of the church, so it will be very different on the outside than it is on the inside. Personally, the only kind of architecture I would not like to build is a jail, because I don't want to make a space to close people in." ♠

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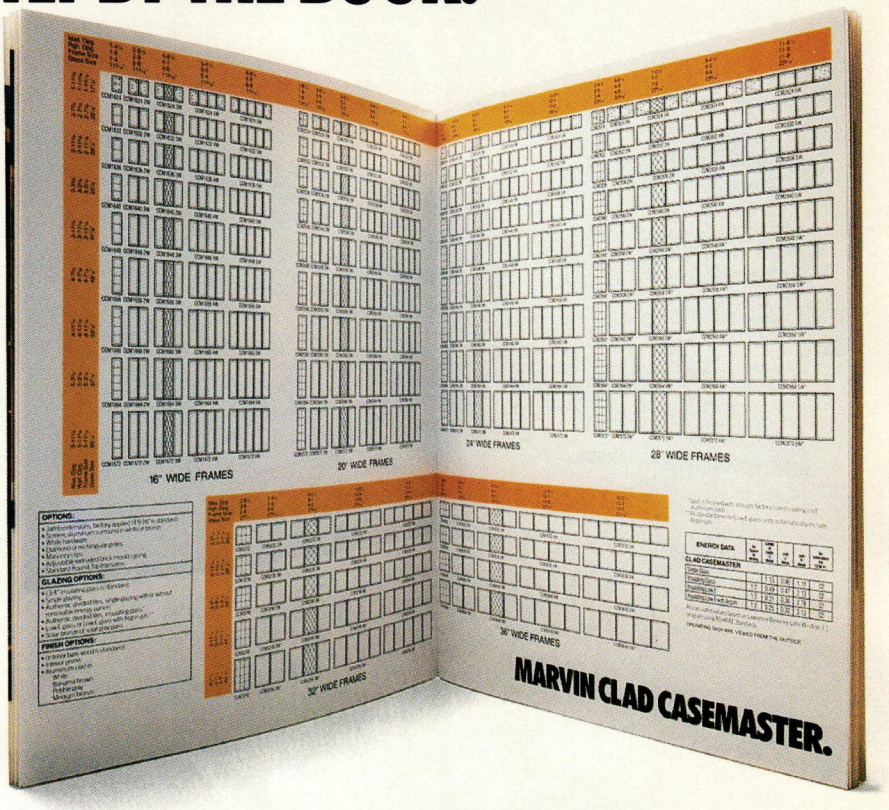
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Remaking History

(Continued from page 179) gardens into prismatic rainbows. Along the length of the dining room and the drawing room there is a balcony on which Hodsoll has set up a table and some chairs. "On summer evenings, we eat outside and look in," he explains. From inside, the tossing branches of blossoming trees look like a postcard; from outside, the massive interior looks like an engraving. Both spaces are enticing—the luxury is knowing how easy it is to move from one to the other.

Everything in the bedroom is simpler except the ceiling molding and cornice rose, the only bits of the original plasterwork to survive. These are baroque in the extreme, but they do not detract from the overall effect of restraint and austerity. The walls are unpainted plaster, the uneven hue of what has been lately stripped. The room is dominated by a wardrobe that could easily contain a lion, a witch, and the better part of a magical kingdom. There isn't a single built-in bookcase or closet—"I hate built-in furniture," says Hodsoll. The curtains are of heavy silk velvet brocade—the fabric, in fact, from which the stenciled pattern on the drawing room walls was copied—but the bed has a simple white linen duvet. The bathroom is made not of tiles but of enormous slabs of white Carrara sculpting marble, the spirit of its modernity in keeping with the rest of the flat.

"Cozy," says Christopher Hodsoll from one of the great red leather sofas in the drawing room. And so perhaps it is. Certainly it is the case that the prospect of standing up again grows steadily less appealing as you sit in your own red leather chair, running a meditative hand across the faded and crackled patches where its arm joins its back. ♠ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

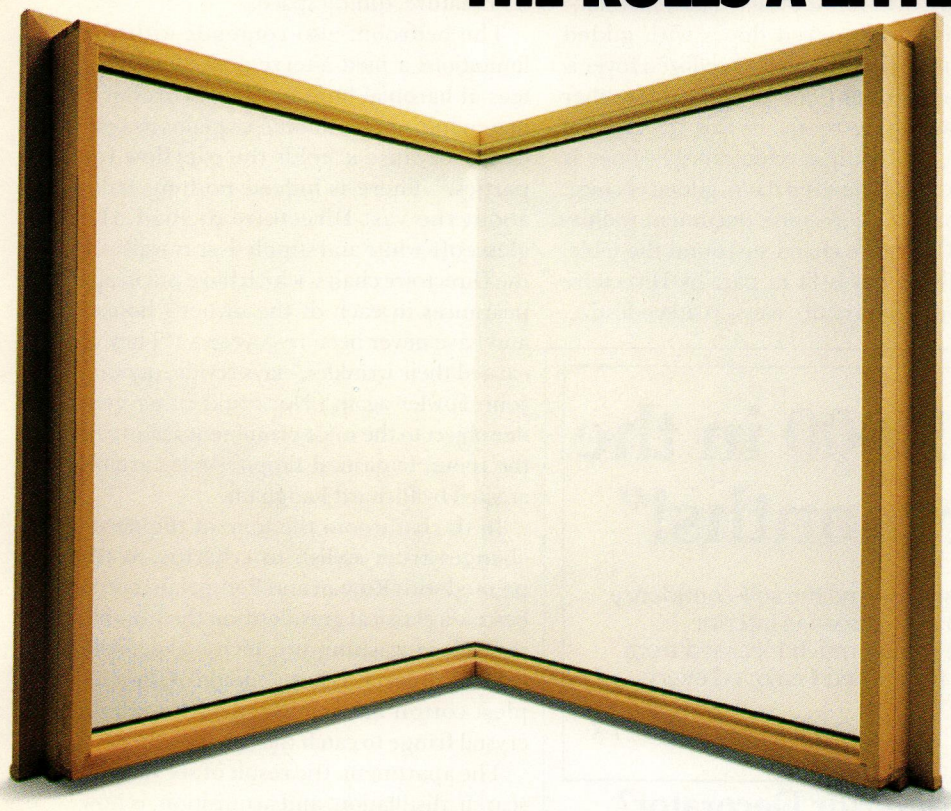
Shades of Provence

(Continued from page 172) emanates a cool mystery.

Other happy collaborations began for Anne with the gardening friendships formed during what she calls the era of the three R's: Rory, Ryan, and Rosemary. Rory (the late Roderick Cameron), an American neighbor in the Vaucluse, had designed the well-known gardens at La Fiorentina and Le Clos before he joined Anne on local plant-hunting expeditions. Among Rory's larger finds were age-old olive trees, which could, surprisingly, be transplanted at any season. They now mediate between the swimming pool Anne cleverly sited above the allée—where it is invisible from the lawn below—and the romantic meadow garden she and Rory sowed with wildflowers. Much as a house-guest dedicates a watercolor to his hostess, Rory left his signature in the form of a diminutive box-edged parterre tucked away beside the entrance steps. Filled with white tulips and forget-me-nots, it extends a festive welcome.

Ryan Gainey is a superb plantsman and designer Anne coaxed from her other hometown, Atlanta. On short visits to Le Petit Fontanille he seems to scatter seeds everywhere, sensing exactly which plants will live happily together. To come upon the misty harmony of tall white foxgloves reaching up toward an acacia, ethereal in

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bloom, is to know that Ryan has passed that way. He, in turn, coaxed his friend Rosemary Verey to come from England. Ryan created a seventeenth-century-style potager with bands of gray and green santolina and Rosemary made a cutting garden inspired by a design in Leonard Meager's *The English Gardner* (1688). Low walls topped by simple lattice fencing enclose both gardens on the far side of a field of lavender where they are visible from the garden terrace. Seated after dark on the stone dining terrace—surrounded by the scent from pots of lilies, gardenias, and jasmine—one is possessed by the grisaille enchantment of Le Petit Fontanille.

Though Anne Cox Chambers's garden is scarcely seven years old and European in style, it has the timeless, calm inevitability one sees in Kyoto. There are unintentional hints of the Japanese "borrowed landscape" in the curves of shrubs that gently echo the contours of the mountain, just as the columnar form of the cypresses is recalled by the obelisk Anne finally placed at the summit of her allée. From the charm of box-edged formality to the wayward plenty of meadow or woodland garden, the walks of Le Petit Fontanille merge harmoniously with wild Provençal nature. Yet one can imagine taking a glider from the little airfield nearby and floating westward along the ridge. High above the parched fields of olives, the menacing limestone outcrops of Les Baux, and the untamed sullen maquis, there would be instant wonder at the sudden glimpse of this secret garden as a jewel, glowing green within the mountain. ▲

Paris Ensemble

(Continued from page 128) sitting room that personalizes the grand dimensions of the space without diminishing its drama. The salon is the most formal room in the apartment, but it is also comfortable. "We use it all the time," says Natori. "Yet each room has its specific appeal. People have many moods and this apartment reflects that."

The mood of the library—where deep red Fortuny fabric walls set off red and yellow upholstery in a flame pattern copied from cloth that Grange and Natori found in an antiques shop (she originally thought it might inspire a line of lingerie)—is intimate and seductive, rather like Natori's designs. The dining room is pure theater, with Louis XV–style chairs in a dark green silk, a massive Venetian chandelier, and a pair of full-length seventeenth-century Portuguese portraits against golden walls painted by Christian Granvelle to echo a detail in one of the salon rugs.

The bedroom, on the other hand, is a neutral zone, at once cool and warm, subtly hued. Grange designed a simple but luxurious four-poster bed, which hints at a canopy with pastel striped side curtains that close only halfway. And there is a Louis XV chaise in soft gray damask. "It reminds me of David's portrait of Madame Récamier, even though I never have time to lounge," says Natori—who has just introduced a casual but sexy line of "at home" apparel for equally busy and equally sophisticated career women. Her schedule only permits the designer a few days a month in Paris, but this apartment is her sanctuary: "It's the only place on earth I could sleep eighteen hours a day." ▲

Regency Swagger

(Continued from page 142) as a rich background for the rest of the room. The solution was lavish chromium-yellow curtains of silk satin which hang from lacquered poles. Radiant striped yellow wallpaper also glows with light. Humorous touches appear in the banquette covered in mattress ticking and a Directoire chair upholstered in what Irvine calls "mad violet silk."

Behind lacquered doors with gilded moldings, the apartment's civilized foyer is designed to hint only slightly at its other role as dining room. In this neoclassical space, a black and white marble floor is joined by a lacquered dado, gilded cornice, and band of Directoire document wallpaper. Directoire chairs surround the table, and the room is lit in part by Directoire sconces. The artful excess creates a festive, if miniature, dining space.

The bedroom also contends with the limitations a pied-à-terre poses for devotees of baronial houses. "The bedroom is masculine, not feminine," explains its resident, "because it holds the overflow for parties." There is indeed nothing frilly about the vast Directoire daybed, the glossy off-white and stippled-gray walls, or the Directoire chairs, which have put in appearances in each of the owner's houses and have never been re-covered. ("They've earned their wrinkles," says Irvine, quoting John Fowler again.) Nor could either gender object to the most prominent feature of the room, fantastical Empire-style curtains created by Richard Langham.

In the bathroom the tone of the decor changes from stylish to sybaritic. Walls painted with Roman and Pompeian motifs bestow a classical grandeur on the humble process of washing up. Irvine especially values the curtains here, "made of the simplest cotton batiste edged with a green crystal fringe to catch the light."

The apartment, the result of six years of search, distillation, and acquisition, is now complete. Tonight, however, there is an auction. Instead of early to bed for tomorrow's departure for London, the collector has her eye on two marble tables. Pointing to a space near the door, she wonders, "Wouldn't they look wonderful there?" If not in this apartment, then certainly the next. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

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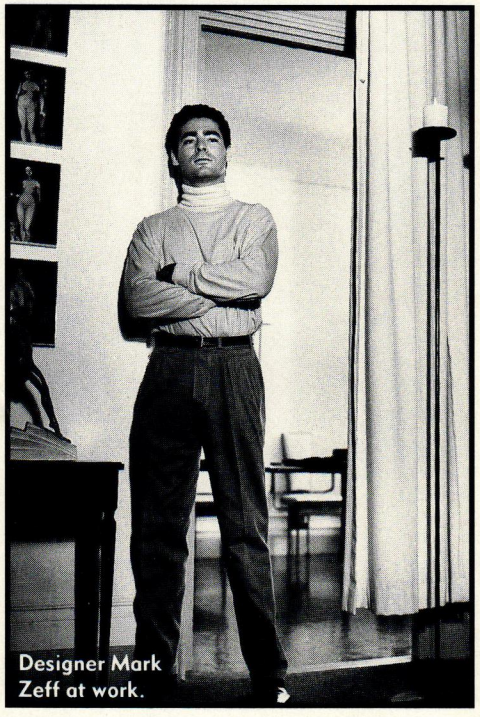

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Gandee AT LARGE

Mark Zeff—Have Talent, Will Travel

Mark Zeff finds significance in the fact that a clairvoyant once told him that when he turned 35 he would either become a recluse at the top of a mountain or extremely successful—"and that would be the end of my life." Mark Zeff finds significance in the fact because even now, at the tender age of 31, he wrestles with the weighty dichotomy. "If somebody asked, 'Where in the world would you like to live?' I would say, 'In a simple house on a little island with a fishing village down the road,'" says Zeff. "And then the next sentence would be, 'I would have to leave that place within one month and come back to New York.' That's the conflict of my life—from the metropolis to the little island, from being a recluse to being a vibrant, interactive, social animal."

Though judgment day on the clairvoyant's prediction is four years away, the smart money is on the metropolis—on the "vibrant, interactive, social animal" side of the young designer, who left Australia in 1982 because "everybody was sort of pretentious and boring and narrow-minded," which, coincidentally, is the same reason he left South Africa in 1976—that and to avoid the army. Zeff is too bright-eyed, too ambitious, too carefully dressed, too socially skillful, and too eager to make a name for himself to hide his light under a bushel. He is too adept at standing out in a crowd as he makes his way through it, which is a talent guaranteed to put him in good stead as an up-and-comer in Manhattan's decorating establishment.



Designer Mark Zeff at work.

Although Zeff has all the prerequisites for success in New York City in the nineties—including an abundance of that most critical quality of all, self-confidence—misfortune has dogged many of his professional moves. His premier lighting collection "flopped." He was let go from his first job at a commercial firm. He opened a furniture dealership in 1984 which he dissolved in 1986. He accepted a job with another designer, whom he "grew to despise." One of his first residential commissions was for a man he dubs "a real pig." His first large-scale commission was to renovate the Westbury Hotel, which he abandoned when he decided that he "couldn't stand it anymore."

"Designers are almost like Mozart—all of us"

But if Zeff has been slow to get out of the gate, so to speak, he understands why. "I don't attract the big fish. My clients are people who are brave." One such intrepid soul recently commissioned him to design the Grolier, a Manhattan supper club, which, according to its designer, "is nothing like anything you've ever seen." The idea, according to Zeff, is "of the closed door, the speakeasy, the elegant underground nightlife—dining, dancing, beautiful blues bands playing in the corner, lots of champagne." The Saturday night I stopped by, there were no beautiful blues bands playing in the corner—only the dulcet tones of Sade on the stereo wafting through the double-height dining room where mahogany walls are lined with black leather booths, five available with curtains that can be closed for public privacy. True to Zeff's promise of forbidden pleasures, however, the Grolier's staff is composed of conspicuously beautiful young women teetering on higher-than-high heels in black sleeveless body stockings with lung-hugging scarlet velvet vests adorned with bulbous matte gold buttons. The guaranteed-to-get-a-girl-noticed uniforms were designed by Zeff's wife, Carolina Zapf, whom he describes as "brilliant." She is also the daughter of the highly successful industrial designer Otto Zapf, whom he describes as the "Pierre Chareau of the nineties."

There's a taste of the thirties, a feel of the forties to the Grolier, but Zeff prefers the response of diners who have said that "when they're in the space, 'time just stops.' As far as I'm concerned, I do not have a style that implements any one culture." That same hard-to-pin-down aesthetic pervades the apartment Zeff completed for "a very conservative lady who allowed me to do extraordinary things." Such as? "I took Fortuny fabric and tore it and put it up on the walls. I did chairs that rusted as they sat there. It was a statement—everything was broken, everything looked like it had been there a thousand years. Archaeology is something I have always wanted to study but didn't have the time."

At present, Zeff reports, "I am thinking in terms of the future, and I am also thinking about the past. The future for me is difficult. I am not doing Mr. and Mrs. Smith's house on Long Island. I will. But my head is not there. One of my fortes is furniture. One day somebody will recognize that and say, 'We want you to do something terrific for us.' And I do believe that Coca-Cola will hire Mark Zeff to design their new interiors—or their new can." But whether Coca-Cola does or not, Zeff remains confident of his career as a designer. "We are almost like Mozart—all of us. Nobody really knows how it happens. I think it's one of those delicate balances of heaven and hell. I really do." **Charles Gandee**

RUEDI HOFMANN